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THE YOUNG CATHOLIC'S ILLUSTRATED SCHOOL SERIES

FIFTH READER

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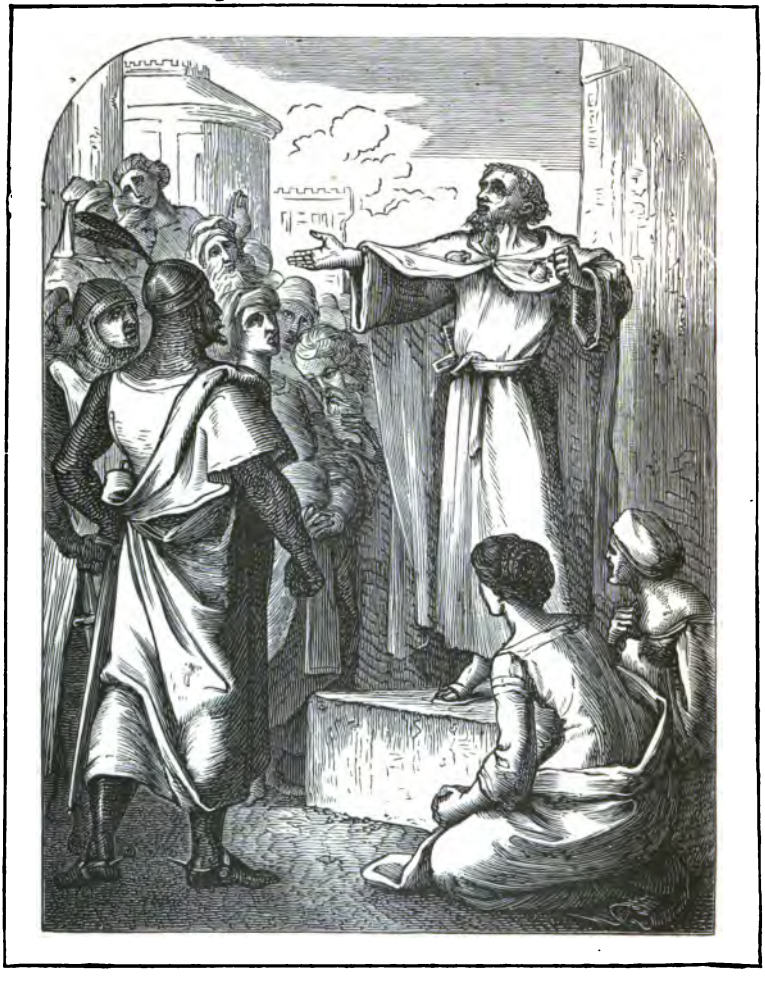
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PREFACE.

As an evidence of the care which has been given to the preparation of the Reader which is herewith offered to the Catholic Schools of the United States, it is proper to state that a considerable number of the lessons have been written expressly for its pages. The more important facts in the history of the Church are here presented to the pupil in a style which must awaken in him the desire for further investigation; nor is the Catholic history of our own country neglected. Characteristic selections from the writings of the masters of English, in prose and poetry, presenting a very great variety of style and subject, have been made, with a just appreciation, as it is believed, of what is required to make a good Reader; and, without further introduction, the Fifth of the "Young Catholic's Series" is offered to the public by whom its predecessors have been so graciously received.

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George Bancroft, LL.D.
W. H. Prescott.
John Ruskin.
Gerald Molloy, D.D.
Washington Irving.
Richard Hildreth.
Joseph Story.
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Charles Dickens.
D. F. McCarthy.
B. F. Taylor.
R. W. Emerson.
J. C. F. Schiller.
Sir Walter Scott.
Mrs. Browning.
William E. Aytoun.
John G. Whittier.
W. M. Praed.
P. B. Shelley.
Miss Cooper.
J. T. Trowbridge.
Dean Milman.

INTRODUCTION.

Elocution is the utterance or delivery of thought by means of language. **Good elocution** requires correct articulation, and a proper regard for pronunciation, inflections, emphasis, pauses, and modulation. The principles of elocution are applicable to reading, recitation, conversation, and public speaking.

Articulation is the distinct utterance of the oral elements of a word. The **oral elements** are divided into three classes: tonics, subtonics, and atonics. **Tonics** are pure tones produced in the throat. They are represented by the vowels. **Subtonics** are tones produced in the throat, but modified by the palate, tongue, teeth, or lips. **Atonics** are mere breathings formed into sound by the organs of speech. Subtonics and atonics are represented by the consonants.

Frequent attempts have been made to describe and illustrate the formation of the various articulate sounds for the benefit of those whose articulation is faulty, but the descriptions are necessarily imperfect, and engravings show but a part of the process. Clear and accurate articulation can only be attained by daily practice on those sounds which are difficult to utter, or are liable to be changed or suppressed.

Correct pronunciation consists in giving to each oral element its proper sound, and the placing of the accent. Errors in pronunciation which are not the result of carelessness arise from imperfections in the organs of speech, or from a defective ear. They consist of the omission, addition, or substitution of an oral element. Leading authorities differ in their mode of pronouncing words. Sometimes the dif-

ference extends to the oral elements; most generally it arises in reference to the placing of the accent. Care should be taken to adopt the pronunciation which the best usage has sanctioned. **A standard dictionary** should be consulted whenever the pronunciation of a word is in doubt.

Accent is the peculiar force placed upon one or more syllables in order to give the word its proper pronunciation. The more forcible accent is called the **primary accent**; the others are called **secondary.** The acute accent (′) indicates the syllable on which the primary accent falls; the grave accent (‵) indicates the secondary accent. These marks are also used to denote inflections; and the grave accent placed over a vowel shows that the number of syllables is increased.

Accentuation may be called **syllabic emphasis.** The rules which govern it are regulated by custom and the peculiarities of our language. The usual accentuation can only be changed by poetic license, or when emphatic words have a sameness of formation.

INFLECTIONS.

Inflections are turns or slides of the voice used in reading or speaking. The **rising inflection** is the movement of the voice from a lower to a higher tone. The **falling inflection** is the movement of the voice from a higher to a lower tone. The **Circumflex** indicates the union of the rising and falling inflections on the same word. All words not requiring the falling inflection or circumflex are uttered with a slight rise at the end. **Monotone** is the enunciation of successive words in the same tone of voice. Absolute monotone, however, should always be avoided.

Questions that can be answered by yes or no take the rising inflection. Indirect questions take the falling inflection.

Macbeth.—I have done the deed\' ! Didst thou not hear a noise\' ?

Lady M.—I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry. Did you not speak\' ?

Macbeth.—When\' ?

Lady M.—Now.

Macbeth.—As I descended\' ?

Lady M.—Ay.

Macbeth.—Hark ! Who lies in the second chamber\' ?

In addressing, the rising inflection denotes familiarity ; the falling inflection denotes formality or reverence.

The falling inflection follows a command. The rising inflection is used for entreaties.

> Or, Hubert\', if you will\', cut out my tongue\',
> So I may keep mine eyes\'. Oh, spare mine eyes\' !
> Though to no use\', but still to look on you\'.

The rising inflection belongs to the softer passions. It follows expressions of pity, grief, fear.

Oh my son, Absalom\' ! my son\', my son, Absalom\' !
Would God I had died for thee\', Absalom\', my son\', my son\' !

The falling inflection belongs to the sterner passions. It follows expressions of anger, hatred, revenge.

Contrasted words or phrases take opposite inflections.

The *good* man\' is honored\', but the *evil* man\' is despised\'.

A negative sentence or clause takes the rising inflection, when the sentiment in a positive form is expressed or implied in the lines which follow.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall',
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all'.

The rising inflection is used after a concession; after sentences less expressive of that which is doubtful, weak, or trifling, and after answers which express indifference. The falling inflection follows expressions of reproach, defiance, or contempt.

When a sentence begins with a series, the last member takes the rising inflection, and the one before it the falling. In a concluding series the last member takes the falling inflection, and the one before it the rising.

I slip', I slide', I gloom', I glance'
Among my skimming swallows;
I make my netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

"Kindness produces good-nature and mutual benevolence', encourages the timorous', soothes the turbulent', and humanizes the fierce'."

The circumflex is used to express surprise, irony, contempt, sarcasm, scorn; and in expressions having a double meaning, or used in a peculiar sense.

Monotone is employed in the delivery of passages expressing awe, reverence, solemnity, grandeur, majesty, and power.

Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.

The peculiar intonation of unimportant phrases or clauses is often called **slur.** It is the subdued movement of the voice which renders those parts less expressive to the ear, and brings out the emphatic words and phrases in strong relief.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is a stress or force of voice laid on a word or clause in a sentence, in order to enforce a meaning. Emphasis may be given by the use of the rising, falling, or circumflex inflection, by a pause, or by a change of pitch, force, or tone.

The meaning of what is read or spoken, as well as the life and spirit of its delivery, depends upon the proper arrangement of the emphasis. To determine this, the reader or speaker must comprehend the ideas and sentiments expressed. Without a clear knowledge of the subject-matter, no rule can be applied.

Emphasis is either **absolute** or **antithetic**. Absolute emphasis distinguishes the important words in a sentence, without reference to others.

Go, ring the *bells* and fire the *guns*,
And fling the *starry banner* out;
Shout FREEDOM till your *lisping* ones
Give back their *cradle* shout.

Antithetic emphasis depends upon the comparison of words or thoughts.

TRUTH, crushed to earth, shall *rise again*,—
The *eternal years of God* are hers;
But ERROR, wounded, *writhes with pain*,
And *dies* amid his *worshippers*.

Sentences are frequently constructed to convey an impression beyond that which is really expressed by the words. When such cases occur, the illusion must be made so apparent by the manner of emphasizing the sentence that no further indication may be needed. This form of emphasis

comes under the head of antithetic, and is generally rendered by an inflection of the voice.

> But were I Brutus,
> And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
> Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
> In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
> The *stones* of Rome to rise in mutiny.

PUNCTUATION.

A **pause** is a suspension of the voice in reading or speaking, in order to render the expression clear or forcible. The punctuation-marks indicate the **grammatical pauses**, but a constant quantity of time cannot be assigned to them. Neither do they indicate all the pauses required. The **rhetorical pause** is a rest which is frequently required in reading or speaking, although the construction admits of no grammatical point. The ability to use the rhetorical pause correctly becomes a powerful means of expressing emphasis.

The subject of a sentence, when it consists of many words, should be followed by a pause.

When an emphatic word closes the sentence, it should be preceded by a pause.

Emphatic words should be followed by a pause, the length of which varies with the degree of emphasis.

A pause is required where an important word or phrase is omitted by ellipsis.

Pauses generally precede relative and adverbial clauses.

In reading poetry we find that pauses are dictated by the melody. To combine these and the pauses of sense requires great skill. The cæsural pause generally falls after the fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh syllable in the line. When the construction is such that the cæsura coincides with the grammatical or rhetorical pause, the line can be easily read.

If the poetic pause interferes with the meaning of the line, harmony must be sacrificed for sense.

MODULATION.

Modulation consists of those variations which give expression to the emotions prompted by the subject. Tones are modulated in four ways: they are varied in pitch, force, quantity, and quality.

Pitch has reference to the degree of elevation or depression from the usual tone of voice.

Middle pitch is that tone of voice usually assumed in speaking. It is the natural tone for unemotional, bold, or noble pieces; but it must be used for all kinds of reading when the pupil has not the requisite compass or cultivation of voice to read naturally in a higher or lower key.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

High pitch is that which rises above the usual speaking tone. It is employed in animated, joyous, and impassioned pieces.

A horse! a horse! my KINGDOM for a horse!
—Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:

I think there be SIX Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my KINGDOM for a horse!

Low pitch is that which falls below the usual speaking tone. It is used in expressing emotions of awe, sublimity, or reverence.

Oh, now forever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumèd troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse forever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!—
Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last!

Quantity has reference to the duration of sounds. In conversation the movement of the voice may be called medium. In the expression of joy, anger, or alarm, the movement is quick; but in expressing feelings of reverence or sympathy, the movement is slow. Quantity always affects the pauses. As the movement becomes slow, the pauses must be lengthened; and when the movement is quick, the pauses must be cut short.

Force has reference to the loudness or softness of sound. A bell may be touched very softly, and it will give forth a sound of the same pitch as that produced by a violent blow; but one sound would be many times louder than the other. The degree of force used in conversation constitutes a

medium between a soft whisper and a vehement shout: force embraces every variety of tone between these limits.

Quality means the kind of sound uttered. The sounds made by a piano and a flute may agree in pitch and quantity, yet differ in quality. The tones of voice of persons differ in the same way. In quality, a sound may be pure, orotund, aspirated, or guttural.

The **pure tone** is a clear, smooth flow of sound, generally in the middle pitch of voice, and is suitable for the expression of joy, cheerfulness, and tranquillity.

We will take that long, long walk
  In the hawthorn copse to-day,
And gather great bunches of lovely flowers
  From off the scented May;
And oh, we shall be *so* happy there,
  'Twill be sorrow to come away!

The **orotund** is a full, deep, and pure tone, expressive of sublime and pathetic emotions. It is the highest perfection of voice; and no pains should be spared in order to acquire it.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you once beheld,
To show they still are free!

The **aspirated tone** is a forcible breathing utterance, used in expressing terror, anger, revenge, and remorse.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape!
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, to advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates?

The **guttural tone** is a deep, aspirated flow of voice, used in expressing hatred, loathing, and contempt.

Oh, take the maddening bowl away,
  Remove the poisonous cup!
My soul is sick,—its burning ray
  Hath drunk my spirit up.
Take, take it from my loathing lip,
  Ere madness fires my brain;
Take, take it hence, nor let me sip
  Its liquid death again!

THE

YOUNG CATHOLIC'S FIFTH READER.

LESSON I.

THE BARK OF PETER.

1. SINCE the foundation of the Catholic Church to the present time she has been the constant object of attack. Language the most foul has been applied to her, her every act has been misrepresented, and, whether encouraging the good or correcting the wicked, she does not expect, and never receives, aught but sneers from a degraded world.

2. Notwithstanding all this, the bark of Peter has continued her course through the troubled waters of this life; and, whether attacked from within by ungrateful children, or, without, by the powers of darkness, she fears not; she knows she is divinely commissioned; she can produce at any moment her authentic documents—documents, by the way, which cannot be found in any other bark.

3. Although attacked by the mighty and the humble, false friends and foes, she continues, without faltering, on the even tenor of her way. Her ensign is the Cross. It is true that from time to time she has been despoiled and robbed of her surroundings, but never for an instant has her priceless gem been lost, or its beauty tarnished! Indifferent

alike to the wild waves of opposition, or the still more dangerous ones that smile and sparkle and roll around her, she heeds not, but continues on her course.

4. Kingdoms and empires may rise and fall, as they have done; but this glorious bark will, until the end of time, carry and guide her faithful children, until she lands them on the eternal shore.

5. Wherefore the safety of this wondrous ship? It is because Peter steers; and where he is, there is the Church, against which the "gates of hell shall never prevail."

LESSON II.

HYMN TO THE CHURCH.

1. WHO is she that stands triumphant,
A rock in strength upon the Rock,
Like some city crowned with turrets,
Braving storm and earthquake shock?
Who is she, her arms extending
In blessing o'er a world restored,
All the anthems of creation
Lifting to creation's Lord?
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom;
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

2. As the moon its splendor borrows
From a sun unseen all night,
So from Christ, the Sun of Justice,
Draws His Church her vestal light

Touched by His, her hands have healing,
The Bread of Life, the absolving Key;
The Word Incarnate is her Bridegroom;
The Spirit hers; His Temple she.
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom:
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

3. Empires rise and sink like billows;
Their place knoweth them no more;
Glorious as the star of morning
She o'erlooks their wild uproar.
Hers the household all-embracing;
Hers the vine that shadows earth;
Blest thy children, mighty mother!
Safe the stranger at thy hearth!
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom;
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

4. Like her Bridegroom, heavenly, human,
Crowned and militant in one,
Chanting Nature's great Assumption
And the abasement of the Son;
Her Magnificats, her dirges
Harmonize the jarring years;
Hands that fling to heaven the censer
Wipe away the orphan's tears.
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom;
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

LESSON III.

THE APPLE.

1. THE apple is the commonest, and yet the most varied and beautiful of fruits. A dish of apples is as becoming to the centre-table in winter as was the vase of flowers in the summer—a bouquet of Spitzenbergs and Greenings and Northern Spies.

2. A rose when it blooms, the apple is a rose when it ripens. It pleases every sense to which it can be addressed—the touch, the smell, the sight, the taste; and when it falls, in the still October days, it pleases the ear. It is a call to a banquet; it is a signal that the feast is ready. The bough would fain hold it, but it can now assert its independence; it can now live a life of its own.

3. Daily the stem relaxes its hold, till finally it lets go completely, and down comes the painted sphere with a mellow thump to the earth, towards which it has been nodding so long. It bounds away to seek its bed, to hide under a leaf or in a tuft of grass. It will now take time to meditate and ripen. What delicious thoughts it has there, nestled with its fellows under the fence, turning acid into sugar, and sugar into wine!

4. How pleasing to the touch! I love to stroke its polished surface with my hand, to carry it in my pocket on my tramp over the winter hills or through the early spring woods. You are company, you red-cheeked spitz, or you salmon-fleshed greening! I toy with you, press your face to mine, toss you in the air, roll you on the ground, see you shine out where you lie amid the moss and dry leaves and sticks!

5. You are so alive! You glow like a ruddy flower! You look so animated, I almost expect to see you move! I postpone the eating of you, you are so beautiful! How compact; how exquisitely tinted! Stained by the sun, and varnished against the rains! An independent vegetable existence, alive and vascular as my own flesh; capable of being wounded, bleeding, wasting away, or almost repairing damages!

6. Noble common fruit! best friend of man, and most loved by him, following him, like his dog or his cow, wherever he goes. His homestead is not planted till you are planted; your roots intertwine with his, thriving best where he thrives best; loving the limestone and the frost, the plough and the pruning-knife, you are indeed suggestive of hardy, cheerful industry and a healthy life in the open air.

7. Temperate, chaste fruit! you mean neither luxury nor sloth, neither satiety nor indolence, neither enervating heats nor the frigid zones. Uncloying fruit, fruit whose best sauce is the open air, whose finest flavors only he whose taste is sharpened by brisk work or walking knows; winter fruit, when the fire of life burns brightest; fruit always a little hyperborean, leaning towards the cold; bracing, sub-acid, active fruit!

8. I think if I could subsist on you, or the like of you, I should never have an intemperate or an ignoble thought, never be feverish or despondent. So far as I could absorb or transmute your quality, I should be cheerful, continent, equitable, sweet-blooded, long lived, and should shed warmth and contentment around.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

LESSON IV.

WOOD-PATHS.

1. THERE is no person who is not sensitive to the beauty of a natural wood. All men feel the comfort of its shade and protection, the freshness of its perfumed gales, the quiet of its seclusion, and its many pleasant accompaniments of birds, fruits, and flowers. We do not learn by tuition to appreciate these objects; they are adapted not only to our native wants, but they are the real cause of many of the poetic thoughts and images that abound in all literature.

2. We feel, while rambling under these lofty trees, and over this carpet of leaves and mosses, that nothing which art has accomplished will compare with the primitive works of nature. There is no architecture so sublime as that of a forest; there are no gardens like the little paradises to be found here, wherever accident has left a dell or dingle open to the sun.

3. Yet how much greater are the charms of a natural wood if it be intersected by wood-paths! When a farmer makes a passage for his wagon through a forest, he operates without artistic design, and his work harmonizes with nature. He thinks only of facilitating progress through his territory; for though he may be alive to all pleasant rural sights and sounds, he cannot pause from his labors to do anything for mere embellishment. He is governed only by his ideas of utility and convenience.

4. Yet the works of decorative art are tame and prosaic by the side of this rude pathway, which has expelled no wild plant from its natural abode, nor a single forest-warbler from its retreats. We experience within it a true sensation of nature, with a pleasant reminder of simple rural life. It is hallowed by its humble purpose of utility, by its freedom from artifice, by its perfect submission to the care of nature and chance, by its beauty without adornment.

5. The wood-path becomes henceforth an avenue to all the delights of the season. It introduces us to the productions of the forest in their most interesting condition. The trees that spread their branches overhead shelter it from cold and heat, and permit thousands of beautiful shrubs to grow there that would be fatally crowded in the dense parts of the wood.

6. Multitudes of flowers appear continually in its borders, one host following another in glowing succession, and looking upon us in our journey as with the eyes of so many little sentinels of light and beauty placed here to make the scene delightful to the sense and the imagination. Like birds that multiply around a human dwelling in the wilderness, flowers always become numerous in these woodland paths, and consecrate them to nature.

FLAGG.

LESSON V.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF SPRING.

1. CRY Holiday! Holiday! let us be gay,
And share in the rapture of heaven and earth;
For see! what a sunshiny joy they display,
To welcome the Spring on the day of her birth;
While the elements, gladly outpouring their voice,
Nature's pæan proclaim, and in chorus rejoice!

2. Loud carols each rill as it leaps in its bed;
The wind brings us music and balm from the south;
And Earth in delight calls on Echo to spread
The tidings of joy with her many-tongued mouth!
Over sea, over shore, over mountain and plain,
Far, far doth she trumpet the jubilant strain.

3. Hark! hark to the robin! its magical call
Awakens the flowerets that slept in the dells;
The snow-drop, the primrose, the hyacinth, all
Attune at the summons their silvery bells.
Hush! ting-a-ring-ting! don't you hear how they sing?
They are pealing a fairy-like welcome to Spring.

4. The love-thrilling wood-birds are wild with delight;
Like arrows loud whistling the swallows flit by;
The rapturous lark, as he soars out of sight,
Sends a flood of rich melody down from the sky.
In the air that they quaff all the feathery throng
Taste the spirit of Spring, that outbursts in a song.

5. To me do the same vernal whisperings breathe
In all that I scent, that I hear, that I meet,
Without and within me, above and beneath;
Every sense is imbued with a prophecy sweet
Of the pomp and the pleasantness Earth shall assume
When adorned, like a bride, in her flowery bloom.

6. In this transport of nature each feeling takes part;
I am thrilling with gratitude, reverence, joy;
A new spring of youth seems to gush from my heart,
And the man is transformed all at once to a boy.
Oh! let me run wild as in earlier years;
If my joy be withheld I shall burst into tears.

HORACE SMITH.

LESSON VI.

THE LARK.

1. NOT many years ago, in the continent island of the antipodes, upon a plat of velvet turf, before a thatched and white-washed cottage, a band of rough, unshaven gold-diggers stood, silently, longingly gazing upon a small brown bird, shut up in a homely wicker cage.

2. Like most singers, he kept them waiting; but at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted him to sing, the little feathered exile began, as it were, to tune his pipes.

3. The savage men gathered round the cage that

moment, and, amidst a dead stillness, the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps; but after a while he seemed to revive his memories, and call his ancient cadences back to him one by one. And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down upon him here, and he gave music back for it, more and more, till at last, amidst the glistening eyes of the rough diggers, out burst, in that distant land, his olden English song.

4. It swelled his little throat, and burst from him with thrilling force and sweetness; and every time he checked his song to think of its theme—the green meadows, the quiet, stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the spring he loved so well—a deep sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart, showed how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him.

5. And when he swelled with song again, and poured it out, with all his soul, the green meadows, the purling brooks, and the honey-clover, the rugged mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled; and more than one tear trickled from fierce, unbridled hearts, down bronzed and rugged cheeks—Home! Sweet Home!

6. And these shaggy men had once been white-headed boys; and most of them had strolled about the English fields with little brothers and sisters, and seen the lark rise, and heard him sing this very song.

7. The little playmates lay in the churchyard, but no note was changed of that immortal song. And so, for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory. Bright as the

immortal notes that lighted them shone those faded memories, those fleeted days.

8. The cottage; the old mother's tears, when they left her without one word of sorrow; the village church and its simple chimes; the clover-field hard by, in which they lay and gambolled while overhead the lark praised God; the chubby playmates, who never grew to be wicked; the sweet, sweet hours of youth and innocence and home, one and all, came back in that little brown bird's simple song.

LESSON VII.

SONG OF STEAM.

1. HARNESS me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein:
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

2. When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;

3. When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the courier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

4. Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
O'er earth and the ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

5. Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er
The mountain's steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power;
The world! the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the orient floods divine.

6. The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.

7. In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

8. I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

9. I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands.
As the tempest scorns a chain.

G. W. CUTTER.

LESSON VIII.

A JOURNEY BY STAGE-COACH.

1. IT was a charming evening, mild and bright. The four grays skimmed along as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did; the bugle was in as high

spirits as the grays; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison; the brass-work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus as they went clinking, jingling, rattling smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music.

2. Yoho! past hedges, gates, and trees; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho! past donkey-chaises drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little water-course, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yoho! by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial-grounds about them, where the graves are green, and daisies sleep—for it is evening—on the bosom of the dead.

3. Yoho! past streams, in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow; past paddock-fences, farms, and rick-yards; past last year's stacks, cut slice by slice away, and showing, in the waning light, like ruined gables, old and brown. Yoho! down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yoho! Yoho!

4. Yoho! among the gathering shades, making of no account the reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness, all the same, as if the light of London fifty miles away were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Now, with a clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery

sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, and far away, away, into the world. Yoho!

5. See the bright moon! High up, before we know it, making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water—hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps, and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon a sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak; trembling does not become him; and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness without the motion of a twig.

6. The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass, like some fantastic dowager; while our own ghostly likeness travels on, through ditch and brake, upon the ploughed land and the smooth, along the steep hill-side and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom hunter.

7. Yoho! Why, now we travel like the moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees; next minute in a patch of vapor; emerging now upon our broad, clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yoho! A match against the moon.

8. The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when day comes leaping up. Two stages, and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho! past market-gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares, and in among the rattling pavements. Yoho! down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old

inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London.

"Five minutes before the time, too!" said the driver, as he received his fee from Tom.

CHARLES DICKENS.

LESSON IX.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

1. NOT a drum was heard—not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

2. We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

3. No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

6. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

7. But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard by the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

LESSON X.

BEAUTY.

1. BEAUTY is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring; it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass; it haunts the depths of the earth and the sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone.

2. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side.

3. Now, this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial

with our tenderest and noble feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment.

4. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation! how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice!

5. But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a divine Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature! The best books have most beauty.

6. Now, no man receives the true culture of a man in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and nearest at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give grossness to the mind.

LESSON XI.

THE TWO PICTURES.

1. MANY years ago a celebrated Italian artist was walking along a street of his native city, perplexed and despondent in consequence of some irritating misfortune, when he beheld a little boy of such surprising beauty that he forgot his own trouble and gloom in looking upon the almost angelic face before him.

2. "I must have that face for my studio," said the artist to himself. "Will you come to my room and sit for a picture, my little man?" The boy was glad to go and see the pictures and pencils and curious things in the artist's room, and he was still more pleased when he saw what seemed to be another boy, looking just like himself, smiling from the artist's canvas.

3. The artist took great pleasure in looking at the sweet, innocent face. When he was troubled, irritated, or perplexed he lifted his eyes to that lovely image on the wall, and its beautiful, hopeful features and expression calmed his heart and made him happy again.

4. Many a visitor to his studio wished to purchase that lovely face; but, though poor, and often in want of money to buy food and clothes, he would not sell his "good angel," as he called this portrait.

5. Years passed by. Oftentimes, as he looked up to the face on the glowing canvas, he wondered what had become of that beautiful boy. "I should like to see how he looks now," said he; "I wonder if I should know him? Is he a good man and true,

or wicked and base? or has he died and gone to a better world?"

6. One day the artist was strolling down one of the fine walks of the city, when he beheld a young man whose face and mien were so vicious, so depraved, that he stopped involuntarily and gazed at him. "What a spectacle! I should like to paint that face and hang it in my studio opposite the angel boy," said the artist to himself.

7. The young man asked the painter for money; for he was a beggar as well as a thief. "Come to my room and let me paint your portrait, and I will give you all you ask," said the artist.

8. The young man followed the painter and sat for a sketch. When it was finished, and he had received a few coins for his trouble, he turned to go, but his eye rested upon the lovely face; he looked at it, turned pale, and then burst into tears.

9. "What troubles you, man?" asked the artist. It was long before the young man could speak; he sobbed aloud and seemed pierced with agony. At last he pointed up to the picture on the wall, and in broken tones, which seemed to come from the heart, said:

10. "Twenty years ago you asked me to come up here and sit for a picture, and that angel face is the portrait. Behold me now a ruined man—so bloated, so hideous that all the pure and good turn their faces from me with loathing."

11. The artist was amazed. He could scarcely believe his own senses. "Pray, what has caused this change?" he asked.

12. The young man then told him his sad story; how, being an only son and very beautiful, his par-

ents petted and spoiled him; how he associated with bad boys and learned to love and imitate their vices; how, having plenty of money, he was enticed into wicked places until all was lost, and then, unable to work and ashamed to beg, he began to steal, was caught and imprisoned, and how every bad deed seemed to urge him to commit a worse one.

13. The story was a fearful one, and brought tears into the artist's eyes. He besought the young man to stop in his career of crime, and offered to help him. But, alas! it was too late. Disease, brought on by dissipation, soon prostrated him, and he died before he could reform.

14. The painter hung his portrait opposite that of the beautiful boy, and when visitors asked him why he suffered so hideous a face to be there, he replied, "Between the angel and the demon there are only twenty years of vice."

LESSON XII.

THE VOICE AND THE PEN.

1. OH! the orator's Voice is a mighty power
As it echoes from shore to shore;
And the fearless Pen has more sway o'er men
Than the murderous cannon's roar.
What bursts the chain far o'er the main,
And brightens the captive's den?
'Tis the fearless Voice and the Pen of power—
Hurrah for the Voice and the Pen!

2. The tyrant knaves who deny our rights,
And the cowards who blanch with fear,

Exclaim with glee, "No arms have ye,
Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear!
Your hills are ours; with our forts and towers
We are masters of mount and glen."
Tyrants, beware! for the arms we bear
Are the Voice and the fearless Pen.

3. Though your horsemen stand with their bridles in hand,
And your sentinels walk around,
Though your matches flare in the midnight air,
And your brazen trumpets sound—
Oh! the orator's tongue shall be heard among
These listening warrior men;
And they'll quickly say, "Why should we slay
Our friends of the Voice and Pen?"

4. When the Lord created the earth and sea,
The stars and the glorious sun,
The Godhead spoke, and the universe woke,
And the mighty work was done!
Let a word be flung from the orator's tongue
Or a drop from the fearless Pen,
And the chains accursed asunder burst
That fettered the minds of men!

5. Oh! *these* are the swords with which we fight,
The *arms* in which we trust;
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand,
Which time cannot dim or rust!
When *these* we bore, we triumphed before,
With *these* we'll triumph again;
And the world will say, "No power can stay
The Voice and the fearless Pen!"

D. F. McCARTHY.

LESSON XIII.

THE SPELLING-SCHOOL.

1. SPELLING-SCHOOLS! Have you forgotten them? When, from all the region round about, they gathered into the old log school-house, with its huge fireplace, that yawned like the main entrance to Avernus. How the sleigh-bells—the old-fashioned bells, big in the middle of the string and growing "small by degrees and beautifully less" toward the broad brass buckle—chimed in every direction, long before night, the gathering of the clans.

2. There came one school, the Master—give him a capital M, for he is entitled to it—and all, bundled into one huge, red, double sleigh, strewn with an abundance of straw, and tucked up like a Christmas pie, with a half-score of buffalo robes; then half a dozen cutters; and then, again, a pair of jumpers, mounting a great, outlandish-looking bin, heaped up, pressed down, and running over with small collections of humanity, picked up *en route* from a great many homes, and all as merry as kittens in a basket of wool.

3. And the bright eyes and ripe, red lips that one caught a glimpse of beneath those pink lined, quilted hoods, and the silvery laughs that escaped from the woollen mufflers and fur tippets they wore then—who does not remember?—who can ever forget them?

4. The school-house destined to be the arena for the conflict has been swept and garnished; boughs of evergreen adorn the smoke-stained and battered walls. The little pellets of chewed paper have all

been swept down from the ceiling, and two pails of water have been brought from the spring, and set on the bench in the entry, with the immemorial tin cup—a wise provision, indeed, for warm work is that spelling.

5. The big boys have fanned and replenished the fire, till the old chimney fairly jars with the roaring flames, and the sparks fly out of the top like a furnace—the oriflamme of the battle. The two Masters are there; the two schools are there; and such a hum, and such a moving to and fro!

6. The oaken ferule comes down upon the desk with emphasis. What the roll of the drum is to armies the ruler is to this whispering, laughing young troop. The challenged are ranged on one side of the house; the challengers on the other. Back seats, middle seats, low front seats, all filled. Some of the fathers and grandfathers, who could, no doubt, upon occasion "shoulder the crutch and show how fields were won," occupy the bench of honor near the desk

7. Now for the preliminaries: the reputed best speller on each side chooses. "Susan Brown!" Out comes a round-eyed little creature, blushing like a peony. Who'd have thought it? Such a little thing, and chosen first!

8. "Moses Jones!" Out comes Moses, an awkward fellow, with a shock of red hair surmounting his broad brow. The girls laugh at him; but what he doesn't know in the "Elementary" isn't worth knowing.

9. "Jane Murray!" Out trips Jane, fluttered as a bride, and takes her place next to the caller. And so they go on, "calling names," until five or six

champions stand forth ready to do battle, and the contest is fairly begun. Down goes one after another, as words of three syllables are followed by those of four, and these again by words of similar pronunciation and divers significations, until only Moses and Susan remain.

10. The spelling-book has been exhausted, yet there they stand. Dictionaries are turned over; memories are ransacked for "words of learned length and thundering sound," until, by and by, Moses comes down like a tree, and Susan flutters there still, like a little leaf aloft that the frost and the fall have forgotten.

11. Polysyllable follows polysyllable, and by and by Susan hesitates just a breath or two, and twenty tongues are working their way through the labyrinth of letters in a twinkling. Little Susan sinks into the chink left for her on the crowded seat, and there is a lull in the battle.

12. Then they all stand in solid phalanx by schools, and the struggle is to spell each other down; and down they go like leaves in winter weather, and the victory is declared for *our* district, and the school is dismissed. Then comes the hurrying and bundling and the tumbling in. There is a jingling of bells at the door; one after another the sleighs dash up, receive their nestling freight, and are gone.

13. Our Master covers the fire and snuffs out the candles—don't you remember how daintily he used to pinch the smoking wicks with forefinger and thumb, and then thrust each hapless luminary head first into the tin socket?—and we wait for him. The bells ring faintly in the woods, over the hill, in

the valley. They are gone. The school-house is dark and tenantless, and we are alone with the night.

14. Merry, care-free company! Some of them are sorrowing, some are dead, and all, I fear, are changed. Spell! Ah! the "spell" that has come over that crowd of young dreamers—over you, over me—will it ever, ever be dissolved? In the white radiance of Eternity! B. F. TAYLOR.

LESSON XIV.

BELSHAZZAR.

1. THE midnight hour was drawing on;
Flushed in repose lay Babylon;
But in the palace of the king
The herd of courtiers shout and sing:
There, in his royal banquet hall,
Belshazzar holds high festival.

2. The servants sit in glittering rows,
The beakers are drained, the red wine flows;
The beakers clash and the servants sing—
A pleasing sound to the moody king.
The king's cheeks flush and his wild eyes shine,
His spirit waxes bold with wine;
Until, by maddening passion stung,
He scoffs at God with impious tongue;
And his proud heart swells as he wildly raves
'Mid shouts of applause from his fawning slaves.
He spoke the word and his eyes flashed flame!
The ready servants went and came;
Vessels of massive gold they bore,
Of Jehovah's temple the plundered store.

3. Then seizing a consecrated cup,
The king in his fury fills it up;
He fills, and hastily drains it dry;
From his foaming lips leaps forth the cry,
"Jehovah! at thee my scorn I fling!
I am Belshazzar, Babylon's king."
Yet scarce had the impious words been said
When the king's heart shrank with secret dread:
Suddenly died the shout and yell—
A death-like hush on the tumult fell.

4. And see! and see! on the white wall high,
The form of a hand went slowly by,
And wrote—and wrote in sight of all—
Letters of fire upon the wall!
The king sat still with a stony look;
His trembling knees with terror shook;
The menial throng nor spoke nor stirred;
Fear froze their blood—no sound was heard.

5. The magicians came, but none of all
Could read the writing on the wall.
At length to solve those words of flame,
Fearless, but meek, the prophet came;
One glance he gave, and all was clear!
"King, there is reason in thy fear;
Those words proclaim thy empire ends—
The day of woe and wrath impends;
Weighed in the balance, wanting found,
Thou and thy empire strike the ground!"

6. That night, by the servants of his train,
Belshazzar, the mighty king, was slain!

LESSON XV.

IMMORTALITY.

1. I LINGERED several weeks around the grave of my mother, and in the neighborhood where she had lived. It was the place where I had passed my own childhood and youth. It was the scene of those early associations which become the dearer to us as we leave them the farther behind. I stood where I had sported in the freedom of early childhood; but I stood alone, for no one was there with whom I could speak of its frolics. One feels singularly desolate when he sees only strange faces and hears only strange voices in what was the home of his early life.

2. I returned to the village where I resided for many years; but what was that spot to me now? Nature had done much for it, but nature herself is very much what we make her. There must be beauty in our souls, or we shall see no loveliness in her face; and beauty had died out of my soul. She who might have recalled it to life and thrown its hues over all the world was—but of that I will not speak.

3. It was now that I really needed the hope of immortality. The world was to me one vast desert, and life was without end or aim. The hope of immortality! We want it when earth has lost its gloss of novelty; when our hopes have been blasted, our affections withered, and the shortness of life and the vanity of all human pursuits have come home to us and made us exclaim, "Vanity of vanities, all

is vanity!" We want then the hope of immortality to give to life an end, an aim.

4. We all of us at times feel this want. The infidel feels it in early life. He learns all too soon, what to him is a withering fact, that man does not complete his destiny on earth. Man never completes anything here. What, then, shall he do if there be no hereafter? With what courage can I betake myself to my task? I may begin; but the grave lies between me and the completion. Death will come to interrupt my work, and compel me to leave it unfinished.

5. This is more terrible to me than the thought of ceasing to be. I could almost (at least I think I could) consent to be no more, after I had finished my work, achieved my destiny; but to die before my work is completed, while that destiny is but begun—this is the death which comes to me indeed as a "King of Terrors."

6. The hope of another life to be the complement of this, steps in to save us from this death, to give us the courage and the hope to begin. The rough sketch shall hereafter become the finished picture; the artist shall give it the last touch at his easel; the science we had just begun shall be completed, and the incipient destiny shall be achieved. Fear not, then, to begin; thou hast eternity before thee in which to end!

BROWNSON.

LESSON XVI.

SONG OF THE FORGE.

1. CLANG, clang!
The massive anvils ring;
Clang, clang!
A hundred hammers swing.
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply.
Clang, clang!

2. Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?

3. Clang, clang! We forge the colter now,
The colter of the kindly plough.
Propitious heaven! oh, bless our toil;
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most benignant soil.
Clang, clang!
Our colter's cleaving course shall be
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,
By many a streamlet's silver tide;
Amid the song of summer birds,
Amid the low of sauntering herds,
Amid soft breezes which do stray
Through woodbine hedges in sweet May,
Along the green hill's side.

4. When regal Autumn's bounteous hand
With wide-spread glory clothes the land,

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When to the valleys from the brow
Of each resplendent slope is rolled
A ruddy stream of living gold,
We bless, we bless the plough!
Clang, clang!

5. Again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?

6. Clink, clank! we forge the giant chain
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain
'Mid stormy winds and adverse tides.
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.

7. Anxious no more, the merchant sees
The mist drive dark before the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill;
Calmly he rests, though far away
In boisterous climes his vessels lay,
Reliant on our skill.

8. Say on what sands these links shall sleep,
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep—
By Afric's pestilential shore?
By many an iceberg lone and hoar?
By many a palmy western isle,
Basking in Spring's perpetual smile?
By stormy Labrador?

9. Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When to the battery's deadly peal
The crashing broadside makes reply?

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Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
Hold grappling ships that strive the while
For death or victory?
Hurrah! Cling, clang!

10. Once more, what glows,
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The tempest of your iron blows,
The furnace's red breath?

11. Clang, clang! A burning shower, clear
And brilliant, of bright sparks is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge—the sword!
Clink, clang, clang!

12. The sword! extreme of dread! Yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drum rolls, the trumpets sound,
How sacred is it then!

13. Whenever for the truth and right
It flashes in the van of fight;
Whether in some wild mountain pass—
Like that where fell Leonidas—
Or on some sterile plain and stern,
A Marston or a Bannockburn;
Or amid crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;
Or, as when sank the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide—

14. Still, still, whene'er the battle-word
Is Liberty—where men do stand
For justice and their native land,
Then may heaven bless the sword!

LESSON XVII.

EXPRESSION OF THE EYE.

1. EYES are bold as lions—roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages; they wait for no introduction; they are not conventional—ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex; but intrude and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time.

2. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another through them! The glance is natural magic. The mysterious communication established across a room between two entire strangers moves all the springs of wonder. The communication by the glance is, in the greatest part, not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature.

3. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self; and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made, and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls, and bats, and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simplicity. 'Tis remarkable, too, that

the spirit that appears at the windows of the house does not at once invest itself in a new form of its own to the mind of the beholder.

4. The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing and the tongue another, a practical man relies on the language of the first. If the man is off his centre, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it.

5. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations are avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips! One comes away from a company in which, it may easily happen, he has said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him; and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him and out from him through the eyes.

6. There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into a man than berries; others are liquid and deep—wells that a man might fall into; others are aggressive and devouring—seem to call out the police—take all too much notice, and require crowded streets and security of millions to protect individuals against them. The military eye I meet, now darkly sparkling under clerical, now under rustic, brows—'tis the city of Lacedæmon; 'tis a stack of bayonets. There are asking eyes, asserting

eyes, prowling eyes, and eyes full of fate—some of good and some of sinister omen.

7. The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye. 'Tis very certain that each man carries in his eye the exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of men; and we are always learning to read it. A complete man should need no auxiliaries to his personal presence. Whoever looked on him would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were generous and universal. The reason why men do not obey us is because they see the mind at the bottom of our eye.

EMERSON.

LESSON XVIII.

THE LAY OF THE BELL.

1. FAST, in its prison-walls of earth,
Awaits the mould of bakéd clay.
Up, comrades, up, and aid the birth—
The Bell that shall be born to-day!
Who would honor obtain,
With the sweat and the pain,
The praise that Man gives to the Master must buy!
But the blessings withal must descend from on high!

2. From the fir the fagot take,
Keep it, heap it hard and dry,
That the gathered flame may break
Through the furnace, wroth and high.

When the copper within
Seethes and simmers—the tin,
Pour quick, that the fluid that feeds the Bell
May flow in the right course glib and well.

3. See the silvery bubbles spring!
Good! the mass is melting now!
Let the salts we duly bring
Purge the flood and speed the flow.
From the dross and the scum,
Pure, the fusion must come;
For perfect and pure we, the metal, must keep,
That its voice may be perfect and pure and deep.

4. Browning o'er, the pipes are simmering,
Dip this wand of clay within;
If, like glass, the wand be glimmering,
Then, the casting may begin.
Brisk, brisk, now, and see
If the fusion flow free;
If—(happy and welcome, indeed, were the sign)
If the hard and the ductile united combine.

5. Now the casting may begin;
See the breach indented there:
Ere we run the fusion in,
Halt—and speed the pious prayer!
Pull the bung out—
See around and about
What vapor, what vapor—God help us!—has risen!
Ha! the flame like a torrent leaps forth from its prison!

6. Now clasped the bell within the clay—
The mould the mingling metals fill—

Oh, may it, sparkling into day,
Reward the labor and the skill!
Alas! should it fail—
For the mould may be frail,
And still with our hope must be mingled the fear,
And, ev'n now, while we speak the mishap may be near!

7. While the mass is cooling now,
Let the labor yield to leisure,
As the bird upon the bough,
Loose the travail to the pleasure.
When the soft stars awaken,
Each task be forsaken!
And the vesper-bell lulling the earth into peace,
If the master still toil, chimes the workman's release!

8. Now, it's destined task fulfilled,
Asunder break the prison-mould;
Let the goodly Bell we build
Eye and heart alike behold.
The hammer down heave,
Till the cover it cleave;
For not till we shatter the wall of its cell
Can we lift, from its darkness and bondage, the Bell.

9. Rejoice and laud the prospering skies!
The kernel bursts its husk—behold,
From the dull clay, the metal rise,
Pure-shining, as a star of gold!
Neck and lip, but as one beam,
It laughs like a sunbeam.
And even the scutcheon, clear-graven, shall tell
That the art of a master has fashioned the Bell!

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10. Slowly now the cords upheave her!
From her earth-grave soars the bell;
'Mid the airs of Heaven we leave her
In the music realm to dwell!
Up—upwards—yet raise—
She has risen—she sways.
Fair Bell, to our city bode joy and increase,
And, oh, may thy first sound be hallowed to PEACE!

SCHILLER.

LESSON XIX.

THE WHALE.

1. "HALLOO! Tom," cried Barnstable, starting, "there is the blow of a whale!"

2. "Aye, aye, sir," returned the coxswain, "here is his spout, not half a mile to seaward; the easterly gale has driven him to leeward, and he begins to find himself in shoal water. He's been sleeping, while he should have been working to windward."

3. "The fellow takes it coolly, too; he's in no hurry to get an offing."

4. "I rather conclude, sir," said the coxswain, rolling his tobacco in his mouth very composedly, "the gentleman has lost his reckoning, and doesn't know which way to head to take himself back into blue water."

5. "'Tis a fin-back!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "he will soon make headway, and be off."

6. "No, sir, 'tis a right-whale," answered Tom. "I saw his spout; he threw up a pair of as pretty rainbows as one would wish to see."

7. Barnstable exclaimed, in joyous tones: "Give strong way, my hearties! There seems nothing better to be done; let us have a stroke of a harpoon at that impudent rascal."

8. The men shouted spontaneously, and the old coxswain suffered his solemn visage to relax into a small laugh, while the whale-boat sprung forward like a courser for the goal. Their approach was unnoticed by the monster of the deep until the hardy seamen were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downward, and, without an apparent effort, reared his immense body for many feet above the water, waving his tail violently, and producing a whizzing noise that sounded like the rushing of winds.

9. The coxswain stood erect, poising his harpoon, ready for the blow; but when he beheld the creature assume this formidable attitude, he waved his hand to his commander, who instantly signalled to his men to cease rowing. The whale's slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his coxswain, and, when he was in a state of comparative rest, the former gave a signal to his crew to ply their oars once more.

10. A few long and vigorous strokes sent the boat directly up to the broadside of the whale, with its bows pointing toward one of the fins, which was at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the action of the waves, exposed to view. The coxswain poised his harpoon with much precision, and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the blubber of their foe. The instant the blow was made, Long Tom shouted: "Starn, all!"

11. "Stern, all!" echoed Barnstable, when the

obedient seamen, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond the reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal, however, meditated no such resistance; ignorant of his own power and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight.

12. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the entrance of the iron, when he cast his huge tail into the air with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion; and then he disappeared, with the quickness of lightning, amid a cloud of foam.

13. "Snub him!" shouted Barnstable. "Hold on, Tom; he rises already."

14. "Aye, aye, sir," replied the composed coxswain, seizing the line, which was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a manœuvre rather hazardous, and causing it to yield more gradually round the large loggerhead that was placed in the bows of the boat for that purpose.

15. Presently the line stretched forward, and, rising to the surface with tremulous vibrations, it indicated the direction in which the animal might be expected to reappear. Barnstable had cast the bow of the boat towards that point before the terrified and wounded victim rose once more to the surface. The monster's time was no longer wasted in sport; he cast the waters aside as he forced his way with prodigious velocity along their surface. The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and cut through the billows with a terrific rapidity that, at times, appeared to bury the slight fabric in the ocean.

16. When Long Tom beheld his victim throwing

his spouts on high again, he pointed with exultation to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried: "Aye! I've touched the fellow's life! It must be more than two feet of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled the ocean!"

17. "I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance," said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardor of one whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits. "Feel your line, Master Coffin; can we haul alongside our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us away from the schooner."

18. "'Tis the creatur's way, sir," said the coxswain; "you know they need the air in their nostrils when they run, the same as a man; but lay hold, boys, and let us haul up to him."

19. The seamen now seized the whale-line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the monster, whose progress became sensibly less rapid as he grew weak from the loss of blood. In a few minutes he stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

20. "Shall we pull in, and finish him, Tom?" cried Barnstable; "a few sets from your bayonet would do it."

21. The coxswain stood examining his game with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory: "No, sir; no! he's going into his flurry; there's no occasion for disgracing ourselves by using a soldier's weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, sir! starn off! the creatur's in his flurry!"

22. The warning of the prudent coxswain was promptly obeyed, and the boat cautiously drew off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high, as when in sport; but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam that was deeply dyed with blood.

23. The roarings of the whale were like the bellowings of a herd of bulls, and, to one who was ignorant of the fact, it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view.

24. Gradually these efforts subsided, and when the discolored water again settled down to the long and regular swell of the ocean, the whale was seen exhausted and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side, and when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved.

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

DEATH.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both are passing wonderful!

LESSON XX.

ARCHBISHOP CARROLL.

1. The Most Rev. John Carroll, the first Bishop and Archbishop of Baltimore and of the Catholic Church in the United States, was born in Maryland on the 8th of January, 1735.



The Catholics who, fleeing from persecution in England, had formed the colony of Maryland, and embodied in the laws which they framed the great principle of liberty of conscience, were themselves soon deprived of religious freedom. Their worship was proscribed, and they were forbidden to open schools in which their children might receive instruction in the truths of their faith.

2. This was the state of affairs at the time of the birth of John Carroll; and his parents, who were possessed of fortune, were compelled to send him to Europe to be educated. He entered the Jesuit College at St. Omer, in Flanders, where he remained

for six years, giving evidence of remarkable virtue and ability, whilst he won all by the gentle sweetness of his manners.

3. When but eighteen years old he became a member of the Society of Jesus, and after devoting himself to the study of theology for six years, was ordained priest in 1759. Having travelled over the greater part of Europe in the company of an English nobleman, he was, in 1773, made Prefect of the College at Bruges. In this very year the Society of Jesus was suppressed, and its members, robbed of everything, were thrown adrift upon the world.

4. Father Carroll withdrew to England, and for a short time filled the post of chaplain to Lord Arundel; but the conflict between the English Government and the American Colonies, which was now approaching a crisis, caused him to give up the comforts and luxuries of his new home, and to hasten back to his own country, where he landed in June, 1774.

5. Catholics at that time had no place of public worship in all Maryland—the result of the unjust laws under which they had suffered for nearly a century. There were, however, in the colony nineteen priests who lived chiefly on their own lands in the lower counties, and ministered, so far as the intolerance of the Protestants permitted, to the spiritual wants of the Catholics who dwelt around them.

6. During the Revolutionary War, Father Carroll remained, if we except the short time spent in a mission which he was induced to undertake to conciliate the Canadians, at his old home in Maryland, devoting himself to the discharge of the duties of the sacred ministry.

7. To the successful termination of the war Catholics had contributed, in proportion to their numbers, as much as Protestants, and especially were we greatly indebted for our independence to the timely and generous aid of Catholic France.

It is therefore not astonishing that the principle of religious liberty, first proclaimed on this continent by the Catholics of Maryland, should have been embodied in the Constitution of the United States.

8. Now that freedom of worship was granted to Catholics, it became necessary to give the Church in the United States a more thorough organization.

Accordingly, in 1784, Pius VI. appointed Father Carroll Superior of the Catholic clergy of this country. In the following year he visited the various places in Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York, in which Catholics were living.

9. At this time there were supposed to be sixteen thousand Catholics in Maryland, seven thousand in Pennsylvania, and but little over two thousand in the other States. At the close of this official visitation Father Carroll drew up a very interesting report on the condition of the Church in the United States, which he sent to Rome.

10. After he had filled the office of Superior of the American Catholic Clergy for five years, Father Carroll was, at their suggestion, raised by Pius VI. to the dignity of bishop, and his see was fixed at Baltimore, the principal town in Maryland, which was the cradle of the American Church. He received the episcopal consecration in England, in the summer of 1790.

11. Returning to the United States, he assembled

the priests in synod, in November, 1791, in order to deliberate on the wants of his vast diocese, and to make such regulations as should seem most likely to promote the interests of religion. One of the chief obstacles to the progress of the faith was the want of priests. With a view to obtain laborers to gather in the harvest which was now ripe, Bishop Carroll had opened Georgetown College the same year in which he was consecrated. The French Revolution, which raged so fiercely against the Church in France, caused many noble priests to turn their steps towards the United States.

12. Three months before the meeting of the first synod in Baltimore, five priests and five seminarians of the community of St. Sulpice came to offer their services to Bishop Carroll; and in a short time he was able, with the assistance of these devoted men, to open St. Mary's Seminary, which has educated so many zealous and laborious missionaries for the American Church.

13. In 1790 the Carmelite Nuns established the first convent of women in the United States, and a few years later, a house of the Sisters of the Visitation was opened in Georgetown. Mother Seton, who founded the Convent of the Sisters of Charity at Emmittsburg, never failed, in her many difficulties and trials, to find a faithful friend and helper in Bishop Carroll.

14. The suppression of the Jesuits, which, as we have seen, had hastened Father Carroll's return to his own country, had deeply grieved him, and he lived in the hope of seeing his order restored. It was, therefore, the fulfillment of one of the dearest wishes of his heart when in May, 1805, he was him-

self permitted to re-establish the Society of Jesus in the United States. He had the consolation, too, of welcoming to his diocese the Augustinians and the Dominicans.

15. The progress of the Church under Bishop Carroll's administration was so rapid, that in 1808 it had become necessary to form four new dioceses, the sees of which were placed in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Bardstown, whilst Baltimore was raised to the dignity of an archbishopric.

16. The private life of Archbishop Carroll was as beautiful as his public administration of the Church was successful. His manner was marked by great gentleness and affability. The rudest of his children felt at ease in his presence, whilst he was a fit companion for the most cultivated and refined. Though he lived to be over eighty, he never lost the freshness of the heart which robs old age of half its sorrows and throws around the snows of winter the smiling sweetness of spring.

17. He retained, too, to the last his simple faith and warm devotion. Among the old Catholic families of Maryland there existed the pious custom of saying night and morning prayers in common, and this practice Archbishop Carroll kept up even to the end of his life. However pressing his duties might be, at the appointed hour he would gather all the members of his household, black and white, to take part in these family devotions.

18. He was the friend of the poor and the orphan, and the consoler of all who sought him in trouble. He had also the deepest love for his country, and no one cherished more sincerely than he the liberties over which the Constitution has

extended its high sanction. Indeed we are very much indebted to his influence for the article which forbids Congress to make laws restricting freedom of worship.

19. Archbishop Carroll received from nature a fine mind, which he cultivated with the greatest care. His writings show both refined taste and sound judgment; his sermons were clear and forcible; in conversation he excelled; and in the practical management of affairs which demanded prudence and wisdom, he gave evidence of the greatest good sense.

20. Frugality and Christian cheerfulness kept him in the almost unimpaired possession of his faculties up to the age of eighty, and at last death came to him so gently and imperceptibly that it seemed loth to lay its rude hand upon a nature so excellently tempered. He died on the 3d of December, 1815.

21. However glorious the future of the Church in the United States may be, American Catholics will always be able to look back with affectionate pride and veneration to the character of their first bishop and archbishop.

MAN.

WHAT a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON XXI.

CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS.

1. COLUMBUS was a man of quick sensibility, liable to great excitement, to sudden and strong impressions, and powerful impulses. He was naturally irritable and impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury and injustice; yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the benevolence and generosity of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career.

2. Though continually outraged in his dignity, and braved in the exercise of his command; though foiled in his plans and endangered in his person by the seditions of turbulent and worthless men, and that too at times when suffering under anxiety of mind and anguish of body sufficient to exasperate the most patient, yet he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit by the strong power of his mind, and brought himself to forbear and reason, and even to supplicate; nor should we fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge, how ready to forgive and forget on the least sign of repentance and atonement. He has been extolled for his skill in controlling others; but far greater praise is due to him for his firmness in governing himself.

3. His natural benignity made him accessible to all kinds of pleasurable sensations from external objects. In his letters and journals, instead of detailing circumstances with the technical precision of a mere navigator, he notices the beauties of nature with the enthusiasm of a poet or a painter. As he

coasts the shores of the New World the reader participates in the enjoyment with which he describes, in his imperfect but picturesque Spanish, the varied objects around him; the blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the air, "full of dew and sweetness," the verdure of the forests, the magnificence of the trees, the grandeur of the mountains, and the limpidity and freshness of the running streams.

4. New delight springs up for him in every scene. He extols each new discovery as more beautiful than the last, and each as the most beautiful in the world; until, with his simple earnestness, he tells the sovereigns that, having spoken so highly of the preceding islands, he fears that they will not credit him, when he declares that the one he is actually describing surpasses them in all excellence.

5. In the same ardent and unstudied way he expresses his emotions on various occasions, readily affected by impulses of joy or grief, of pleasure or indignation. When surrounded and overwhelmed by the ingratitude and violence of worthless men he often, in the retirement of his cabin, gave way to bursts of sorrow, and relieved his overladen heart by sighs and groans. When he returned in chains to Spain, and came into the presence of Isabella, instead of continuing the lofty pride with which he had hitherto sustained his injuries, he was touched with grief and tenderness at her sympathy, and burst forth into sobs and tears.

6. He was devoutly pious; religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shone forth in his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery, he

celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. The voice of prayer and melody of praise rose from his ships when they first beheld the New World, and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself upon the earth and return thanksgivings. Every evening the *Salve Regina* and other vesper hymns were chanted by his crew, and masses were performed in the beautiful groves bordering the wild shores of this heathen land.

7. He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardent imagination and mercurial nature were controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature of his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle flights, lent aid to his judgment, and enabled him to form conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived, nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out.

8. To his intellectual vision it was given to read the signs of the times, and to trace, in the conjectures and reveries of past ages, the indications of an unknown world; as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. "His soul," observes a Spanish writer, "was superior to the age in which he lived. For him was reserved the great enterprise of traversing that sea which had given rise to so many fables, and of deciphering the mystery of his time."

9. With all the fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery.

Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old mart of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia.

10. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the Old World in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BEAUTY.

WHAT is the blooming tincture of the skin
To peace of mind and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No! those at first the unwary heart may gain,
But these, these only, can the heart retain.

LESSON XXII.

THE CLOUD.

1. I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

2. I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under, is fettered the thunder—
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;

And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

3. The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

4. That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

5. I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above, its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

6. I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air—
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and unbuild it again.

SHELLEY.

LESSON XXIII.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

1. WAR was esteemed among the Indians, as it has been among communities far more civilized, the most honorable, glorious, and worthy of employments. The rank or comparative estimation of the chiefs greatly depended on the number of enemies they had slain in battle. Their warlike spirit was little, or not at all, stimulated by hopes of conquest or plunder. It was the fury of hatred or revenge, the restless spirit of enterprise, still more the desire of honor and distinction, that stirred up the warriors to deeds of blood.

2. In their primitive state, pitched battles or general engagements were unknown among the Indians. Surprise was the great point of their tactics. As the warriors were obliged to carry their provisions on their backs, or to support themselves by hunting, their war-parties were seldom large.

3. But, though capable of momentary efforts of great vigor, these children of impulse had not the pertinacity, nor perseverance, nor fixed purposes of civilized life. Bursts of passionate activity were followed by long intervals of indolence. Until they learned of the white man to make war on a larger scale, it was the utmost ambition of their warriors to steal into the enemy's country, to take a few scalps, and to make a few prisoners with the least possible loss to themselves; after which they long remained quiet, unless excited by some retaliatory inroad, or some fortuitous encounter.

4. In the first fury of a successful attack, the

women and children of the hostile village were sometimes indiscriminately massacred; but, in general, their lives were spared, and they were received by adoption into the families of their captors. The hostile warrior, if taken prisoner, was reserved for a horrid death, being tortured with all the ingenuity of savage hatred, and burned at the stake by a slow fire. The women and children joined in these torments, and the flesh of the victim was sometimes eaten. Such, at least, was the custom of the Iroquois, the most warlike and ferocious of all the North American tribes.

5. It was a point of honor with the dying warrior to endure these torments without the slightest flinching or indication of pain, shouting out his death-song from among the flames, and taunting with his latest breath the unskilfulness of his tormentors. Yet, even in the midst of these horrors, humanity sometimes regained dominion. Among the torturing crowd, some one saw, or thought he saw, in the unhappy victim of hate, a resemblance to some relative who had perished in battle Claimed to supply the place of that relative, the prisoner was adopted on the spot as son or brother, and was expected to evince his gratitude, and to ratify his adoption by forgetting for ever his native tribe and all his former connections.

6. Next to war, it was thought most honorable to excel in hunting and fishing. These pursuits, chief resources for food and clothing, were followed, each in its season, with patience, assiduity, and no little skill. The Indians applied all their sagacity to the knowledge of wood-craft, which they carried to a high degree of perfection. They

could trace their game or their enemy by the slightest indication—grass bent, leaves trampled, or twigs broken. Inferior to Europeans in strength and in capacity to perform regular labor, to which they were unaccustomed, their activity, powers of endurance, and acuteness of sight and hearing, were extraordinary.

7. Guided by the stars and sun, and supported by a little parched corn pounded and moistened with water, they performed, with unerring sagacity, immense journeys through the woody or grassy wilderness. The habits of almost all the tribes were more or less migratory. They knew little or nothing of the comforts of a settled habitation. They seemed always uneasy, always on the point of going somewhere else.

RICHARD HILDRETH.

LESSON XXIV.

INDIAN SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.

1. IT is now the early advance of autumn. What can be more beautiful or more attractive than this season in New England? The sultry heat of summer has passed away, and a delicious coolness at evening succeeds the genial warmth of the day. The labors of the husbandman approach their natural termination; and he gladdens with the near prospect of his promised reward.

2. The earth swells with the increase of vegetation. The fields wave with their yellow and luxuriant harvests. The trees put forth the darkest

foliage, half shading and half revealing their ripened fruits, to tempt the appetite of man, and proclaim the goodness of his Creator. Even in scenes of another sort, where nature reigns alone in her own majesty, there is much to awaken religious enthusiasm.

3. As yet, the forests stand clothed in their dress of undecayed magnificence. The winds that rustle through their tops scarcely disturb the silence of the shades below. The mountains and the valleys glow in warm green or lively russet. The rivulets flow on with a noiseless current, reflecting back the images of many a glossy insect, that dips his wings in their cooling waters. The mornings and even ings are still vocal with the notes of a thousand warblers, which plume their wings for a later flight.

4. Above all, the clear blue sky, the long and sunny calms, the scarcely whispering breezes, the brilliant sunsets, lit up with all the wondrous magnificence of light, and shade, and color, and slowly settling down into a pure and transparent twilight. These, these are days and scenes which even the cold cannot behold without emotion, but on which the meditative and pious gaze with profound admiration; for they breathe of holier and happier regions beyond the grave.

JOSEPH STORY.

LESSON XXV.

FATHER ANNE DE NOUË.

1. The perils which beset the French missionaries did not spring from the fury of the Iroquois alone, for nature herself was armed with terror in this stern wilderness of New France. On the thirtieth of January, 1646, Father Anne de Nouë set out from Three Rivers to go to the fort built by the French at the mouth of the River Richelieu, where he was to say Mass and hear confessions. De Nouë was sixty-three years old, and had come to Canada in 1625.

2. As an indifferent memory disabled him from mastering the Indian languages, he devoted himself to the spiritual charge of the French, and of the Indians about the forts, within reach of an interpreter. For the rest, he attended to the sick, and, in times of scarcity, fished in the river or dug roots in the woods for the subsistence of his flock. In short, though sprung from a noble family of Champagne, he shrank from no toil, however humble, to which his idea of duty or his vow of obedience called him.

3. The old missionary had for companions two soldiers and a Huron Indian. They were all on snow-shoes, and the soldiers dragged their baggage on small sledges. Their highway was the St. Lawrence, transformed to solid ice, and buried, like all the country, beneath two or three feet of snow, which, far and near, glared dazzling white under the clear winter sun.

4. Before night they had walked eighteen miles, and the soldiers, unused to snow-shoes, were greatly fatigued. They made their camp in the forest, on the shore of the great expansion of the St. Lawrence called the lake of St. Peter, dug away the snow, heaped it around the spot as a barrier against the wind, made their fire on the frozen earth in the midst, and lay down to sleep.

5. At two o'clock in the morning De Nouë awoke. The moon shone like daylight over the vast white desert of the frozen lake, with its bordering fir-trees bowed to the ground with snow; and the kindly thought struck the father that he might ease his companions by going in advance to Fort Richelieu, and sending back men to aid them in dragging their sledges.

6. He knew the way well. He directed them to follow the tracks of his snow-shoes in the morning; and, not doubting to reach the fort before night, left behind his blanket and his flint and steel. For provisions, he put a morsel of bread and five or six prunes in his pocket, told his rosary, and set forth.

7. Before dawn the weather changed. The air thickened, clouds hid the moon, and a snow-storm set in. The traveller was in utter darkness. He lost the points of the compass, wandered far out on the lake, and when day appeared could see nothing but the snow beneath his feet, and the myriads of falling flakes that encompassed him like a curtain, impervious to the sight.

8. Still he toiled on, winding hither and thither, and at times unwittingly circling back on his own footsteps. At night he dug a hole in the snow un-

der the shore of an island, and lay down, without fire, food, or blanket.

9. Meanwhile the two soldiers and the Indian, unable to trace his footprints, which the snow had hidden, pursued their way for the fort; but the Indian was ignorant of the country, and the Frenchmen were unskilled. They wandered from their course, and at evening encamped on the shore of the island of St. Ignace, at no great distance from De Nouë. Here the Indian, trusting to his instinct, left them and set forth alone in search of their destination, which he soon succeeded in finding.

10. The palisades of the feeble little fort and the rude buildings within, were whitened with snow, and half buried in it. Here, amid the desolation, a handful of men kept watch and ward against the Iroquois. Seated by the blazing logs, the Indian asked for De Nouë, and, to his astonishment, the soldiers of the garrison told him that he had not been seen. The captain of the post was called; all was anxiety; but nothing could be done that night.

11. At daybreak parties went out to search. The two soldiers were readily found; but they looked in vain for the missionary. All day they were ranging the ice, firing their guns, and shouting; but to no avail, and they returned disconsolate. There was a converted Indian, whom the French called Charles, at the fort, one of four who were spending the winter there.

12. On the next morning, the second of February, he and one of his companions, together with Baron, a French soldier, resumed the search; and guided by the slight depressions in the snow which

had fallen on the wanderer's footprints, the quick-eyed savages traced him through all his windings, found his camp by the shore of the island, and thence followed him beyond the fort.

13. He had passed near without discovering it—perhaps weakness had dimmed his sight—stopped to rest at a point a league above, and thence made his way about three leagues farther. Here they found him. He had dug a circular excavation in the snow, and was kneeling in it upon the earth.

14. His head was bare, his eyes open and turned upwards, and his hands clasped on his breast. His hat and his snow-shoes lay at his side. The body was leaning slightly forward, resting against the bank of snow before it, and frozen to the hardness of marble. Thus, in an act of kindness and charity, died the first martyr of the Canadian mission.

PARKMAN.

LESSON XXVI.

DEATH OF PIZARRO.

1. ON the day appointed, Rada and his companions met in Almagro's house, and waited with anxiety for the hour when the governor should issue from the church. But great was their consternation, when they learned that he was not there, but was detained at home, as currently reported, by illness.

2. Little doubting that their design was discovered, they felt their own ruin to be the inevi-

table consequence, and that, too, without enjoying the melancholy consolation of having struck the blow for which they had incurred it. Greatly perplexed, some were for disbanding, in the hope that Pizarro might, after all, be ignorant of their design. But most were for carrying it into execution at once, by assaulting him in his own house.

3. The question was summarily decided by one of the party, who felt that in this latter course lay their only chance of safety. Throwing open the doors, he rushed out, calling on his comrades "to follow him, or he would proclaim the purpose for which they had met." There was no longer hesitation, and the cavaliers issued forth, with Rada at their head, shouting, as they went, "Long live the king! Death to the tyrant!"

4. The governor's palace stood on the opposite side of the square. It was approached by two court-yards. The entrance to the outer one was protected by a massive gate, capable of being made good against a hundred men or more. But it was left open, and the assailants, hurrying through to the inner court, still shouting their fearful battle-cry, were met by two domestics loitering in the yard. One of these they struck down. The other, flying in all haste towards the house, called out, "Help, help! the men of Chili are all coming to murder the marquess!"

5. Pizarro at this time was at dinner, or, more probably, had just dined. He was surrounded by a party of friends, who had dropped in, it seems, after Mass, to enquire after the state of his health, some of whom had remained to partake of his repast. Among these was Don Martinez de Alcan-

tara, Pizarro's half-brother by the mother's side, the judge Velasquez, the bishop-elect of Quito, and several of the principal cavaliers in the place, to the number of fifteen or twenty.

6. Some of them, alarmed by the uproar in the court-yard, left the saloon, and, running down to the first landing on the stairway, enquired into the cause of the disturbance. No sooner were they informed of it by the cries of the servant, than they retreated with precipitation into the house; and, as they had no mind to abide the storm unarmed, or at the best imperfectly armed, as most of them were, they made their way to a corridor that overlooked the gardens, into which they easily let themselves down without injury.

7. Meanwhile, the marquess, learning the nature of the tumult, called out to Francisco de Chaves, an officer high in his confidence, and who was in the outer apartment opening on the staircase, to secure the door, while he and his brother Alcantara buckled on their armor. Had this order, coolly given, been as coolly obeyed, it would have saved them all, since the entrance could easily have been maintained against a much larger force, till the report of the cavaliers who had fled had brought support to Pizarro.

8. But unfortunately, Chaves, disobeying his commander, half opened the door, and attempted to enter into a parley with the conspirators. The latter had now reached the head of the stairs, and cut short the debate by running Chaves through the body, and tumbling his corpse down into the area below. For a moment they were kept at bay by the attendants of the slaughtered cavalier, but

these, too, were quickly despatched; and Rada and his companions, entering the apartment, hurried across it, shouting out, "Where is the marquess? Death to the tyrant!"

9. Martinez de Alcantara, who in the adjoining room was assisting his brother to buckle on his mail, no sooner saw that the entrance to the antechamber had been gained, than he sprang to the door-way of the apartment, and, assisted by two young men, pages of Pizarro, and by one or two cavaliers in attendance, endeavored to resist the approach of the assailants. A desperate struggle now ensued. Blows were given on both sides, some of which proved fatal, and two of the conspirators were slain, while Alcantara and his brave companions were repeatedly wounded.

10. At length Pizarro, unable in the hurry of the moment to adjust the fastenings of his cuirass, threw it away, and enveloping one arm in his cloak, with the other seized his sword, and sprang to his brother's assistance. It was too late; for Alcantara was already staggering under the loss of blood, and soon fell to the ground. Pizarro threw himself on his invaders, like a lion roused in his lair, and dealt his blows with as much rapidity and force as if age had no power to stiffen his limbs. "What ho!" he cried, "traitors! have you come to kill me in my own house?"

11. The conspirators drew back for a moment, as two of their body fell under Pizarro's sword; but they quickly rallied, and, from their superior numbers, fought at great advantage by relieving one another in the assault. Still the passage was narrow, and the struggle lasted for some minutes, till

both of Pizarro's pages were stretched by his side, when Rada, impatient of the delay, called out, "Why are we so long about it? Down with the tyrant!" and taking one of his companions, Narvaez, in his arms, he thrust him against the marquess.

12. Pizarro, instantly grappling with his opponent, ran him through with his sword. But at that moment he received a wound in the throat, and reeling, he sank on the floor, while the swords of Rada and several of his conspirators were plunged into his body. "Jesu!" exclaimed the dying man, and, tracing a cross with his finger on the bloody floor, he bent down his head to kiss it, when a stroke, more friendly than the rest, put an end to his existence.

13. The mangled bodies of Pizarro and his faithful adherents were for a while left weltering in their blood. Some were for dragging forth the governor's corpse to the market place, and fixing his head upon a gibbet. But Almagro was secretly prevailed on to grant the entreaties of Pizarro's friends, and allow his interment. This was stealthily and hastily performed, in the fear of momentary interruption.

14. A faithful attendant and his wife, with a few black domestics, wrapped the body in a cotton cloth, and removed it to the cathedral. A grave was hastily dug in an obscure corner, the services were hurried through, and, in secrecy, and in darkness, dispelled only by the feeble glimmering of a few tapers, furnished by these humble menials, the remains of Pizarro, rolled in their bloody shroud, were consigned to their kindred dust.

15. Such was the miserable end of the conqueror of Peru,—of the man who but a few hours before had lorded it over the land with as absolute a sway as was possessed by its hereditary Incas. Cut off in the broad light of day, in the heart of his own capital, in the very midst of those who had been his companions in arms and shared with him his triumphs and his spoils, he perished like a wretched outcast. "There was none, even," in the expressive language of the chronicler, "to say, God forgive him!"

PRESCOTT.

LESSON XXVII.

VISION OF THE MONK GABRIEL.

1. 'TIS the soft twilight. Round the shining fender,
Two at my feet and one upon my knee,
Dreamy-eyed Elsie, bright-lipped Isabel,
And thou, my golden-headed Raphael,
My fairy, small and slender,
Listen to what befell
Monk Gabriel,
In the old ages ripe with mystery,—
Listen, my darlings, to the legend tender.

2. A bearded man, with grave but gentle look,
His silence sweet with sounds
With which the simple-hearted spring abounds:
Lowing of cattle from the abbey grounds,

Chirping of insect and the building rook,
Mingled like murmurs of a dreaming shell;
Quaint tracery of bird and branch and brook
Flitting across the pages of his book,
Until the very words a freshness took,—
Deep in his cell
Sate the Monk Gabriel.

3. In his book he read
The words the Master to His dear ones said:
"A little while, and ye
Shall see,
Shall gaze on Me;
A little while again,
Ye shall not see Me then."

4. "*A little while!*"
The monk looked up, a smile
Making his visage brilliant, liquid-eyed:
"Oh Thou, who gracious art
Unto the poor of heart,
Oh blessed Christ!" he cried,
"Great is the misery
Of mine iniquity;
But would I now might see,
Might feast on Thee!"
The blood, with sudden start,
Nigh rent his veins apart—
(Oh condescension of the Crucified!)
In all the brilliancy
Of His humanity
The Christ stood by his side!

5. Pure as the early lily was His skin;
  His cheek outblushed the rose,
  His lips, the glows
  Of autumn sunset on eternal snows.
And His deep eyes within
Such nameless beauties, wondrous glories, dwelt,
The monk in speechless adoration knelt.

6. In each fair hand, in each fair foot, there shone
  The peerless stars He took from Calvary:
  Around His brows in tenderest lucency
The thorn-marks lingered, like the flush of dawn;
And from the opening in His side there rilled
A light, so dazzling that the room was filled
  With heaven; and, transfigured in his place,—
His very breathing stilled,—
  The friar held his robe before his face,
    And heard the angels singing!
'Twas but a moment; then, upon the spell
Of that sweet Presence, lo, a something broke:
A something, trembling, in the belfry woke,
    A shower of metal music flinging
O'er wold and moat, o'er park and lake and fell;
And, through the open window of the cell,
    In silver chimès came ringing.

7. It was the bell
    Calling Monk Gabriel
Unto his daily task,
  To feed the paupers at the abbey gate.
No respite did he ask,
  Nor for a second summons idly wait;
But rose up, saying, in his humble way:

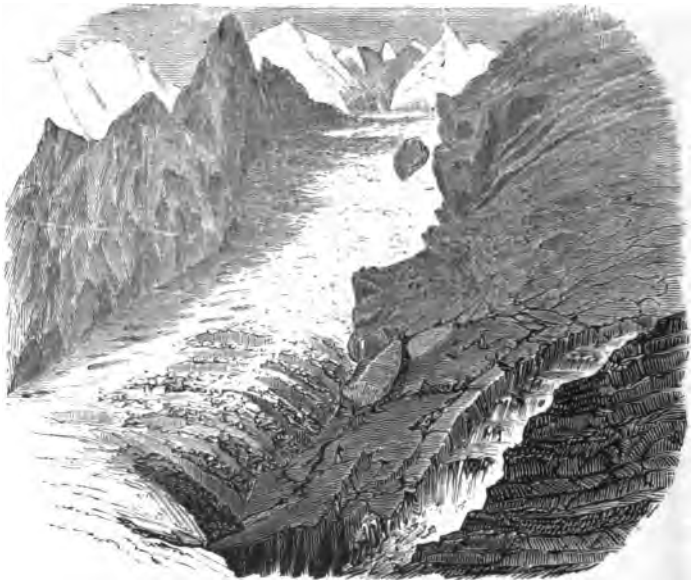
"Fain would I stay,
Oh Lord! and feast alway
Upon the honeyed sweetness of Thy beauty.
But 'tis *Thy* will, not mine, I must obey;
Help me to do my duty!"
The while the vision smiled,
The monk went forth, light-hearted as a child.

8. An hour thence, his duty nobly done,
Back to his cell he came.
Unasked, unsought, lo, his reward was won!
Rafters and walls and floor were yet aflame
With all the matchless glory of that Sun,
And in the centre stood the Blessed One,
(Praised be His holy name!)
Who for our sakes our crosses made His own
And bore our weight of shame!

9. Down on the threshold fell
Monk Gabriel,
His forehead pressed upon the floor of clay;
And, while in deep humility he lay,
Tears raining from his happy eyes away,
"Whence is this favor, Lord?" he strove to say.
The Vision only said,
Lifting its shining head:
"If thou hadst stayed, Oh son, *I* must have fled!"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

LESSON XXVIII.



GLACIERS.

1. A GLACIER is an enormous mass of solid ice filling up a valley, and stretching from the eternal snows which crown the summits of the mountains, down to the smiling corn-fields and rich pastures of the plains. It is constantly fed by the accumulated snows of winter, which, slipping and rolling down the slopes of the mountains, lodge in the valleys below, and are there converted into ice.

2. For it must be remembered that the glacier, properly so called, does not commonly extend much higher than nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. Beyond that elevation the com-

pact and massive ice gradually passes into frozen snow, called by the French *Névé*, and by the Germans *Firn*.

3. The change which takes place in the condition of the snow as it descends into the valley is chiefly owing to these two circumstances: first, it is closely compacted together by the weight of the snowy masses pressing down upon it from above; and, secondly, in the summer months it is thawed upon the surface, during the day, by the heat of the sun, and frozen again at night.

4. In Switzerland the glacier is often two or three miles in breadth, fifteen to twenty miles in length, and six or eight hundred feet in depth. Though so vast in its bulk and so solid in its character, it is not, as might be supposed, a fixed, immovable mass. On the contrary, it is moving incessantly, but slowly, down the valley which it occupies, at the rate of several inches, sometimes one or two feet, and even more, in the day.

5. Of their agency, as instruments of denudation, Sir Charles Lyell gives a brief and effective summary. It consists, he says, "partly in their power of transporting gravel, sand, and huge stones to great distances, and partly in the smoothing, polishing, and scoring of their rocky channels, and the boundary wall of the valleys through which they pass.

6. "At the foot of every steep cliff or precipice in high Alpine regions, a sloping heap is seen of rocky fragments detached by the alternate action of frost and thaw. If these loose masses, instead of accumulating on a stationary base, happen to fall upon a glacier, they will move along with it, and,

in place of a single heap, they will form in the course of years a long stream of blocks.

7. "If a glacier be twenty miles long, and its annual progression about five hundred feet, it will require about two centuries for a block thus lodged upon its surface to travel down from the higher to the lower regions, or to the extremity of the icy mass.

8. "This terminal point usually remains unchanged from year to year, although every part of the ice is in motion, because the liquefaction by heat is just sufficient to balance the onward motion of the glacier; which may be compared to an endless file of soldiers pouring into a breach, and shot down as fast as they advance.

9. "The stones carried along on the ice are called in Switzerland the moraines of the glacier. There is always one line of blocks on each side or edge of the icy stream, and often several in the middle, where they are arranged in long ridges or mounds of snow and ice, often several yards high. The reason of their projecting above the general level, is the non-liquefaction of the ice in those parts of the surface of the glacier which are protected from the rays of the sun or the action of the wind, by the covering of the earth, sand, and stones.

10. "The cause of medial moraines was first explained by Agassiz, who referred them to the confluence of tributary glaciers. Upon the union of two streams of ice, the right lateral moraine of one of the streams comes in contact with the left lateral moraine of the other, and they afterwards move on together in the centre, if the confluent glaciers are equal in size, or nearer to one side if unequal.

11. "Fragments of stone which fall through crevasses in the ice, and get interposed between the moving glacier and the fundamental rock, are pushed along so as to have their angles more or less worn off, and many of them are entirely ground down into mud. Some blocks are pushed along between the ice and the steep boundary rocks of the valley, and these, like the rocky channel at the bottom of the valley, often become smoothed and polished and scored with parallel furrows, or with lines and scratches produced by hard minerals, such as crystal of quartz, which act like the diamond upon glass.

12. "The effect is perfectly different from that caused by the action of water, or a muddy torrent forcing along heavy stones, for these not being held like fragments of rock in ice, and not being pushed along under great pressure, cannot scoop out long rectilinear furrows or grooves parallel to each other. The discovery of such markings at various heights far above the surface of existing glaciers, and for miles beyond their present terminations, affords geological evidence of the former extension of the ice beyond its present limits in Switzerland and other countries."

13. The evidence of glacial action may be discovered in the materials themselves which have been transported by ice. Many of the large erratic blocks, after having travelled immense distances, exhibit the same sharp, angular appearance as if they had only just fallen down from the cliff on the mountain side.

14. By this circumstance they are at once distinguished from blocks of stone transported by run-

ning water; for, in these, the angles are sure to be rounded off by friction. Sometimes, too, they are deposited, not only far away from the parent rock, but in regions where no rock of the same kind exists.

15. Furthermore, it oftens happens that a glacier shrinks backward up the valley, and sometimes even disappears altogether. When the melting of the ice at the lower extremity exactly balances its onward progress, then the glacier seems stationary to the eye, and occupies from year to year the same position. But, when a number of hot seasons follow one another in immediate succession, the ice is melted more rapidly than the glacier advances, and in consequence it gradually becomes shorter, and seems to the eye to recede towards the upper part of the valley.

16. In this case, the long line of moraines, which before had rested on the ice, are left spread out on the plains or deposited on the slopes of the mountain. Immense blocks of stone are, by this means, frequently set down on the summits of lofty crags, and in such like positions, to which they could not be brought by any other natural agency. These "perched blocks," as they are called, and also those long, regular mounds of earth and stone, abound in several of the Swiss valleys, and constitute a very striking feature of Alpine scenery.

17. Now, it appears that all these various characteristic marks of glacial operations can be distinctly traced in many countries where the action of moving ice has been unknown within the period of history. And on this fact is founded the geological theory of an ancient glacial period. We are

confidently assured that a great part of Northern Europe, North America, and other countries as well in the northern as in the southern hemisphere, were, in some far-distant age, the scene of those same phenomena that are witnessed at the present day amid the solemn grandeur of the Alps, and in the frozen wastes of the Arctic regions.

18. In that age, enormous glaciers moved slowly downwards, from snow-clad heights over innumerable valleys now rich with the fruit of the earth; ponderous icebergs floated over wide areas of the ocean where now the dry land appears; and vast piles of promiscuous rubbish, with great angular blocks of stones, were deposited on the slopes and crests of submarine mountains that now tower hundreds of feet above the level of the sea.

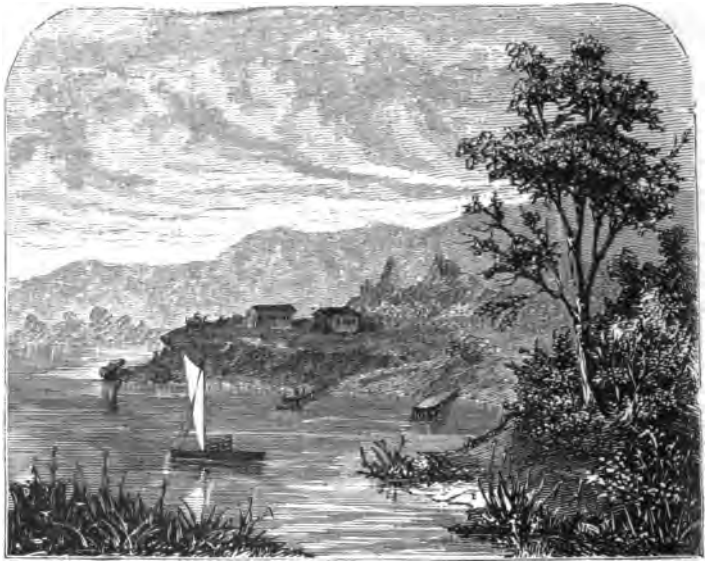
GERALD MOLLOY, D.D.

SONNET.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing—
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing—
And still, oh! still, their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle age, for it has left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them!

AUBREY DE VERE.

LESSON XXIX.



THE SETTLEMENT OF ST. MARY'S.

1. ON Friday, the 22d of November, with a small but favoring gale, Leonard Calvert and about two hundred people, most of them Roman Catholic gentlemen and their servants, in the *Ark* and the *Dove*, a ship of large burden, and a pinnace, set sail for the northern bank of the Potomac. Having stayed by the way in Barbadoes and St. Christopher, it was not till February of the following year [1634] that they arrived at Point Comfort, in Virginia; where, in obedience to the express letters of King Charles, they were welcomed by Harvey with courtesy and humanity. Clayborne also appeared,

but it was as a prophet of ill-omen, to terrify the company by predicting the fixed hostility of the natives.

2. Leaving Point Comfort, Calvert sailed into the Potomac; and, with the pinnace, ascended the stream. A cross was planted on an island, and the country claimed for Christ and for England. At about forty-seven leagues above the mouth of the river he found the village of Piscataqua, an Indian settlement, nearly opposite Mount Vernon. The chieftain of the tribe would neither bid him go nor stay; "he might use his own discretion." It did not seem safe for the English to plant the first settlement so high up the river; Calvert descended the stream, examining, in his barge, the creeks and estuaries nearer the Chesapeake; he entered the river which is now called St. Mary's, and which he named St. George's; and, about four leagues from its junction with the Potomac, he anchored at the Indian town of Yoacomoco.

3. The native inhabitants, having suffered from the superior power of the Susquehannahs, who occupied the district between the bays, had already resolved to remove into places of more security, in the interior; and many of them had begun to migrate before the English arrived. To Calvert, the spot seemed convenient for a plantation; it was easy, by presents of cloth and axes, of hoes and knives, to gain the good-will of the natives, and to purchase their rights to the soil which they were preparing to abandon. They readily gave consent that the English should immediately occupy one-half of their town, and, after the harvest, should become the exclusive tenants of the whole. Mutual

promises of friendship and peace were made; so that, upon the twenty-seventh of March, the Catholics took quiet possession of the little place; and religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world, at the humble village which bore the name of St. Mary's.

4. Three days after the landing of Calvert, the *Ark* and the *Dove* anchored in the harbor. Sir John Harvey soon arrived on a visit; the native chiefs, also, came to welcome or to watch the emigrants, and were so well received that they resolved to give perpetuity to their league of amity with the English. The Indian women taught the wives of the new-comers to make bread of maize; the warriors of the tribes instructed the huntsmen how rich were the forests of America in game, and joined them in the chase. And, as the season of the year invited to the pursuits of agriculture, and the English had come into possession of ground already subdued, they were able, at once, to possess cornfields and gardens, and prepare the wealth of successful husbandry.

5. Virginia, from its surplus produce, could furnish a temporary supply of food, and all kinds of domestic cattle. No sufferings were endured; no fears of want were excited; the foundation of the colony of Maryland was peacefully and happily laid. Within six months, it had advanced more than Virginia had done in as many years. The proprietary continued, with great liberality, to provide every thing that was necessary for its comfort and protection, and spared no cost to promote its interests; expending, with the aid of his friends, upward of forty thousand pounds sterling.

6. But far more memorable was the character of the Maryland institutions. Every other country in the world had persecuting laws; through the benign administration of the government of that province, no person professing to believe in Jesus Christ was permitted to be molested on account of religion. Under the munificence and superintending mildness of Baltimore, the dreary wilderness was soon quickened with the swarming life and activity of prosperous settlements; the Roman Catholics, who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake; and there, too, Protestants were sheltered against Protestant intolerance.

7. Such were the beautiful auspices under which Maryland started into being; its prosperity and peace seemed assured; the interests of its people and its proprietary were united; and for some years its internal peace and harmony were undisturbed by domestic faction. Its history is the history of benevolence, gratitude, and toleration. Everything breathed peace but Clayborne. Dangers could only grow out of external causes, and were eventually the sad consequences of the revolution in England.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

LESSON XXX.

BISHOP DUBOIS.

1. JOHN DUBOIS was born in Paris on the 24th of August, 1764. His youth was passed amongst the opening scenes of the great French Revolution, and Robespierre was his schoolmate. He devoted himself to the Church from boyhood, studying at the Oratorian Seminary of St. Magloire, and spending the first years of his priesthood in Paris, where he made the acquaintance of Lafayette.



2. Driven into exile with hundreds of other faithful priests who refused the oaths imposed upon the clergy by the revolutionary government, he fled in disguise to America, and landed at Norfolk in 1791. The friendship of Lafayette introduced him to the most distinguished families of Virginia. James Monroe, afterwards President of the United States, became his friend; Patrick

Henry sometimes gave him lessons in English; and he earned a scanty support by teaching French.

3. As soon as he knew enough English to make himself understood he began the work of the mission in Maryland and Virginia. He travelled on horseback all over the western part of both those States. For many years he was the only priest between Baltimore and St. Louis.

4. Though his manners were remarkable for polish and elegance, and his tastes were those of a refined and educated gentleman, he made himself at home in the rude log houses of his people, and was always looked up to as their best friend and counsellor. At the call of the sick he was ready at any time to ride all night in the worst weather and over the most dangerous roads. No labor was too severe for his zeal, and no calls could exhaust his charity.

5. He had spent fourteen years in this holy life when he undertook, without money, without credit, and without rich friends, to establish a Catholic college and seminary. He opened his school in 1808 in a little log house near Emmittsburgh, and as soon as a few pupils were gathered together, he began putting up better quarters for their accommodation.

6. Master and scholars worked together like day-laborers. They felled the trees, hewed the logs for the walls and roof, cleared a little spot of ground on the side of a mountain, and soon had a rough but commodious house, made by their own hands, with a farm and garden which they tilled themselves. This was the origin of the famous college and seminary of Mount St. Mary, which afterwards gave so

many illustrious priests and bishops to the American Church.

7. Father Dubois made his home at the college, and for some time took the whole direction of it, but he did not abandon his little congregations scattered far and wide over the surrounding region. One morning he alighted from his horse at the gate of the seminary just as the bell was ringing for meditation, and went at once to the chapel to conduct the exercises.

8. He fainted from exhaustion, and then it was discovered that he had spent the night in a journey of fifty miles to visit a sick person. It was characteristic of his indomitable spirit that he would not allow the students to carry him to his room, but he lay a few moments on the chapel steps, and as soon as he revived a little he went on with the meditation.

9. After great exertions he succeeded at last in raising money enough for a large building of stone, into which the college was about to remove in the summer of 1824. It was just ready for occupation when it caught fire one night, and was entirely destroyed. Father Dubois, who was then sixty years old, looked quietly upon the ruin of the work of his old age, and, as he watched the progress of the flames, he pointed out certain defects in the building which he said he should know how to avoid the next time.

10. Every member of the little community, president, professors, and pupils, immediately fell to work to clear away the ashes and begin again. They went about the country begging for contributions, and in two years the college was completed.

Father Dubois was not allowed, however, to enjoy his new home, for he had been appointed Bishop of New York, and in October, 1826, was consecrated in the cathedral at Baltimore.

11. The diocese at that time embraced the whole State of New York and a large part of New Jersey. It had but few churches, few priests, only two or three schools, and no college. The good bishop began an institution at Nyack, on the plan of Mount St. Mary's, but it was destroyed by fire before it was quite finished, and the poverty of his flock was too great to allow him to rebuild it.

12. His zeal and industry were redoubled, and as his years increased his labors only seemed to multiply. It was not until his health had nearly broken down that he allowed himself to ask for a coadjutor. The choice of the Holy See fell upon the Reverend John Hughes, who had been a pupil of Father Dubois at Emmittsburgh, and he was consecrated on the 7th of January, 1838.

13. A fortnight afterwards the aged Bishop Dubois suffered a stroke of paralysis, from which he never wholly recovered. Little by little his strength declined. He relied more and more upon his fearless and vigorous coadjutor, finally resigning the entire administration of the diocese into his hands, and dying peacefully on the 20th of December, 1842.

LESSON XXXI.

CHARACTER OF PETER STUYVESANT.

1. PETER STUYVESANT was the last, and, like the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, the best of our ancient Dutch governors, Wouter having surpassed all who preceded him, and Pieter or Piet, as he was socially called by the old Dutch burghers, who were ever prone to familiarize names, having never been equalled by any successor. He was, in fact, the very man fitted by nature to retrieve the desperate fortunes of his beloved province, had not the fates, those most potent and unrelenting of all ancient spinsters, destined them to inex tricable confusion.

2. To say merely that he was a hero would be doing him great injustice: he was, in truth, a combination of heroes; for he was of a sturdy, raw-boned make like Ajax Telamon, with a pair of round shoulders that Hercules would have given his hide for (meaning his lion's hide), when he undertook to ease old Atlas of his load. He was, moreover, as Plutarch describes Coriolanus, not only terrible for the force of his arm, but likewise of his voice, which sounded as though it came out of a barrel; and, like the self-same warrior, he possessed a sovereign contempt for the sovereign people, and an iron aspect, which was enough of itself to make his adversaries quake with terror and dismay.

3. All this martial excellency of appearance was inexpressibly heightened by an accidental advantage, with which I am surprised that neither

Homer nor Virgil has graced any of his heroes. This was nothing less than a wooden leg, which was the only prize he had gained in bravely fighting the battles of his country, but of which he was so proud that he was often heard to declare he valued it more than all his other limbs put together; indeed, so highly did he esteem it that he had it gallantly enchased and relieved with silver devices, which caused it to be related in divers histories and legends that he wore a silver leg.

4. Like that choleric warrior Achilles, he was somewhat subject to extempore bursts of passion, which were rather unpleasant to his favorites and attendants, whose perceptions he was apt to quicken, after the manner of his illustrious imitator, Peter the Great, by anointing their shoulders with his walking-staff. Though I cannot find that he had read Plato, or Aristotle, or Hobbes, or Bacon, or Algernon Sidney, or Tom Paine, yet did he sometimes manifest a shrewdness and sagacity in his measures that one would hardly expect from a man who did not know Greek, and had never studied the ancients.

5. True it is, and I confess it with sorrow, that he had an unreasonable aversion to experiments, and was fond of governing his province after the simplest manner; but then he contrived to keep it in better order than did the erudite Kieft, though he had all the philosophers, ancient and modern, to assist and perplex him. I must likewise own that he made but very few laws, but then again he took care that those few were rigidly and impartially enforced; and I do not

know but justice, on the whole, was as well administered as if there had been volumes of sage acts and statutes yearly made, and daily neglected and forgotten.

6. He was, in fact, the very reverse of his predecessors, being neither tranquil and inert, like Walter the Doubter, nor restless and fidgety, like William the Testy; but a man, or rather a governor, of such uncommon activity and decision of mind, that he never sought nor accepted the advice of others; depending bravely upon his single head, as would a hero of yore upon his single arm, to carry him through all difficulties and dangers. To tell the simple truth, he wanted nothing more to complete him as a statesman than to think always right, for no one can say but that he always acted as he thought.

7. He was never a man to flinch when he found himself in a scrape; but to dash forward through thick and thin, trusting, by hook or by crook, to make all things straight in the end. In a word, he possessed in an eminent degree that great quality in a statesman, called perseverance by the polite, but nicknamed obstinacy by the vulgar,—a wonderful salve for official blunders, since he who perseveres in error without flinching gets the credit of boldness and consistency; while he who wavers in seeking to do what is right gets stigmatized as a trimmer.

8. This much is certain, and it is a maxim well worthy the attention of all legislators, great and small, who stand shaking in the wind, irresolute which way to steer, that a ruler who follows his own will pleases himself, while he who seeks to

satisfy the wishes and whims of others runs great risk of pleasing nobody. There is nothing, too, like putting down one's foot resolutely, when in doubt, and letting things take their course. The clock that stands still points right twice in the four-and-twenty hours, while others may keep going continually, and be continually going wrong.

9. Nor did this magnanimous quality escape the discernment of the good people of Nieuw Nederlands; on the contrary, so much were they struck with the independent will and vigorous resolution displayed on all occasions by their new governor, that they universally called him Hard-Koppig Piet, or Peter the Headstrong—a great compliment to the strength of his understanding.

10. If from all that I have said thou dost not gather, worthy reader, that Peter Stuyvesant was a tough, sturdy, valiant, weather-beaten, mettlesome, obstinate, leathern-sided, lion-hearted, generous-spirited old governor, either I have written to but little purpose, or thou art dull at drawing conclusions.

Washington Irving.

LESSON XXXII.

PERPETUAL ADORATION.

1. The turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine,
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

2. My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of thee.

3. I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

4. Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look.
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

5. I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

6. There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow.
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity!

7. There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

MOORE.

LESSON XXXIII.

PERSECUTION OF CATHOLICS IN MARYLAND.

PART I.

1. WHEN the deputy-governors of Maryland were first informed of the invasion of England by the Prince of Orange, January, 1689, they judged it expedient to take measures for preserving the tranquillity of the province, where as yet none could foresee, and none had been informed, of the extraordinary issue to which that memorable enterprise was to be conducted. They collected the public arms that were dispersed in the different counties, and imprisoned several persons who were accused of attempts to excite disturbance.

2. But their purposes were completely frustrated by the rumor of a "popish plot," which suddenly and rapidly disseminated the alarming intelligence that the deputy-governors and the Catholics had formed a league with the Indians for the massacre of all the Protestants in the province. Confusion, rage, and terror instantly laid hold of the minds of almost all the Protestant colonists; and every exertion that was made to demonstrate the folly and absurdity of the report proved ineffectual.

3. Like the kindred fiction in England, the tale was corroborated by various unhappily contingent circumstances that tended wonderfully to support the general delusion. Though Lord Baltimore received orders to proclaim William and Mary, which he readily promised and prepared to obey, yet some cross accident or treacherous machination

intercepted the relative commands which he punctually transmitted to his deputies; and they still awaited official orders respecting this important transaction long after the corresponding proclamation was published in Virginia. It happened unfortunately, too, that the time had now arrived when it was usual to repeat the annual confirmation of the existing treaty of peace with the Indians.

4. These occurrences, distorted by the arts of the factions and the credulity of the timid, increased the prevailing panic, and accelerated the explosion it had threatened to produce. A "Protestant Association" was formed, April, 1689, by John Coode, who had already illustrated his genius for sedition as the accomplice of Fendal; and soon gaining strength from the accession of numerous votaries, took arms under this worthless leader for the defence of the Protestant faith and the vindication of the royal title of William and Mary.

5. A declaration or manifesto was published by the associators, replete with charges against the proprietary that reflect the utmost dishonor on their own cause. The reproaches of tyranny and wickedness, of murder, torture, and pillage, with which Lord Baltimore is loaded in this production, are refuted by the utter inability of the associators to establish by evidence any one of their charges, even when the whole power and authority of the provincial government were in their own hands.

6. The deputies of Lord Baltimore endeavored at first to oppose by force the designs of the associators; but as the Catholics were afraid to justify the prevalent rumors against themselves by taking

arms, and as the well-affected Protestants showed no eagerness to support a falling authority, they were compelled to deliver up the provincial fortress and surrender the powers of government by capitulation.

7. The king, apprised of these transactions, hastened to express his approbation of them, and authorized the leaders of the insurgents to exercise in his name the power they had acquired, until he should have leisure to settle the administration of affairs on a permanent basis. Armed with this commission, Coode and a junto of his confederates continued for three years after to conduct the government of Maryland, with a predatory tyranny, that exemplified the demerits they had falsely imputed to the proprietary, and produced loud and numerous complaints from persons of every religious denomination in the province. Thus, even in the midst of their own insolent triumph, the Maryland Protestants were unable to escape entirely the visitation of retributive justice.

8. King William, meanwhile, endeavored to gain the same advantage to the royal authority in Maryland which the tyranny of his predecessor bequeathed to him in Massachusetts. But to persist in the iniquitous process of *quo warranto* was no longer feasible; and all that could be done was to summon Lord Baltimore to answer before the privy council the complaints expressed in the manifesto of the associators. After a tedious investigation, which loaded this nobleman with a heavy expense, it was found impossible to convict him of any other charge than that of differing in religious opinion from the men by whom he was so un-

gratefully persecuted and so calumniously traduced.

9. He was accordingly suffered to retain the patrimonial interest attached by his charter to the office of proprietary, but deprived by an act of council of the political administration of the province, of which Sir Edmund Andros was at the same time appointed governor by the king [1692]. In this manner fell the proprietary government of Maryland, after a duration of fifty-six years, during which it was conducted with unexampled mildness, and with a regard to the liberty and welfare of the people, deserving a very different requital from that which we have had the pain of reviewing.

10. The slight notice which the policy of Lord Baltimore has received from the philosophic encomiasts of liberal institutions attests the capricious distribution of fame, and has probably been occasioned by dislike of his religious tenets, which, it was feared, would share the commendation bestowed on their votary. It was apprehended, perhaps, that the charge of intolerance, so strongly preferred by Protestants and philosophers against Catholic potentates and the Roman Church, would be weakened by the praise of a toleration which Catholics established and Protestants overthrew.

11. Before toleration was defended by Locke, it was practically established by Lord Baltimore; and in the attempts which both of these eminent persons made to construct the frame of a wise and liberal government in America, it must be acknowledged that the Protestant philosopher was greatly excelled by the Catholic nobleman. The constitutions of William Penn have been the theme of gen-

eral panegyric; but of those who have commended them, how few have been found to celebrate or even acknowledge the prior establishment of similar institutions by Lord Baltimore!

LESSON XXXIV.

PERSECUTION OF CATHOLICS IN MARYLAND.

PART II.

1. The suspension of the proprietary government was accompanied with a notable departure from the principles on which its administration was previously conducted. The political equality of religious sects was disallowed, and the toleration that had been extended to every form of Christian worship was abolished. The Church of England was declared to be the established ecclesiastical constitution of the state; and an act passed in the year 1692, having divided the several counties into parishes, a legal maintenance was assigned to a minister of this communion in every one of these parishes,—consisting of a glebe, and an annual tribute of forty pounds of tobacco from every Christian male, and every male or female negro above sixteen years of age.

2. All Protestant Dissenters were admitted to partake the full benefit of the act of toleration passed in the commencement of William and Mary's reign by the English Parliament. But this grace was strictly withheld from the Roman Catholics; and the Protestants, who thus enacted

toleration to themselves, with the most impudent injustice and unchristian cruelty denied it to the men by whose toleration they had been permitted to gain an establishment in the province.

3. Sanctioned by the authority and instructed by the example of the British government, the legislature of Maryland proceeded, by the most tyrannical persecution of the Catholics, to confirm and disgrace the Protestant ascendency. Not only were these unfortunate victims of a conscientious belief, which the actions of their opponents contributed additionally to fortify, excluded from all participation in political privileges, but they were debarred from the exercise of their peculiar form of worship, and from the advantages of education.

4. By an act of the provincial assembly, passed in the year 1704, and renewed in the year 1714, it was ordained that any Catholic priest, attempting to convert a Protestant, should be punished with fine and imprisonment; and that the celebration of Mass or the education of youth by a "Papist," should be punished by transmission of the offending priest or teacher to England, that he might there undergo the penalties which the English statutes inflicted on such conduct.

5. Transported by their eagerness to deprive the Catholics of liberty, the Protestants of Maryland seem not to have perceived that this last measure tended to subvert their own pretension to independent legislation. They maintained that the statutes of the English Parliament did not extend, by the mere operation of their own intrinsic authority, to Maryland; and in conformity with this notion, we find an act of assembly, in the year 1706, giving to

certain English acts of Parliament the force of law within the province.

6. But it was manifestly inconsistent with such pretended independence to declare any of the colonists amenable to the peculiar jurisprudence of England for actions committed in the province and not punishable by the provincial laws. Though laws thus unjust and oppressive were framed, it was found impossible to carry them into complete execution.

7. Shortly after the act of 1704 was passed, the assembly judged it expedient to suspend its enforcement so far as to admit of Catholic priests performing their functions in private houses; and the act of 1714 was suspended in a similar manner, in consequence of an express mandate to the assembly from Queen Anne.

8. Thus were the Catholics of Maryland, under the pretence of vices which none exemplified more forcibly than their persecutors, deprived of those privileges, which, for more than half a century, they had exercised with unparalleled justice and moderation. In addition to the other odious features of the treatment they experienced, there was a shameful violation of national faith in suffering Protestant persecution to follow them into the asylum which they had been encouraged to seek, and with laborious virtue had established.

9. Sensible of this injustice, or rather, perhaps, willing to induce the Catholics, whom they had determined not to tolerate at home, to emigrate to Maryland, the British government continued from time to time to set bounds to the exercise of that provincial bigotry which its own example

had prompted, and its own authority still maintained.

10. From the still more unjust and perfidious treatment which the Catholics of Maryland beheld their brethren in Ireland undergo from Great Britain, they might derive at least the consolation of perceiving that they themselves were not delivered up to the utmost extremity of Protestant tyranny and intolerance.

GRAHAME.

LESSON XXXV.

AN AMERICAN WILDERNESS.

1. As we proceeded we gradually lost sight of the traces of man. Soon all proofs even of savage life disappeared, and before us was the scene that we had so long been seeking—a virgin forest. Growing in the middle of the thin brushwood, through which objects are perceived at a considerable distance, was a single clump of full-grown trees, almost all pines or oaks. Confined to so narrow a space and deprived of sunshine, each of these trees had run up rapidly in search of air and light. As straight as the mast of a ship, the most rapid grower had overtopped every surrounding object; only when it had attained a higher region did it venture to spread out its branches and clothe itself with leaves. Others followed quickly in this elevated sphere, and the whole group, interlacing their boughs, formed a sort of immense canopy. Underneath this damp, motionless vault the scene is different.

2. Majesty and order are overhead—near the ground all is chaos and confusion; aged trunks, incapable of supporting any longer their branches, are shattered in the middle, presenting nothing but a sharp, jagged point. Others, long loosened by the wind, have been thrown unbroken on the ground. Torn up from the earth, their roots form a natural barricade behind which several men might easily find shelter. Huge trees, sustained by the surrounding branches, hang in mid-air and crumble into dust without reaching the ground.

3. In the solitudes of America all-powerful nature is the only instrument of ruin, as well as of reproduction. Here, as well as in the forests over which man rules, death strikes continually, but there is no one to clear away the remains; they accumulate day by day. They fall, they are heaped upon one another. Time alone does not work fast enough to reduce them to dust, so as to make way for their successors. Side by side lie several generations of the dead. Some in the last stage of dissolution, have left on the grass a long line of red dust as the only trace of their presence; others, already half consumed by time, still preserve their outward shape. Others, again, fallen only yesterday, stretch their long branches over the traveller's path.

4. I have often at sea enjoyed one of the calm, serene evenings, when the sails, flapping idly against the mast, leave the crew in ignorance even of the quarter whence the breeze will rise. The perfect repose of nature is as striking in the wilderness as on the ocean. When at noonday the sun's rays penetrate the forest, there is often heard a

long sob, a kind of plaintive cry echoing in the distance. It is the last breath of the expiring breeze. Deep silence ensues, and such absolute stillness as fills the mind with a kind of superstitious awe. The traveller stops to contemplate the scene.

5. Pressed against one another, their boughs interlaced, the trees seem to form one vast indestructible edifice, under whose arches reigns perpetual darkness. Around are violence and destruction, shattered trees and torn trunks, the traces of long elemental war. But the struggle is suspended. It seems to have been suddenly arrested, as if by the fiat of a supernatural Being. Half-broken branches seem to hold by some invisible link to the trunk that no longer supports them; trees torn from their roots hang in the air as if they had not had time to reach the ground.

6. The traveller holds his breath to catch the faintest sound of life. No noise, not even a whis per, reaches him. You may be lost in a European forest, but some noise belonging to life is audible. You hear a church-bell, or a woodman's axe, or the report of a gun, or the barking of a dog, or, at any rate, the indistinct hum of civilized life. Here, not only man is absent, but the voice of no animal is to be heard. The smaller ones have sought the neighborhood of human dwellings, and the larger have fled to a still greater distance; the few that remain hide in the shade. Thus all is motionless, all is silent, beneath the leafy arch. It seems as if the Creator had for a moment withdrawn his countenance and all nature had become paralyzed.

DE TOCQUEVILLE.

LESSON XXXVI.

A FOREST HYMN.

1. THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

2. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty.

3. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this ancient wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

4. Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

5. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here—Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; Thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.
Here is continual worship; nature, here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys Thy presence.

6. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and, wandering, steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left

Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of Thee.

7. This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated,—not a prince
In all that proud old world beyond the deep
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

8. My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on Thy works I read
The lesson of Thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see again
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them.

9. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,

The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

10. There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them ;—and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in Thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at Thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still.

11. Oh God ! when Thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages ; when, at Thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities,—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,
His pride, and lays his strife and folly by ?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of Thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath

Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

W. C. BRYANT.

LESSON XXXVII.

THE DEFEAT OF BRADDOCK.

1. EARLY in June, 1755, Braddock's army left civilization behind, and struck into the broad wilderness as a squadron puts to sea. It was no easy task to force their way over that rugged ground covered with an unbroken growth of forest; and the difficulty was increased by the needless load of baggage which encumbered their march. The crash of falling trees resounded in the front, where a hundred axemen labored with ceaseless toil to hew a passage for the army.

2. The horses strained their utmost strength to drag the ponderous wagons over roots and stumps, through gullies and quagmires; and the regular troops were daunted by the depth and gloom of the forest which hedged them in on either hand, and closed its leafy arches above their heads. So tedious was their progress, that, by the advice of Washington, twelve hundred chosen men moved on in advance with the lighter baggage and artillery, leaving the rest of the army to follow, by slower stages, with the heavy wagons.

3. On the eighth of July, the advanced body

reached the Monongahela, at a point not far distant from Fort du Quesne (now Pittsburg). The rocky and impracticable ground on the eastern side debarred their passage, and the general resolved to cross the river in search of a smoother path, and recross it a few miles lower down, in order to gain the fort. The first passage was easily made, and the troops moved, in glittering array, down the western margin of the water, rejoicing that their goal was well-nigh reached, and the hour of their expected triumph close at hand.

4. Scouts and Indian runners had brought the tidings of Braddock's approach to the French at Fort du Quesne. Their dismay was great, and Contre-cœur, the commander, thought only of retreat; when Beaujeu, a captain in the garrison, made the bold proposal of leading out a party of French and Indians to waylay the English in the woods, and harass or interrupt their march. The offer was accepted, and Beaujeu hastened to the Indian camps.

5. Around the fort and beneath the adjacent forest were the bark lodges of savage hordes, whom the French had mustered from far and near: Ojibwas and Ottawas, Hurons and Caughnawagas, Abenakis and Delawares. Beaujeu called the warriors together, flung a hatchet on the ground before them, and invited them to follow him out to battle; but the boldest stood aghast at the peril, and none would accept the challenge.

6. A second interview took place with no better success; but the Frenchman was resolved to carry his point. "I am determined to go," he exclaimed.

"What, will you suffer your father to go alone?" His daring proved contagious. The warriors hesitated no longer; and when, on the morning of the ninth of July, a scout ran in with the news that the English army was but a few miles distant, the Indian camps were at once astir with the turmoil of preparation. Chiefs harangued their yelling followers, braves bedaubed themselves with war-paint, smeared themselves with grease, hung feathers in their scalp-locks, and whooped and stamped till they had wrought themselves into a delirium of valor.

7. That morning James Smith, an English prisoner recently captured on the frontier of Pennsylvania, stood on the rampart, and saw the half-frenzied multitude thronging about the gateway, where kegs of bullets and gunpowder were broken open, that each might help himself at will. Then band after band hastened away toward the forest, followed and supported by nearly two hundred and fifty French and Canadians, commanded by Beaujeu.

8. There were the Ottawas, led on, it is said, by Pontiac, afterwards so celebrated in Indian warfare; there were the Hurons of Lorette, under their chief, whom the French called Athanase, and many more, all keen as hounds on the scent of blood. At about nine miles from the fort, they reached a spot where the narrow road descended to the river through deep and gloomy woods, and where two ravines, concealed by trees and bushes, seemed formed by nature for an ambuscade. Beaujeu well knew the ground; and it was here that he resolved to fight; but he and his followers were well-nigh too late; for

as they neared the ravines, the woods were resounding with the roll of the British drums.

9. It was past noon of a day brightened with the clear sunlight of an American midsummer, when the forces of Braddock began, for a second time, to cross the Monongahela, at the fording-place which to this day bears the name of their ill-fated leader. The scarlet columns of the British regulars, complete in martial appointment, the rude backwoodsmen with shouldered rifles, the trains of artillery, and the white-topped wagons, moved on in long procession through the broad and shallow current, and slowly mounted the opposing bank.

10. Men were there whose names have become historic: Gage, who, twenty years later, saw his routed battalions recoil in disorder from before the breastwork on Bunker Hill; Gates, the future conqueror of Burgoyne; and one destined to far loftier fame—George Washington, a boy in years, a man in calm thought and self-ruling wisdom.

11. With steady and well-ordered march the troops advanced into the great labyrinth of woods which shadowed the eastern borders of the river. Rank after rank vanished from sight. The forest swallowed them up, and the silence of the wilderness sank down once more on the shores and waters of the Monongahela. Several guides and six light-horsemen led the way; a body of grenadiers under Gage was close behind, and the army followed in such order as the rough ground would permit, along a narrow road, twelve feet wide, tunnelled through the dense and matted foliage.

12. There were flanking parties on either side,

but no scouts to scour the woods in front, and, with an insane confidence, Braddock pressed on to meet his fate. The van had passed the low lands that bordered the river, and were now ascending a gently rising ground, where, on either hand, hidden by thick trees, by tangled undergrowth, and rank grasses, lay the two fatal ravines. Suddenly, Gordon, an engineer, in advance, saw the French and Indians bounding forward through the forest and along the narrow track, Beaujeu leading them on, dressed in a fringed hunting-shirt, and wearing a silver gorget on his breast.

13. He stopped, turned, and waved his hat, and his French followers, crowding across the road, opened a murderous fire upon the head of the British column, while, screeching their war-cries, the Indians thronged into the ravines, or crouched behind rocks and trees on both flanks of the approaching troops. The astonished grenadiers returned the fire, and returned it with good effect; for a random shot struck down the brave Beaujeu, and the courage of the assailants was staggered by his fall. Dumas, second in command, rallied them to the attack; and while he, with the French and Canadians, made good the pass in front, the Indians from their lurking-places opened a deadly fire on the right and left.

14. In a few moments all was confusion. The advance guard fell back on the main body, and every trace of subordination vanished. The fire soon extended along the whole length of the army, from front to rear. Scarce an enemy could be seen, though the forest resounded with their yells, though every bush and tree was alive with inces-

sant flashes, though the lead flew like a hail-storm, and the men went down by scores.

15. The regular troops seemed bereft of their senses. They huddled together in the road like flocks of sheep; and happy did he think himself who could wedge his way into the midst of the crowd and place a barrier of human flesh between his life and the shot of the ambushed marksmen. Many were seen loading their muskets, and then firing them into the air, or shooting their comrades in the insanity of their terror.

16. The officers, for the most part, displayed a conspicuous gallantry; but threats and commands were wasted alike on the panic-stricken multitude. It is said that, at the outset, Braddock showed signs of fear; but he soon recovered his wonted intrepidity. Five horses were shot under him, and five times he mounted afresh. He stormed and shouted, and, while the Virginians were fighting to good purpose, each man behind a tree, like the Indians themselves, he ordered them with furious menace to form in platoons, where the fire of the enemy mowed them down like grass.

17. At length, a mortal shot silenced him, and two provincials bore him off the field. Washington rode through the tumult calm and undaunted. Two horses were killed under him, and four bullets pierced his clothes; but his hour was not come, and he escaped without a wound. Gates was shot through the body, and Gage also was severely wounded. Of eighty-six officers, only twenty-three remained unhurt; and of twelve hundred soldiers who had crossed the Monongahela, more than seven hundred were killed and wounded.

18. The slaughter lasted three hours; when, at length, the survivors, as if impelled by a general impulse, rushed tumultuously from the place of carnage, and with dastardly precipitation fled across the Monongahela. The enemy did not pursue beyond the river, flocking back to the field to collect the plunder and gather a rich harvest of scalps. The routed troops pursued their flight until they met the rear division of the army, under Colonel Dunbar; and even then their senseless terror did not abate.

19. Dunbar's soldiers caught the infection. Cannon, baggage, provisions, and wagons were destroyed, and all fled together, eager to escape from the shadows of those awful woods, whose horrors haunted their imagination. They passed the defenceless settlements of the border, and hurried on to Philadelphia, leaving the unhappy people to defend themselves as they might against the tomahawk and scalping-knife.

PARKMAN.

INDEPENDENCE.

I CARE not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face.
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, naught can me bereave!

THOMSON.

LESSON XXXVIII.

THE BATTLE.

1. HEAVY and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the green plain they marching came:
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild, grim dice of the iron game.
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
Hearts beat low with a knelling sound;
Swift by the breast that must bear the brunt,
Gallops the Major along the front:
"Halt!"
And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent, halt.

2. Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"
"We see the foeman's banners waving!"
"God be with you, children and wife!"
Hark to the music—the drum and fife—
How they ring through the ranks, which they rouse to the strife!
Thrilling they sound, with their glorious tone,—
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

3. See the smoke, how the lightning is cleaving asunder!
Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!

From host to host, with kindling sound,
The shouted signal circles round;
Freer already breathes the breath!
The war is waging, slaughter raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall
The iron death-dice fall!
Nearer they close—foes upon foes—
"Ready!"—from square to square it goes.

4. They kneel as one man from flank to flank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.
Many a soldier to earth is sent,
Many a gap by the balls is rent;
O'er the corpse before springs the hinder man,
That the line may not fail to the fearless van.
To the right, to the left, and around and around,
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.
God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,
Over the hosts falls a brooding night!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come we may meet once more!

5. The dead men are bathed in the weltering blood,
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpse that sleeps below.
"What? Francis!—Give Charlotte my last farewell."
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—
"I'll give—O God! are the guns so near?
Ho! comrades! yon volley! look sharp to the rear!
I'll give to thy Charlotte thy last farewell!

Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in rain,
The friend thou forsaketh thy side may regain!"
Hitherward, thitherward reels the fight;
Dark and more darkly day glooms into night.
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

6. Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The adjutants flying,—
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms in dying,—
Victory!
Tremor has seized on the dastards all,
And their leaders fall!
Victory!
Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight;
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night!
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in song.
Farewell, fallen brothers; though this life be o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more!

SCHILLER.

LESSON XXXIX.

BISHOP ENGLAND.

1. THE Right Rev. John England, the first Bishop of Charleston, was born in Cork, on the 23d of September, 1786. One of his earliest recollections was that of being led to a prison by his father, who there pointed out to him the cell in which for more than four years he had suffered for his faith ; and after he had been ordained priest, his mother told him that when an infant she had taken him before the altar and offered him to God.



2. Catholic schools were not then tolerated by the English Government, and his parents, who were unwilling that he should be deprived of the advantages of education, were forced to send him to a Protestant teacher, from whom, as well as from his schoolmates, he suffered the harshest treatment on account of his faith. When fifteen years old, he

communicated to his parents his resolve to consecrate his life to the service of God in the priesthood.

3. He was sent to the Theological College at Carlow, where he soon won the admiration and love of his superiors. In the seminary he gave evidence of the wonderful energy and indomitable will for which he was afterwards so remarkable. Though a severe student, he found time to teach the children catechism, and to instruct the Catholic soldiers who were stationed at Carlow. He also aided in founding an asylum for unprotected women, and a free school for boys.

4. He was ordained priest in 1808, and appointed lecturer at the Cathedral in Cork. There was no work of religion in which he did not take an active part. He helped to organize the schools of the Presentation Convent; he founded a Magdalen Asylum; he acted as chaplain of the jails; he established circulating libraries, and began the publication of a monthly periodical.

5. In 1812, he was made president of the diocesan seminary, and in 1817, he was appointed parish priest of Bandon, which was at that time a stronghold of bigotry and intolerance. In this new field Dr. England had been laboring with the greatest success for three years, when he was chosen by the Pope to be the first Bishop of Charleston, with a diocese embracing North and South Carolina and Georgia.

6. Scattered through this vast territory, larger than that of several European kingdoms, there were a few poor Catholics, mostly of foreign birth, who at that time had but two small churches, one at Charleston and the other at Savannah. The

Protestants, on the other hand, were numerous, wealthy, and bitterly prejudiced against the Church which in their minds was associated with all that is low and degrading.

7. There had been scandals, too, in Charleston and other places, which had not increased their respect for Catholics. But nor poverty, nor contempt, nor hatred, nor scandals daunted Bishop England, who at once set to work with a will which was sure to find a way or make one. Travelling through his vast diocese, wherever he found a few Catholics he gathered them around him, and by his irresistible eloquence reawakened their slumbering faith and organized a congregation.

8. But that the good thus done might be lasting, it was necessary that priests should be provided for them. Bishop England, therefore, founded a seminary, to which he attached a college for the study of the classics. The ability with which this school was conducted soon gave it the highest rank among the educational institutions of the South.

9. The influence of a man like Bishop England could not be confined within the limits of a single diocese, however vast. He soon discovered that the Americans, though bitterly prejudiced against Catholics, were yet disposed to be just and even generous. Their hatred of the Church arose from utterly false notions concerning her history and doctrines, and unfortunately the Catholics possessed no means of correcting these erroneous views.

10. The press was in the hands of Protestants, who made use of it to disseminate the most injurious and absurd statements concerning the Church. The great majority of the people had never seen a

priest, had never heard a Catholic sermon, had never entered a Catholic church, and had nothing to rely upon but the false traditions which they or their ancestors had brought from England.

11. Bishop England resolved to make war on these prejudices, and with this view established the *United States Catholic Miscellany*. His powerful arguments in favor of the Church, and his fearless assaults on Protestantism, soon attracted public attention in various parts of the Union; adversaries rose up on all sides; Catholic questions began to assume prominence; and thousands of persons were astonished to learn that they had been imputing to Catholics doctrines and practices which the Church had formally condemned.

12. As an orator Bishop England has had no superior in this country. To an ardent and impassioned nature he added force of logic, brilliancy of imagination, and perfect command of language. His voice was rich and sonorous, his person commanding, his face strong, massive, full of power and passion; and his eye seemed to peer into the very soul.

13. Then he was bold, fearless, and spoke with that deep earnestness which can spring only from honest conviction; his soul was aglow with the love of liberty and truth; he abhorred tyranny and loathed a lie. When he could gain a candid hearing he was irresistible.

14. While he was Bishop of Charleston an intolerant party was organized in the Lower House of the Legislature of South Carolina, for the purpose of preventing the grant of a charter to a community of nuns, whose services Bishop England was

anxious to secure. They were a branch of the order whose convent had lately been burned by a mob in Boston.

15. Bishop England's friends got him an invitation to preach before the Senate, and many of the members of the Lower House attended from a desire to hear his far-famed eloquence. He discoursed of toleration; he held up to their scorn the brutal mob of Boston. He referred to the subject of his charter—hurled defiance at them—showed them that, had he the means, he could buy the entire State for ecclesiastical purposes, despite their narrow-souled policy.

16. He showed them the folly of attempting to deprive Catholics of the common privileges of American citizenship. He changed his theme, and spoke of Catholic charity; brought before them in solemn procession her countless institutions for promoting the glory of God and the welfare of man. There was not a dry eye in the house, and on the following day the charter was granted without a dissenting voice.

17. The fame of his eloquence extended throughout the country, and wherever he went Protestants, as well as Catholics, flocked to hear him. He also exercised very great influence in shaping the ecclesiastical policy of the bishops of the United States. To him belongs the high honor of having been the first to bring the Catholic Church prominently before the American people.

18. Before him there had been saintly and apostolic bishops in this country, but no one had stood out like him in the presence of all men, as the fearless champion and defender of God's truth; and

those who, after him, raised their voices so as to be heard over the whole country, owed much to the power of his noble example.

19. Bishop England died on the 11th of April, 1842. His labors of body and mind had prematurely undermined his vigorous constitution, and he succumbed a martyr to his zeal.

LESSON XL.

AUTUMNAL CHANGES.

1. IN those parts of this continent which answer to the medium climates of Europe, and where autumn has a decided character of her own, the season is indeed a noble one. Rich in bounty, ripening the blended fruits of two hemispheres, beauty is also her inalienable dower. Clear skies and cheerful breezes are more frequent throughout her course than storms or clouds. Fogs are rare indeed. Mild, balmy airs seem to delight in attending her steps, while the soft haze of the Indian summer is gathered like a choice veil about her brows, throwing a charm of its own over every feature.

2. The grain harvest has been given to summer; of all its treasures, she preserves alone the fragrant buckwheat and the golden maize. The nobler fruits are all hers: the finer peaches and plums, the choicest apples, pears, and grapes. The homely but precious root-harvest belongs to her; winter stores for man and his herds. And now, when the year is drawing to a close, when the blessings of

the earth have been gathered and stored, when every tree and plant has borne its fruits, when every field has yielded its produce, why should the sun shine brightly now? what has he more to ripen for us at this late day?

3. At this very period, when the annual labors of the husbandman are drawing to a close, when the first light frosts ripen the wild grapes in the woods, and open the husks of the hickory-nuts, bringing the latest fruits of the year to maturity,—these are the days when, here and there, in the groves you will find a maple-tree whose leaves are touched with the gayest colors: those are the heralds which announce the approach of a brilliant pageant; the moment chosen by autumn to keep the great harvest-home of America is at hand. In a few days comes another and a sharper frost, and the whole face of the country is changed: we enjoy, with wonder and delight, a natural spectacle, great and beautiful, beyond the reach of any human means.

4. We are naturally accustomed to associate the idea of verdure with foliage. Leaves should surely be green! But now we gaze in wonder as we behold colors so brilliant and so varied hung upon every tree. Tints that you have admired among the darker tulips and roses, the richer lilies and dahlias of the flower-garden; colors that have pleased your eyes among the fine silks and wool of a lady's delicate embroidery; dyes that the shopman shows off with complacency among his cashmeres and velvets; hues reserved by the artist for his proudest work; these we now see fluttering in the leaves of old oaks, and tupeloes, liquid ambers, chestnuts, and maples!

5. We behold the green woods becoming one mass of rich and varied coloring. It would seem as though autumn, in honor of this high holiday, had collected together all the past glories of the year: adding them to her own. She borrows the gay colors that have been lying during the summer months among the flowers, in the fruits, upon the plumage of the bird, on the wings of the butterfly, and working them together in broad and glowing masses, she throws them over the forest to grace her triumph: like some great festival of an Italian city, where the people bring rich tapestries and hang them in their streets; where they unlock chests of heir-looms, and bring to light brilliant draperies, which they suspend from their windows and balconies, to gleam in the sunshine.

6. The hanging woods of a mountainous country are especially beautiful at this season: the trees throwing out their branches, one above another, in bright variety of coloring and outline; every individual of the gay throng having a fancy of his own to humor.

Miss Cooper.

LESSON XLI.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

1. There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

2. Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill;
Oh, no; it was something more exquisite still.

3. 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

4. Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
When the storms that we feel in this cold world shall cease,
And our hearts, like the waters, be mingled in peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

LESSON XLII.

THE CHARCOAL-MAN.

1. THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies,—
"Hark, O! hark, O!"

"Charco!"—"Hark, O!"—Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

2. The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;
'T is odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies



Nor spot nor speck—though still he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And many a roguish lad replies,—
"Ark, ho! ark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Ark, ho!"—Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

3. Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;

He feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And Martha from the door replies,—
"Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Mark, ho!"—Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

4. The hearth is warm, the fire is bright;
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And baby with a laugh replies,—
"Ah, go! ah, go!"
"Charco'!"—"Ah, go!"—while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

5. Then honored be the charcoal-man!
Though dusky as an African,
'T is not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn to eve he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
While mocking echo still replies,—
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco!"—"Hark, O!"—Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds!

J. T. Trowbridge.

LESSON XLIII.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

1. JOHN HUGHES, the first Archbishop of New York, was born at Annaloghan, near Augher, in the County Tyrone, Ireland, on the 24th of June, 1797. He was the son of a farmer, and was sent to a school near his native place, to be fitted for the priesthood. Family misfortunes interrupted his studies when he was about eighteen years of age, and he was obliged to work on his father's farm, and also in the gardens of one of the neighboring gentry.



2. He emigrated to America in 1817, and found employment as a day laborer at first on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, afterwards in Chambersburg, and finally at Emmittsburgh, to which place he removed so that he might watch for an opportunity to enter Mount St. Mary's College, then little more

than a rude academy under the charge of the Rev. John Dubois, afterwards Bishop of New York, and the Rev. Simon William Gabriel Bruté, afterwards Bishop of Vincennes.

3. He had never given up the intention of becoming a priest, and at last, when he was twenty-two years of age, he was taken into the college on condition of superintending the care of the garden in return for his board, lodging, and private instruction. Meanwhile, he gave every spare moment to his books, and at the beginning of the next fall term he was qualified to enter one of the regular classes. The friendship of Fathers Dubois and Bruté proved of the highest advantage to him, and the saintly Dr. Bruté in particular was his intimate counsellor through life.

4. He remained about seven years at Mount St. Mary's, as student and teacher, seeing the institution develop during that time into a prosperous college, and working with his own hands, as all the professors and pupils did, in putting up the substantial stone buildings, some of which yet stand. Ordained deacon in 1825, and priest in October, 1826, he was stationed first at St. Augustine's Church, in Philadelphia, and after a few weeks placed in temporary charge of the mission at Bedford, Pennsylvania.

5. He was next assigned to St. Mary's, in Philadelphia, and then assisted Bishop Conwell at St. Joseph's, until he built St. John's, in 1831 and 1832, and made it the most popular and elegant church in Philadelphia. He had already become somewhat conspicuous as a controversial writer and preacher, and soon after his removal to

St. John's he became involved in a celebrated discussion with the Rev. John Breckinridge, one of the leading Presbyterian ministers of that day.

6. The dispute was carried on through the medium of letters, and as there was no Catholic paper whose columns could be used as Mr. Breckinridge used *The Presbyterian*, Father Hughes established *The Catholic Herald* in January, 1833. The controversy excited a great deal of interest, and both sides were afterwards published by Father Hughes in a volume. An oral discussion between the same two champions took place before a Philadelphia young men's debating society in 1835, and was also published afterwards in book form.

7. Meanwhile, Father Hughes had been suggested for the bishopric of Cincinnati, and it is said to have been through a curious misunderstanding that he was not appointed. A year or two later his appointment as coadjutor to Bishop Conwell and administrator of the diocese of Philadelphia was actually made out, but the choice was reconsidered. In January, 1838, he was consecrated coadjutor to his old master, Dr. Dubois, in New York, with the title of Bishop of Basileopolis *in partibus infidelium.*

8. Powers of administration were conferred upon him in 1839, and on the death of Bishop Dubois, in December, 1842, he succeeded to the full dignity of Bishop of New York. His rule from the first was vigorous and active. He put down the pretensions of the lay-trustees at the Cathedral, at St. Peter's, and elsewhere; founded St. John's College at Fordham; visited Europe to get money and missionaries for the diocese, and on his return entered into the movement already started by the Catholics

of New York to obtain a share of the common-school fund for the support of their schools.

9. He discussed the whole question in a memorable debate before the Common Council (October 29 and 30, 1840), in which alone he opposed eminent counsel representing the Public School Society, and five prominent clergymen from various Protestant denominations. Defeated by the Common Council, he carried the question to the Legislature, and it became an issue in the next election, when the bishop caused the Catholics to nominate a ticket of their own. The result of the agitation was the overthrow of the Public School Society, and the establishment substantially of the system which now prevails.

10. At the time of the Native American riots in Philadelphia, in 1844, when there was danger of similar disturbances in New York, the Bishop prepared to defend the churches by force, and compelled the mayor to act so vigorously that the rioters were intimidated. Meantime he established schools, continued his battles with unruly trustees, introduced the Jesuits, the Christian Brothers, and other societies, and carried on a number of controversies in the newspapers. During the war with Mexico, President Polk proposed to send him as a special peace envoy to the Mexican republic, but he refused the mission.

11. In 1850, he was appointed Archbishop, and the American Minister at Rome was instructed from Washington unofficially to urge his creation as cardinal. He had a famous controversy with the Hon. Erastus Brooks respecting the titles to church property, began the new St. Patrick's

Cathedral in 1858, published a pastoral letter on the temporal power in 1860, and at the beginning of the civil war was frequently consulted by President Lincoln and Secretary Seward.

12. In 1861, he was sent by the Government on a special mission to Europe, and visited Paris, Rome, and Ireland; had a long and interesting private interview with the French Emperor and Empress; and after his return, in 1862, an official intimation was conveyed to the Holy See that the President would be greatly pleased to see him made a cardinal.

13. During the draft riot in New York in 1863, he made a speech to the people, at the request of Governor Seymour, to dissuade them from violence. His health was very much broken at this time, and he appeared but once or twice afterwards in public. He died, January 3, 1864, and was buried at the Cathedral, with extraordinary honors, on the 7th, the courts and public offices being closed on the day of the funeral, and the Legislature and Common Council passing resolutions of sorrow and condolence.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

WHAT stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON XLIV.

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

1. SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.
Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire;
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

2. On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing,
Calmly the first-born of glory have met;
Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing!
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet!
Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

3. Over the hill-sides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.

Fast on the soldier's path
Darken the waves of wrath,
Long have they gathered, and loud shall they fall;
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

4. Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing;
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein;
Pale is the lip of scorn,
Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest,
Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

5. Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;
Far as the tempest thrills
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

6. Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,—

While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
Borne on her Northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won!

O. W. HOLMES.

LESSON XLV.

THE APPOINTMENT OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

1. THE preliminary arrangements being finished, the next thing was to appoint a commander-in-chief of the American armies. This was a task of more delicacy and difficulty than might at first be supposed. Many considerations were to be weighed, besides the personal qualifications of any individual for that high station, either as to character, abilities, or military skill.

2. In the first place, it was essential that he should be acceptable to all the colonies, and particularly to such as, from their position and extent, would be compelled to take the largest share in the war. Otherwise, local jealousies and discontents might spring up, which would defeat the best-laid schemes, and possibly ruin the cause. Next, there were officers in the country, older in years than Colonel Washington, who had acquired a reputa

tion in the last war, and whose services would be necessary.

3. To pass over such as would be thought by themselves or their friends to have higher claims, on the score of former rank and standing, a point on which military men are always so sensitive, might be a hazardous experiment. Besides, the troops already in the field were wholly from the New England provinces, and it was uncertain how far they would be reconciled to the appointment of a commander from the South, with whom no one among them had a personal acquaintance, and who could not be supposed to understand their habits, feelings, and prepossessions. General Ward, who had hitherto been at the head of the army by the appointment of Massachusetts, and whose command was cheerfully acquiesced in by the other New England colonies, was an officer of experience and ability, and it was questionable in what light an attempt to supersede him might be viewed.

4. These difficulties were deeply felt by the members of Congress, and examined in all their bearings. Nor had they come together without previously pondering the subject, and ascertaining, as far as they could, the views of men of influence in different places. From the first Congress they had gone home with most favorable impressions of the character and talents of Colonel Washington. All the world acknowledged his military accomplishments, intellectual resources, courage, coolness, and control over the minds of others. Five years' experience, in a responsible and arduous service, had afforded ample proofs of these qualities.

5. It was fortunate, also, that political motives

conspired to fix the choice on him in preference to any other person. Virginia was powerful in wealth and numbers, and doubly so in its men of brilliant parts who had espoused the cause of the continent with a spirit and resolution which had nowhere else been surpassed. To take the commander of the American armies from that province was a dictate of policy, which the wise and prudent would not overlook, and none but the narrow-minded could disapprove.

6. It should be said, to the credit of the New England delegates, that they were among the foremost to propose, and the most zealous to promote, the appointment of Colonel Washington. As the contest had begun in Massachusetts, the inhabitants of which had been the chief sufferers, and as the existing army was mostly raised there, it could not have been thought an extravagant assumption, had that colony aspired to the honor of furnishing a commander-in-chief. But, happily for America, the patriots of that day rose far above the sordid aims of selfishness and party rivalships.

7. While the discussions were going on in Congress respecting military preparations, Mr. John Adams, one of the delegates from Massachusetts, moved that the army, then besieging the British troops in Boston, should be adopted by Congress as a Continental army; and, in the course of his observations enforcing this motion, he said it was his intention to propose for the office of commander-in-chief a gentleman from Virginia, who was at that time a member of their own body. His remarks were so pointed, that all present perceived them to apply to Colonel Washington, who, upon

hearing this reference to himself, retired from his seat and withdrew.

8. When the day for the appointment arrived, the nomination was made by Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Maryland. The choice was by ballot; and, on inspecting the votes, it was found that Colonel Washington was unanimously elected. As soon as the result was ascertained, the House adjourned. On the convening of Congress the next morning, the president communicated to him officially the notice of his appointment, and he rose in his place and signified his acceptance in a brief and appropriate reply.

9. After expressing his thanks for the signal honor done him by Congress, and his concern, "from the consciousness that his abilities and military experience might not be equal to the extensive and important trust," he added: "lest some unlucky event should happen, unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with."

10. Before the election it had been voted that five hundred dollars a month should be allowed for the pay and expenses of the general. On this point he said: "I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses Those, I doubt not, they will discharge; and that is all I desire."

11. In a letter to his wife on this occasion, his

sentiments are uttered with the same frankness, the same self-distrust, and under circumstances which prove them to have flowed from his heart. "You may believe me," said he, "when I assure you in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years.

12. "But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did, perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not and ought not to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has hitherto preserved and been bountiful to me."

13. The appointment was made on the 15th of June. Four days afterward, he received his commission from the President of Congress, in which he was declared to be commander-in-chief of all the forces then raised, or that should be raised, in

the United Colonies, or that should voluntarily offer their service for the defence of American liberty. The members of Congress pledged themselves, by a unanimous resolve, to maintain, assist, and adhere to him, with their lives and fortunes, in the same cause.

14. Four major-generals and eight brigadiers were likewise appointed for the Continental army. To the former rank were chosen Artemus Ward, Charles Lee, Philip Schuyler, and Israel Putnam; to the latter, Seth Pomroy, Richard Montgomery, David Wooster, William Heath, Joseph Spencer, John Thomas, John Sullivan, and Nathaniel Greene. To these was added Horatio Gates, as adjutant-general, with the rank of brigadier.

SPARKS.

LESSON XLVI.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

1. IT has sometimes been said, as if it were a derogation from the merits of the American Declaration of Independence, that this paper contains nothing new; that it only states grounds of proceedings, and presses topics of argument which had often been stated and pressed before. But it was not the object of the Declaration to produce anything new. It was not to invent reasons for independence, but to state those which governed the Congress.

2. The Declaration having been reported to Congress by the committee, the resolution itself was

taken up and debated on the first day of July, 1776, and again on the second, on which last day it was agreed to and adopted, in these words: *Resolved*, That these united Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

3. Having thus passed the main resolution, Congress proceeded to consider the reported draught of the Declaration. It was discussed on the second and third and FOURTH days of the month, in committee of the whole; and on the last of those days, being reported from that committee, it received the final approbation and sanction of Congress. It was ordered, at the same time, that copies be sent to the several States, and that it be proclaimed at the head of the army.

4. The Congress of the Revolution, fellow-citizens, sat with closed doors, and no report of its debates was ever made. The discussion, therefore, which accompanied this great measure has never been preserved, except in memory and by tradition. But it is, I believe, doing no injustice to others to say, that the general opinion was, and uniformly has been, that in debate, on the side of independence, John Adams had no equal.

5. The great author of the Declaration himself, Thomas Jefferson, has expressed that opinion uniformly and strongly. "John Adams," said he, in the hearing of him who has now the honor to address you, "John Adams was our Colossus on the floor. Not graceful, not elegant, not always

fluent, in his public addresses, he yet came out with a power, both of thought and of expression, which moved us from our seats."

6. For the part which he was here to perform, Mr. Adams doubtless was eminently fitted. He possessed a bold spirit, which disregarded danger, and a sanguine reliance on the goodness of the cause and the virtues of the people, which led him to overlook all obstacles. The eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic, and such the crisis required.

7. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

8. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it: they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires,—with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own wives, their children, and their country hang

on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible.

9. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, god-like action!

WEBSTER.

LESSON XLVII.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

1. MY Lords, I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves and endeavors to sanctify the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail—cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

2. Can the minister of the day now presume to

expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other? To give an unlimited credit and support for the steady perseverance in measures not proposed for our parliamentary advice, but dictated and forced upon us? —in measures, I say, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! "But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now none so poor to do her reverence." I use the words of a poet; but though it be poetry, it is no fiction.

3. My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America *is an impossibility.* You cannot, I venture to say it, *you cannot conquer America!*

4. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little, pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign potentate; your efforts are forever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable

resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I *never* would lay down my arms—*never—never—never!*

5. But, my Lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods? to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away, they will be a stain on the national character. They are a violation of the Constitution.

6. Infected with the mercenary spirit of robbery and rapine; familiarized to the horrid scenes of savage cruelty, our army can no longer boast of the noble and generous principles which dignify a soldier; no longer sympathize with the dignity of the royal banner; nor feel the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, "that make ambition virtue"! What makes ambition virtue? The sense of *honor!*

7. But is the sense of honor consistent with a spirit of plunder, or the practice of murder? Can it flow from mercenary motives, or can it prompt to cruel deeds? Besides these murderers and plunderers, let me ask our ministers—what other allies have they acquired? What *other powers* have they associated to their cause? Have they entered into

alliance with the *king of the Gypsies?* Nothing, my Lords, is too low or too ludicrous to be consistent with their counsels.

8. I am astonished, shocked, to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian! My Lords, we are called upon, as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty.

9. "*That God and nature put into our hands?*" I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature, but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife—to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating—literally, my Lords, *eating* the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity.

10. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our church—I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of that learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country.

11. I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned

judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country.

CHATHAM.

LESSON XLVIII.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

1. ALL is finished, and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

2. The ocean old—centuries old—
Strong as youth and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide
With ceaseless flow
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

3. He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage-day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

4. Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound
She leaps into the ocean's arms.
And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, oh bridegroom, old and gray;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms."

5. How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!

Sail forth into the sea, oh, ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

6. Sail forth into the sea of life,
Oh gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity,
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness, and love, and trust,
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives.

7. Thou, too, sail on, oh ship of State!
Sail on, oh Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

8. Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea;
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee.

LONGFELLOW.

LESSON XLIX.

LAUGH ON, LAUGH ON, TO-DAY!

1. LAUGH on, fair cousins, for to you
All life is joyous yet;
Your hearts have all things to pursue,
And nothing to regret;
And every flower to you is fair,
And every month is May;
You've not been introduced to Care,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

2. Old Time will fling his clouds ere long
Upon those sunny eyes;
The voice whose every word is song,
Will set itself to sighs;
Your quiet slumbers—hopes and fears
Will chase their rest away;
To-morrow, you'll be shedding tears,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

3. Oh, yes; if any truth is found
In the dull schoolman's theme,—
If friendship is an empty sound,
And love an idle dream,—

If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue
Too soon on life's long way,
At least, he'll run with you a league,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

4. Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright
As childhood's hues depart;
You may be lovelier to the sight,
And dearer to the heart;
You may be sinless still, and see
This earth still green and gay;
But what you *are* you *will* not be,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

5. O'er me have many winters crept,
With less of grief than joy;
But I have learned, and toiled, and wept,—
I am no more a boy!
I've never had the gout, 'tis true,
My hair is hardly gray;
But now I cannot laugh like you,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

6. I used to have as glad a face,
As shadowless a brow;
I once could run as blithe a race
As you are running now;
But never mind how *I* behave,
Don't interrupt your play,
And, though I look so very grave,
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

M. Praed.

LESSON L.

PATRICK HENRY.

1. MR. HENRY was nearly six feet high; spare, and what may be called raw-boned, with a slight stoop of the shoulders. His complexion was dark, sun-burnt, and sallow, without any appearance of blood in his cheeks; his countenance grave, thoughtful, penetrating, and strongly marked with the lineaments of deep reflection. The earnestness of his manner, united with an habitual contraction or knitting of his brows, and those lines of thought with which his face was profusely furrowed, gave to his countenance, at times, the appearance of severity. Yet such was the power which he had over its expression, that he could shake off from it in an instant all the sternness of winter, and robe it in the brightest smiles of spring.

2. His forehead was high and straight, yet forming a sufficient angle with the lower part of his face; his nose, somewhat of the Roman stamp, though like that which we see in the bust of Cicero, was rather long than remarkable for its Cæsarian form. Of the color of his eyes, the accounts are almost as various as those which we have of the color of the chameleon; they are said to have been blue-gray—which Lavater calls green—hazel, brown, and black. The fact seems to have been that they were of a bluish gray, not large: and being deeply fixed in his head, overhung by dark, long, and full eyebrows, and farther shaded by lashes that were both long and black, their

apparent color was as variable as the lights in which they were seen. But all concur in saying that they were, unquestionably, the finest feature in his face—brilliant, full of spirit, and capable of the most rapidly shifting and powerful expression—at one time piercing and terrible as those of Mars, and then again soft and tender as those of pity herself.

3. His cheeks were hollow—his chin long, but well formed, and rounded at the end, so as to form a proper counterpart to the upper part of his face. "I find it difficult," says the correspondent from whom I have borrowed this portrait, "to describe his mouth, in which there was nothing remarkable, except when about to express a modest dissent from some opinion on which he was commenting. He then had a sort of half smile, in which the want of conviction was more strongly expressed than the satirical emotion, which probably prompted it. His manner and address to the court and jury might be deemed the excess of humility, diffidence, and modesty.

4. "If, as rarely happened, he had occasion to answer any remark from the bench, it was impossible for meekness herself to assume a manner less presumptuous. But in the smile of which I have been speaking, you might anticipate the want of conviction, expressed in his answer, at the moment that he submitted to the superior wisdom of the court, with a grace that would have done honor to Westminster Hall. In his reply to counsel, his remarks on the evidence, and on the conduct of the parties, he preserved the same distinguished deference and politeness, still accompanied, however,

by the never-failing index of this sceptical smile, where the occasion prompted."

5. In short, his features were manly, bold, and well proportioned, full of intelligence, and adapted themselves intuitively to every sentiment of his mind and every feeling of his heart. His voice was not remarkable for its sweetness; but it was firm, full of volume, and rather melodious. Its charms consisted in the mellowness and fulness of its note, the ease and variety of its inflections, the distinctness of its articulation, the fine effect of its emphasis, the felicity with which it attuned itself to every emotion, and the vast compass which enabled it to range through the whole empire of human passion, from the deep and tragic half-whisper of horror, to the wildest exclamation of overwhelming rage.

6. In mild persuasion it was as soft and gentle as the zephyr of spring; while in rousing his countrymen to arms, the winter storm that roars along the troubled Baltic was not more awfully sublime. It was at all times perfectly under his command; or rather, indeed, it seemed to command itself, and to modulate its notes, most happily, to the sentiment he was uttering. It never exceeded or fell short of the occasion.

7. There was none of that long-continued and deafening vociferation, which always takes place when an ardent speaker has lost possession of himself—no monotonous clangor, no discordant shriek. Without being strained, it had that body and enunciation which filled the most distant ear, without distressing those which were nearest him; hence it never became cracked or hoarse, even in

his longest speeches, but retained to the last all its clearness and fulness of intonation, all the delicacy of its inflection, all the charms of its emphasis, and enchanting variety of its cadence.

8. His delivery was perfectly natural and well-timed. It has indeed been said, that, on his first rising, there was a species of *sub-cantus* very observable by a stranger, and rather disagreeable to him; but soon even itself became agreeable, and seemed, indeed, indispensable to the full effect of his peculiar diction and conceptions. In point of time, he was very happy. There was no slow and heavy dragging, no quaint and measured drawling, with equidistant pace, no stumbling and floundering among the fractured members of deranged and broken periods, no undignified hurry and trepidation, no recalling and recasting of sentences, no retraction of one word and substitution of another not better, and none of those affected bursts of almost inarticulate impetuosity, which betray the rhetorician rather than display the orator.

9. On the contrary, ever self-collected, deliberate, and dignified, he seemed to have looked through the whole period before he commenced its delivery; and hence his delivery was smooth, and firm, and well accented; slow enough to take along with him the dullest hearer, and yet so commanding that the quick had neither the power nor the disposition to get the start of him. Thus he gave to every thought its full and appropriate force; and to every image all its radiance and beauty.

10. No speaker ever understood better than Mr. Henry the true use and power of the *pause;* and no one ever practised it with happier effect. His

pauses were never resorted to for the purpose of investing an insignificant thought with false importance; much less were they ever resorted to as a *finesse*, to gain time for thinking. The hearer was never disposed to ask, "Why that pause?" nor to measure its duration by a reference to his watch. On the contrary, it always came at the very moment when he would himself have wished it, in order to weigh the striking and important thought which had just been uttered; and the interval was always filled by the speaker with a matchless energy of look, which drove the thought home through the mind and through the heart.

11. His gestures, and this varying play of his features and voice, were so excellent, so exquisite, that many have referred his power as an orator principally to that cause; yet this was all his own, and his gesture, particularly, of so peculiar a cast, that it is said it would have become no other man. I do not learn that it was very abundant; for there was no trash about it; none of those false motions to which undisciplined speakers are so generally addicted; no chopping nor sawing of the air; no thumping of the bar to express an earnestness which was much more powerfully, as well as more elegantly, expressed by his eye and his countenance.

12. Whenever he moved his arm, or his head, or even his finger, or changed the position of his body, it was always to some purpose; nothing was inefficient; every thing told; every gesture, every attitude, every look, was emphatic; all was animation, energy, and dignity. Its great advantage consisted in this—that various, bold, and original as it

was, it never appeared to be studied, affected, or theatrical, or to overstep, in the smallest degree, "the modesty of nature"; for he never made a gesture or assumed an attitude which did not seem imperiously demanded by the occasion. Every look, every motion, every pause, every start, was completely filled and dilated by the thought which he was uttering, and seemed indeed to form a part of the thought itself.

13. His action, however strong, was never vehement. He was never seen rushing forward, shoulder foremost, fury in his countenance, and frenzy in his voice, as if to overturn the bar, and charge his audience sword in hand. His judgment was too manly and too solid, and his taste too true, to permit him to indulge in any such extravagance. His good sense and his self-possession never deserted him. In the loudest storm of declamation, in the fiercest blaze of passion, there was a dignity and temperance which gave it seeming. He had the rare faculty of imparting to his hearers all the excess of his own feelings, and the violence and tumult of his emotions, and all the dauntless spirit of his resolution.

WILLIAM WIRT.

LESSON LI.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

1. GIRT round with rugged mountains,
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies.

—✣—

And watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven
Lies on our earth below!

2. Midnight is there; and silence,
Enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

3. Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep;
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
A sacred legend know
Of how the town was saved one night,
Three hundred years ago.

4. Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the past.

5. She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange.

And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

6. And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful year by year;
When, suddenly, strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk;
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

7. One day out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down;
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange, uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees,
That stood below the stream.

8. At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted;
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried: "We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land!

9. "The night is growing darker;
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"

The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part);
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

10. Before her stood fair Bregenz;
Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains
Reclaimed her as their own!

11. Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again);
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

12. With trembling haste, and breathless,
With noiseless step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed:
She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand;
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

13. Out—out into the darkness—
Faster and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past:

She looks up; clouds are heavy
Why is her steed so slow?
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

14. "Faster," she cries; "oh faster!"
Eleven the church-bells chime;
"Oh God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight,
The rushing of the Rhine.

15. Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror;
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness:
The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

16. She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam!
And see, in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

17. Up the steep banks he bears her,
And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.

They reach the gate of Bregenz,
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

18. Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned:
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land;
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

19. Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving,
The charger and the maid.

20. And when to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour:
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

LESSON LII.

RECAPTURE OF THE FRIGATE "PHILADELPHIA."

1. THE *Philadelphia* lay not quite a mile within the entrance of the harbor, riding to the wind, and abreast of the town. Her foremast, which had been cut away while she was on the reef, had not yet been replaced, her main and mizzen topmasts were housed, and her lower yards were on the gunwales. Her lower standing rigging, however, was in its place, and, as was shortly afterward ascertained, her guns were loaded and shotted. Near her lay two corsairs, with a few gun-boats and a galley.

2. It was a mild evening for the season, and the sea and bay were smooth as in summer. About ten o'clock the *Intrepid* reached the eastern entrance of the bay, or the passage between the rocks and the shoal. The wind was nearly east, and, as she steered directly for the frigate, it was well abaft the beam. There was a young moon, and as these bold adventurers were slowly advancing into a hostile port, all around them was tranquil and apparently without distrust. For near an hour they were stealing slowly along, the air gradually failing until their motion became scarcely perceptible.

3. The *Intrepid* was still at a considerable distance from the *Philadelphia*, when the latter hailed. The pilot answered that the ketch belonged to Malta, and was on a trading voyage; that she had been nearly wrecked, and had lost her anchors in the late gale, and that her commander wished to ride by the frigate during the night. This conversation lasted some time, Mr. Decatur instructing the

pilot to tell the frigate's people with what he was laden, in order to amuse them; and the *Intrepid* gradually drew nearer, until there was every prospect of her running foul of the *Philadelphia*, in a minute or two, and at the very spot contemplated.

4. But the wind suddenly shifted and took the ketch aback. The instant the southerly puff struck her, her head fell off, and she got a starboard; the ship, at the same moment, tending to the new current of air. The effect of this unexpected change was to bring the ketch directly under the frigate's broadside, at the distance of about forty yards, where she lay perfectly becalmed, or, if anything, drifting slowly astern, exposed to nearly every one of the *Philadelphia's* larboard guns.

5. Not the smallest suspicion appears to have been yet excited on board the frigate, though several of her people were looking over the rails; and, notwithstanding the moonlight, so completely were the Turks deceived, that they lowered a boat, and sent it with a fast. Some of the ketch's men, in the meantime, had got into her boat, and had run a line to the frigate's fore-chains. As they returned they met the frigate's boat, took the fast it brought, which came from the after-part of the ship, and passed it into their own vessel. These fasts were put into the hands of the men, as they lay on the ketch's deck, and they began cautiously to breast the *Intrepid* alongside of the *Philadelphia*, without rising.

6. As soon as the latter got near enough to the ship, the Turks discovered her anchors, and they sternly ordered the ketch to keep off, as she had deceived them; preparing, at the same time, to cut

the fasts. All this passed in a moment, when the cry of "Amerikanos!" was heard in the ship. The people of the *Intrepid*, by a strong pull, brought their vessel alongside of the frigate, where she was secured, quick as thought. Up to this time not a whisper had betrayed the presence of the men concealed. The instructions had been positive to keep quiet until commanded to show themselves, and no precipitation, even in that trying moment, deranged the plan.

7. Lieutenant-Commander Decatur was standing ready for a spring, with Messrs. Laws and Morris quite near him. As soon as close enough, he jumped at the frigate's chain-plates, and while clinging to the ship himself, he gave the order to board. The two midshipmen were at his side, and all the officers and men of the *Intrepid* arose and followed. The three gentlemen named were in the chains together, and Lieutenant-Commander Decatur and Mr. Morris sprang at the rail above them, while Mr. Laws dashed at a port. To the latter would have belonged the honor of having been first in this gallant assault, but wearing a boarding-belt, his pistols were caught between the gun and the side of the port. Mr. Decatur's foot slipped in springing, and Mr. Charles Morris first stood upon the quarter-deck of the *Philadelphia*. In an instant, Lieutenant-Commander Decatur and Mr. Laws were at his side, while heads and bodies appeared coming over the rail, and through the ports, in all directions.

8. The surprise seems to have been as perfect as the assault was rapid and earnest. Most of the Turks on deck crowded forward, and all ran over

to the starboard side, as their enemies poured in on the larboard. A few were aft, but as soon as charged they leaped into the sea. Indeed, the constant plunges into the water gave the assailants the assurance that their enemies were fast lessening in numbers by flight. It took but a minute or two to clear the spar-deck, though there was more of a struggle below. Still, so admirably managed was the attack, and so complete the surprise, that the resistance was but trifling. In less than ten minutes Mr. Decatur was on the quarter-deck again, in undisturbed possession of his prize.

9. There can be no doubt that this gallant officer now felt bitter regrets that it was not in his power to bring away the ship he had so nobly recovered. Not only were his orders on this point peremptory, however, but the frigate had not a sail bent, nor a yard crossed, and she wanted her foremast. It was next to impossible, therefore, to remove her, and the command was given to pass up the combustibles from the ketch.

10. The duty of setting fire to the prize appears to have been executed with as much promptitude and order as every other part of the service. The officers distributed themselves, agreeably to the previous instructions, and the men soon appeared with the necessary means. Each party acted by itself, and as it got ready. So rapid were they all in their movements, that the men with combustibles had scarcely time to get as low as the cockpit and after store-rooms, before the fires were lighted over their heads. When the officer entrusted with the duty last mentioned had got through, he found the after-hatches filled with

smoke from the fire in the ward-room and steerage, and he was obliged to make his escape by the forward ladder.

11. The Americans were in the ship from twenty to twenty-five minutes, and they were literally driven out of her by the flames. The vessel had got to be so dry in that low latitude, that she burnt like pine; and the combustibles had been as judiciously prepared as they were steadily used. The last party up were the people who had been in the store-rooms, and when they had reached the deck they found most of their companions in the *Intrepid*. Joining them, and ascertaining that all was ready, the order was given to cast off. Notwithstanding the daring character of the enterprise in general, Mr. Decatur and his party now ran the greatest risks they had incurred that night.

12. So fierce had the conflagration already become, that the flames began to pour out of the ports; and the head-fast having been cast off, the ketch fell astern, with her jigger flapping against the quarter-gallery, and her boom foul. The fire showed itself in the window at this critical moment; and beneath was all the ammunition of the party, covered with a tarpaulin. To increase the risk, the stern-fast was jammed. By using swords, however, the hawser was cut, and the *Intrepid* was extricated from the most imminent danger by a vigorous shove. As she swung clear of the frigate the flames reached the rigging, up which they went hissing, like a rocket, the tar having oozed from the ropes, which had been saturated with that inflammable matter.

13. The sweeps were now manned. Up to this

moment everything had been done earnestly, though without noise; but as soon as they felt that they had command of their ketch again, and by two or three vigorous strokes had sent her away from the frigate, the people of the *Intrepid* ceased rowing, and as one man they gave three cheers for victory. This appeared to arouse the Turks from their stupor, for the cry had hardly ended when the batteries, the two corsairs, and the galley, poured in their fire. The men laid hold of their sweeps again, of which the *Intrepid* had eight of a side, and, favored by a light air, they went merrily down the harbor.

14. The spectacle that followed is described as having been both beautiful and sublime. The entire bay was illuminated by the conflagration, the roar of cannon was constant, and Tripoli was in a clamor. The appearance of the ship was, in the highest degree, magnificent; and to add to the effect, as her guns heated, they began to go off. Owing to the shift of the wind, and the position into which she had tended, she, in some measure, returned the enemy's fire, as one of her own broadsides was discharged in the direction of the town, and the other toward Fort English. The most singular effect of this conflagration was on board the ship; for the flames having run up the rigging and masts, collected under the tops, and fell over, giving the whole the appearance of glowing columns and fiery capitals.

15. Under ordinary circumstances, the situation of the ketch would still have been thought sufficiently perilous; but after the exploit they had just performed, her people, elated with success,

regarded all that was now passing as a triumphant spectacle. The shot constantly cast the spray around them, or were whistling over their heads; but the only sensation they produced, was by calling attention to the brilliant *jets d'eau* that they occasioned as they bounded along the water. Only one struck the *Intrepid*, although she was within half a mile of many of the heaviest guns for some time; and that passed through her top-gallant sail.

16. With sixteen sweeps and eighty men elated with success, Mr. Decatur was enabled to drive the little *Intrepid* ahead with a velocity that rendered towing useless. Near the harbor's mouth he met the *Siren's* boats, sent to cover his retreat; but their services were scarcely necessary. As soon as the ketch was out of danger he got into one, and pulled aboard the brig, to report to Lieutenant-Commander Stewart the result of his undertaking.

COOPER.

LESSON LIII.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

1. QUICK! man the life-boat! See yon bark,
That drives before the blast!
There's a rock ahead, the fog is dark,
And the storm comes quick and fast.
Can human power in such an hour,
Avert the doom that's o'er her?
Her main-mast is gone, but she still drives on
To the fatal reef before her.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

2. Quick! man the life-boat! Hark! the gun
Booms through the vapory air;
And see! the signal flags are on,
And speak the ship's despair.
That forkèd flash, that pealing crash,
Seemed from the wave to sweep her:
She's on the rock, with a terrible shock—
And the wail comes louder and deeper.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

3. Quick! man the life-boat! See—the crew
Gaze on their watery grave:
Already some, a gallant few,
Are battling with the wave;
And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
As thoughts of home come o'er him;
For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
He sees on the heights before him.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

4. Speed, speed the life-boat! Off she goes!
And, as they pulled the oar,
From shore and ship a cheer arose
That startled ship and shore.
Life-saving ark! yon fated bark
Has human lives within her;
And dearer than gold is the wealth untold
Thou'lt save if thou canst win her.
On, life-boat! Speed thee, life-boat!

5. Hurrah! the life-boat dashes on,
Though darkly the reef may frown;
The rock is there—the ship is gone
Full twenty fathoms down.

But, cheered by hope, the seamen cope
With the billows single-handed:
They are all in the boat!—hurrah! they're afloat!
And now they are safely landed,
By the life-boat! Cheer the life-boat!
Hurrah! Hurrah for the life-boat!

LESSON LIV.



THE USES OF THE OCEAN.

1. The traveller who would speak of his experience in foreign lands must begin with the sea. God has spread this vast pavement of his temple between the hemispheres, so that he who sails to foreign shores must pay a double tribute to the

Most High; for through this temple he has to carry his anticipations as he goes, and his memories when he returns. The sea speaks for God; and however eager the tourist may be to reach the strand that lies before him, and enter upon the career of business or pleasure that awaits him, he must check his impatience during this long interval of approach, and listen to the voice with which Jehovah speaks to him as, horizon after horizon, he moves to his purpose along the aisles of God's mighty tabernacle of the deep.

2. It is a common thing, in speaking of the sea, to call it "a waste of waters." But this is a mistake. Instead of being an encumbrance or a superfluity, the sea is as essential to the life of the world as the blood is to the life of the human body. Instead of being a waste and desert, it keeps the earth itself from becoming a waste and a desert. It is the world's fountain of life and health and beauty; and if it were taken away, the grass would perish from the mountains, the forests would crumble on the hills, the harvests would become powder on the plains, the continent would be one vast Sahara of frosts and fire, and the solid globe itself, scarred and blasted on every side, would swing in the heavens, silent and dead as on the first morning of creation.

3. Water is as indispensable to all life, vegetable or animal, as the air itself. From the cedar on the mountains, to the lichen that clings to the wall; from the elephant that pastures on the forests, to the animalcule that floats in the sunbeam; from the leviathan that heaves the sea into billows, to the microscopic creatures that swarm, a million in a

single foam-drop,—all alike depend for their existence on this single element, and must perish if it be withdrawn.

4. This element of water is supplied entirely by the sea. The sea is the great inexhaustible fountain which is continually pouring up into the sky precisely as many streams, and as large, as all the rivers of the world are pouring into it.

5. The sea is the real birthplace of the clouds and the rivers, and out of it come all the rains and dews of heaven. Instead of being a waste and an encumbrance, therefore, it is a vast fountain of fruitfulness, and the nurse and mother of the living. Out of its mighty breast come the resources that feed and support the population of the world. Omnipresent and everywhere alike is this need and blessing of the sea. It is felt as truly in the centre of the continent,—where, it may be, the rude inhabitants never heard of the ocean,—as it is on the circumference of the wave-beaten shore.

6. We are surrounded, every moment, by the presence and bounty of the sea. It looks out upon us from every violet in our garden-bed; from every spire of grass that drops upon our passing feet the beaded dew of the morning; from the bending grain that fills the arm of the reaper; from bursting presses, and from barns filled with plenty; from the broad foreheads of our cattle and the rosy faces of our children; from the cool dropping well at our door; from the brook that murmurs from its side; and from the elm or spreading maple that weaves its protecting branches beneath the sun, and swings its breezy shadow over our habitation.

7. It is the sea that feeds us. It is the sea that

clothes us. It cools us with the summer cloud, and warms us with the blazing fires of winter. We make wealth for ourselves and for our children out of its rolling waters, though we may live a thousand leagues away from its shore, and never have looked on its crested beauty, or listened to its eternal anthem. Thus the sea, though it bears no harvest on its bosom, yet sustains all the harvests of the world. Though a desert itself, it makes all the other wildernesses of the earth to bud and blossom as the rose. Though its own waters are as salt and wormwood, it makes the clouds of heaven to drop with sweetness, opens springs in the valleys, and rivers among the hills, and fountains in all dry places, and gives drink to all the inhabitants of the earth.

8. The sea is a perpetual source of health to the world. Without it there could be no drainage for the lands. It is the scavenger of the world. Its agency is omnipresent. Its vigilance is omniscient. Where no sanitary committee could ever come, where no police could ever penetrate, its myriad eyes are searching, and its million hands are busy exploring all the lurking-places of decay, bearing swiftly off the dangerous sediments of life, and laying them a thousand miles away in the slimy bottom of the deep.

9. The sea is also set to purify the atmosphere. The winds, whose wings are heavy and whose breath is sick with the malaria of the lands over which they have blown, are sent out to range over these mighty pastures of the deep, to plunge and play with its rolling billows, and dip their pinions over and over in its healing waters. There they

rest when they are weary, cradled into sleep on that vast swinging couch of the ocean. There they rouse themselves when they are refreshed, and lifting its waves upon their shoulders, they dash it into spray, and hurl it backwards and forwards through a thousand leagues of sky.

10. Thus their whole substance is drenched, and bathed, and washed, and winnowed, and sifted through and through, by this glorious baptism. Thus they fill their mighty lungs once more with the sweet breath of ocean, and, striking their wings for the shore, they go breathing health and vigor along all the fainting hosts that wait for them in mountain and forest and valley and plain, till the whole drooping continent lifts up its rejoicing face, and mingles its laughter with the sea that has waked it from its fevered sleep, and poured its tides of returning life through all its shrivelled arteries.

11. The ocean is not the idle creature that it seems, with its vast and lazy length stretched between the continents, with its huge bulk sleeping along the shore, or tumbling in aimless fury from pole to pole. It is a mighty giant, who, leaving his oozy bed, comes up upon the land to spend his strength in the service of man. He there allows his captors to chain him in prisons of stone and iron, to bind his shoulders to the wheel, and set him to grind the food of the nations, and weave the garments of the world. The mighty shaft, which that wheel turns, runs out into all the lands; and geared and belted to that centre of power, ten thousand times ten thousand clanking engines roll

their cylinders, and ply their hammers, and drive their million shuttles.

12. Thus the sea keeps all our mills and factories in motion. Thus the sea spins our thread and weaves our cloth. It is the sea that cuts our iron bars like wax, rolls them out into proper thinness, or piles them up in the solid shaft strong enough to be the pivot of a revolving planet. It is the sea that bores the mine, and lifts the coal from its sunless depths, and the ore from its rocky bed. It is the sea that lays the iron track, that builds the iron horse, that fills his nostrils with fiery breath, and sends his tireless hoofs thundering across the longitudes. It is the power of the sea that is doing for man all those mightiest works that would be else impossible. It is by this power that he is to level the mountains, to tame the wildernesses, to subdue the continents, to throw his pathways around the globe, and make his nearest approaches to omnipresence and omnipotence.

MIGHTINESS OF THE OCEAN.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm;
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

BYRON.

LESSON LV.



THE SKATER AND THE WOLVES.

1. DURING the winter of 1844, I had much leisure to devote to the sports of a new country. To none of these was I more passionately addicted than to skating. The deep and sequestered lakes of North America, frozen by the intense cold, present a wide field to the lover of this pastime. Often would I bind on my skates and glide away up some glittering river, over the smooth, untrodden ice. Sometimes I would follow the track of a fox or otter, and run my skates along the mark he had left with his dragging tail, until the trail would enter the

woods. Not rarely these excursions were made by moonlight; and it was on one of these latter occasions that I had a rencounter which even now, with kind faces around me, I cannot recall without a nervous feeling.

2. I had left my friend's house one evening just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble river which glided directly before the door. The night was beautifully clear. A peerless moon rode through an occasional fleecy cloud, and stars twinkled from the sky and from every frost-covered tree in millions. Light also came glancing from ice and snow-wreaths and encrusted branches, as the eye followed for miles the broad gleam of the river that, like a jewelled zone, swept between the mighty forests on its banks. And yet all was still. The cold seemed to have frozen tree and air and water and every living thing. Even the ringing of my skates echoed back from the hill with a startling clearness, and the crackle of the ice, as I passed over it in my course, seemed to follow the tide of the river with lightning speed.

3. I had gone up the river nearly two miles when, coming to a little stream which empties into the larger, I turned into it to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead and formed an archway radiant with frost-work. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and as I peered into the unbroken forest, I laughed with very joyousness. My wild hurrah rang through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again until all was hushed. Suddenly a sound arose; it seemed to me to come from beneath the ice; it

was low and tremulous at first, but ended in one long, wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had I heard such a noise. Presently there was a crash amid the brushwood on shore, as though from the tread of some animal. The blood rushed to my forehead. My energies returned, and I looked around me for means of escape.

4. The moon shone through the opening at the mouth of the creek by which I had entered the forest, and, considering this the best way of escape, I darted toward it like an arrow. It was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely have excelled me in fleetness; yet, as I turned my head to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the brushwood at a pace nearly double as fast as my own. By their great speed and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that these were the much-dreaded gray wolves.

5. I had never met with these animals, but from the description of them I had little pleasure, I confess, in making their acquaintance. Their untamable fierceness and untiring strength render them objects of dread to every benighted traveller. With their long gallop they pursue their prey, never straying from the track; and though, perhaps, the wearied hunter may think he has at last outstripped them, he will often find that they have but waited till evening to seize their victim. The bushes that skirted the shore flew past with the velocity of lightning as I dashed on in my flight to pass the narrow opening. The outlet was nearly gained—a few seconds more and I would be comparatively safe; but in a moment my pursuers

appeared on the bank above me, which here rose to the height of ten feet. There was no time for thought; I bent my head and dashed madly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, fell behind, while their intended prey glided out upon the river.

6. Instinct turned me toward home, and I was some distance from my pursuers when their fierce howl told me I was still their fugitive. I did not look back; I did not feel afraid or sorry or glad—one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, and of their tears if they never should see me, and then all the energies of body and mind were exerted for escape. I was an expert on the ice. Many were the days that I had spent on my good skates, never thinking that they would thus prove my only means of safety. Every half minute a furious yelp from my fierce attendants made me but too certain that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and nearer they came—at last I heard their feet pattering on the ice—I even heard their very panting, and felt their snuffing breath! Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension.

7. The trees along the shore seemed to dance in an uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed; yet still my pursuers kept close at my heels, till an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves, unable to stop, and as unable to turn on the smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far ahead. Their tongues were lolling out; their white tusks were gleaming from their bloody mouths; their dark, shaggy breasts were fleeced with congealed

foam, and, as they passed me, their eyes glared and they howled with fury. The thought flashed on my mind that by this trick of turning aside whenever they came too near, I might avoid them, for, by the formation of their feet, they are unable to run on ice except in a straight line.

8. I immediately acted upon this plan. The wolves having regained their feet sprang directly toward me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed directly past them. A fierce yell greeted my evolution, and the wolves, slipping on their haunches, slid onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards at each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the animals becoming more excited the more they were baffled.

9. At one time, by delaying my turning too long, my sanguinary antagonists came so near that they threw their white foam over my dress as they sprang to seize me, and their teeth clashed together like the spring of a fox-trap! Had my skates failed for one instant—had I tripped on a stick, or had my foot been caught in a fissure of the ice, the story I am now telling would never have been told. I thought over all the chances. But soon I came opposite the house, and my hounds—I knew their deep voices—roused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. I heard their chains rattle; how I wished they would break them! The wolves, however, taking the hint, stopped in their mad career, and, after a few moments, turned and fled. I watched them until their forms disap-

peared over a neighboring hill. Then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house.

WHITEHEAD.

LESSON LVI.

THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

1. THE night-wind with a desolate moan swept by,
And the old shutters of the turret swung
Creaking upon their hinges; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.
The fire beneath his crucible was low,
Yet still it burned; and ever, as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy; and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrunk back
Upon his pallet, and, with unclosed lips,
Muttered a curse on death!

2. The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell; and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself:

3. "I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do;
I thought to pierce th' eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye;
I felt,—O God! it seemeth even now—
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow;

4. "And yet it is,—I feel,
Of this dull sickness at my heart, afraid;
And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade,
And something seems to steal
Over my bosom like a frozen hand,—
Binding its pulses with an icy band.

5. "And this is death! But why
Feel I this wild recoil? It cannot be
Th' immortal spirit shuddereth to be free:
Would it not leap to fly,
Like a chained eaglet at its parent's call?
I fear,—I fear,—that this poor life is all!

6. "Yet thus to pass away!
To live but for a hope that mocks at last,
To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast,
To waste the light of day,
Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
All that we have and are,—for this,—for naught?

7. "Grant me another year,
God of my spirit!—but a day,—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would *know* something here!
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

8. "Vain,—vain,—my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing,—burning,—
Dying! O God! if I might only live!
My phial——Ha! it thrills me,—I revive.

9. "Aye,—were not man to die,
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere!
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here,—
Could he but train his eye,—
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour,—
Only his Maker would transcend his power!

10. "Earth has no mineral strange,
Th' illimitable air no hidden wings,
Water no quality in covert springs,
And fire no power to change,
Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,
Which the unwasting soul might not compel.

11. "Oh, but for time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky,—
To see th' invisible spirits, eye to eye,—
To hurl the lightning back,—
To tread unhurt the sea's dim-lighted halls,—
To chase day's chariot to the horizon-walls,—

12. "And more, much more,—for now
The life-sealed fountains of my nature move,—
To nurse and purify this human love,—
To clear the God-like brow
Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down,
Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved One,—

13. "This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slacken at the living stream,—
To live,—O God! that life is but a dream!
And death——Aha! I reel,—
Dim,—dim,—I faint, darkness comes o'er my eye,—
Cover me! save me!——God of heaven! I die!"

14. 'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, th' expression wore
Of his death-struggle. His long, silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples, thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

15. The storm was raging still. The shutter swung,
Creaking as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on,—as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

16. The fire beneath the crucible was out;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them, and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on th' alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

17. And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire,—a sun-bent eagle stricken,
From his high soaring, down,—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh, how poor

—✣—

Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath out-flown
His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked,—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

N. P. Willis.

LESSON LVII.

HENRY CLAY'S FUNERAL ODE.

1. Oh LAND of glory!
Oh far-extending land!
Which the Almighty Hand,
That built the mountains hoary,
Hath bidden to expand
Beyond all empires mentioned yet in story!
What honors dost thou pay thy great and just—
Honor divine, or near it—when they're dust!

2. Whose was the voice,
With charmed cadence sweet,
In legislative seat,
Thy discords soothed? Rejoice
To offer him a meet
And bright reward in thy concordant choice.
Let him thy civic crown triumphant wear,
And swift ascend thy lictor-guarded chair.

3. *Whose* piercing thought,
And soul of patriot love,
All selfish ends above,
The plan sagacious wrought
Thy national arts to shove

Beyond all rivals? *Who* true wisdom taught?
Let those who *own* it, in the trial day,
With faithful votes exalt the name of CLAY.

4. I hear a sigh
Through Ashland's groves soft breathing,
Of slighted genius sheathing
His sense of injury.
The garland for him wreathing,
Upon another's brow confronts his eye;
And his great heart perceives, with suffering rude,
A timid party's mean ingratitude.

5. Enough—no more!
Around his dying bed,
Over his sinking head,
A nation wept full sore.
Oh honorer of the dead!
Wherefore in tears thy tardy sorrow pour?
Still shall thy glorious ones their hour await,
Of recompense awarded—all too late!

6. Yet bear him home!
Through all our cities fair,
His honored relics bear,
Where he no more shall roam
Nor drink his native air.
The waves that fret our coasts with ceaseless foam,
Shall roar his dirge; the winds that shake our woods,
Their wailing join with our rock-leaping floods.

7. But do not try,
Oh men! to reach his ear
With praise, nor hide his bier
With roses, passing by.

He was defrauded here
Of due reward for service pure and high:
Then follow silently his funeral state,
And ponder o'er the chance of mortal fate.

J. V. HUNTINGTON.

LESSON LVIII.

THE SNOW-STORM.

1. GRADUALLY, by silent and stealthy influences, are great changes wrought. These little snow particles, which the storm spirit flings by handfuls through the air, will bury the great earth under their accumulated mass, nor permit her to behold her sister sky again for dreary months. We, likewise, shall lose sight of our mother's familiar visage, and must content ourselves with looking heavenward the oftener.

2. Slow and sure! He has the day, perchance the week, before him, and may take his own time to accomplish nature's burial in snow. A smooth mantle is scarcely yet thrown over the withered grass-plot, and the dry stalks of annuals still thrust themselves through the white surface in all parts of the garden.

3. The leafless rose-bushes stand shivering in a shallow snow-drift, looking, poor things, as disconsolate as if they possessed a human consciousness of the dreary scene. This is a sad time for the shrubs that do not perish in the summer; they neither live nor die: what they retain of life seems but the chilling sense of death. Very sad are the flower shrubs in midwinter!

4. The roofs of the houses are now all white, save where the eddying wind has kept them bare at the bleak corners. To discern the real intensity of the storm, we must fix upon some distant object, as yonder spire, and observe how the riotous gust fights with the descending snow throughout the intervening space. Sometimes the entire prospect is obscured; then again, we have a distinct but transient glimpse of the tall steeple, like a giant's ghost; and now the dense wreaths sweep between, as if demons were flinging snow-drifts at each other in mid-air?

5. Meanwhile the storm has raged without abatement; and now, as the brief afternoon declines, is tossing denser volumes to and fro about the atmosphere. On the window-sill there is a layer of snow reaching half-way up the lowest pane of glass. The garden is one unbroken bed. Along the street are one, two, or three spots of uncovered earth, where the gust has whirled away the snow, heaping it elsewhere to the fence-tops, or piling huge banks against the doors of houses.

6. A solitary passenger is seen, now striding mid-leg deep across a drift, now scudding over the bare ground, while his cloak is swollen with the wind. And now the jingling of bells, a sluggish sound, responsive to the horse's toilsome progress through the unbroken drifts, announces the passage of a sleigh with a boy clinging behind, and ducking his head to escape detection of the driver.

7. Next comes a sledge laden with wood for some unthrifty housekeeper, whom winter has surprised at a cold hearth. But what dismal equipage now struggles along the uneven street? A sable hearse,

bestrewn with snow, is bearing a dead man through the storm to his frozen bed. Oh, how dreary is a burial in winter, when the bosom of mother earth has no warmth for her poor child!

8. Evening, the early eve of December, begins to spread its deepening veil over the comfortless scene; the fire light gradually brightens, and throws my flickering shadow upon the walls and ceiling of the chamber;—but still the storm rages and rustles against the windows. Alas! I shiver, and think it time to be disconsolate.

9. But, taking a farewell glance at dead nature in her shroud, I perceive a flock of snow-birds, skimming lightsomely through the tempest, and flitting from drift to drift, as sportively as swallows in the delightful prime of summer. Whence come they? where do they build their nests, and seek their food? why, having airy wings, do they not follow summer around the earth, instead of making themselves the playmates of the storm, and fluttering on the dreary verge of the winter's eve? I know not whence they come, nor why; yet my spirit has been cheered by that wandering flock of snow-birds.

HAWTHORNE.

LESSON LIX.

THE SNOW-STORM.

1. 'Tis a fearful night in the winter time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the blast is heard like the chime
Of the waves of an angry sea;
The moon is full, but her silver light
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night;
And over the sky, from south to north,
Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

2. All day had the snow come down—all day,
As it never came down before,
And over the hills at sunset lay
Some two or three feet or more:
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows blocked, and the well-curbs gone;
The hay-stack had grown to a mountain-lift;
And the wood-pile looked like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

3. The night sets in on a world of snow,
While the air grows sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a fearful blow
Is heard on the distant hill:
And the Norther! See, on the mountain peak,
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He shouts on the plain, Ho-ho! ho-ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will.

4. Such a night as this to be found abroad
In the drifts and the freezing air!
Sits a shivering dog in a field by the road,
With the snow in his shaggy hair;
He shuts his eyes to the wind, and growls;
He lifts his head, and moans and howls;
Then, crouching low from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet;
Pray, what does the dog do there?

5. A farmer came from the village plain,
But he lost the travelled way;
And for hours he trod with might and main
A path for his horse and sleigh;
But colder still the cold wind blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew;
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last in her struggles floundered down,
Where a log in a hollow lay.

6. In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged, till his breath grew short,
With a word and a gentle blow:
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight;
His hands were numb, and had lost their might;
So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day,
With his coat and the buffalo.

7. He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,
To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
For help in his master's need;

For awhile he strives with a wistful cry,
To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
And whines when he takes no heed.

8. The wind goes down and the storm is o'er—
'Tis the hour of midnight past;
The old trees writhe and bend no more
In the whirl of the rushing blast;
The silent moon, with her peaceful light,
Looks down on the hills with snow all white;
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
Of the blasted pine and the ghostly stump,
Afar on the plain are cast.

9. But cold and dead, by the hidden log
Are they who came from the town,—
The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,
And his beautiful Morgan brown,—
In the wide snow desert, far and grand,
With his cap on his head, and the reins in his hand;
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,
Where she lay when she floundered down.

C. G. EASTMAN.

LESSON LX.

SKETCH OF WEBSTER.

1. EARNESTNESS, solidity of judgment, elevation of sentiment, broad and generous views of national policy, and a massive strength of expression, characterize all his works. We feel, in reading them, that he is a man of principles, not a man of expedients; that he never adopts opinions without subjecting them to stern tests; and that he recedes from them only at the bidding of reason and experience. He never seems to be playing a part, but always acting a life.

2. The ponderous strength of his powers strikes us not more forcibly than the broad individuality of the man. Were we unacquainted with the history of his life, we could almost infer it from his works. Everything, in his productions, indicates the character of a person who struggled fiercely against obstacles, who has developed his faculties by strenuous labor, who has been a keen and active observer of man and nature, and who has been disciplined in the affairs of the world. There is a manly simplicity and clearness in his mind, and a rugged energy in his feelings, which preserve him from all the affectations of literature and society.

3. He is great by original constitution. What nature originally gave to him, nature has to some extent developed, strengthened, and stamped with her own signature. We never consider him as a mere debater, a mere scholar, or a mere statesman; but as a strong, sturdy, earnest man. The school and the college could not fashion him into any

foreign shape, because they worked on materials too hard to yield easily to conventional moulds.

4. The impression of power we obtain from Webster's productions,—a power not merely of the brain, but of the heart and physical temperament, a power resulting from the mental and bodily constitution of the whole man,—is the source of his hold upon our respect and admiration. We feel that, under any circumstances, in any condition of social life, and at almost any period of time, his great capacity would have been felt and acknowledged.

5. A large majority of those who are called educated men have been surrounded by all the implements and processes of instruction; but Webster won his education by battling against difficulties. "A dwarf behind a steam-engine can remove mountains; but no dwarf can hew them down with a pick-axe, and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms." Every step in that long journey, by which the son of the New Hampshire farmer has obtained the highest rank in social and political life, has been one of strenuous effort. The space is crowded with incidents, and tells of obstacles sturdily met and fairly overthrown. His life and his writings seem to bear testimony, that he can perform whatever he strenuously attempts.

6. His words never seem disproportioned to his strength. Indeed, he rather gives the impression that he has powers and impulses in reserve, to be employed when the occasion for their exercise may arise. In many of his speeches, not especially pervaded by passion, we perceive strength, indeed, but strength "half-leaning on his own right arm." He

has never yet been placed in circumstances where the full might of his nature, in all its depth of understanding, fiery vehemence of sensibility, and adamantine strength of will, have been brought to bear on any one object, and strained to their utmost.

7. We have referred to Webster's productions as being eminently national. Every one familiar with them will bear out the statement. In fact, the most hurried glance at his life would prove that, surrounded as he has been from his youth by American influences, it could hardly be otherwise. His earliest recollections must extend nearly to the feelings and incidents of the Revolution. His whole life, since that period, has been passed in the country of his birth, and his fame and honors are all closely connected with American feelings and institutions.

8. His works all refer to the history, the policy, the laws, the government, the social life, and the destiny, of his own land. They bear little resemblance, in their tone and spirit, to productions of the same class on the other side of the Atlantic. They have come from the heart and understanding of one into whose very nature the life of his country has passed. Without taking into view the influences to which his youth and early manhood were subjected, so well calculated to inspire a love for the very soil of his nativity, and to mould his mind into accordance with what is best and noblest in the spirit of our institutions, his position has been such as to lead him to survey objects from an American point of view.

9. His patriotism has become part of his being.

Deny him that, and you deny the authorship of his works. It has prompted the most majestic flights of his eloquence. It has given intensity to his purposes, and lent the richest glow to his genius. It has made his eloquence a language of the heart, felt and understood over every portion of the land it consecrates. On Plymouth Rock, on Bunker Hill, at Mount Vernon, by the tombs of Hamilton, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Jay, we are reminded of Daniel Webster.

10. He has done what no national poet has yet succeeded in doing,—associated his own great genius with all in our country's history and scenery which makes us rejoice that we are Americans. Over all those events in our history which are heroical, he has cast the hues of strong feeling and vivid imagination. He cannot stand on one spot of ground, hallowed by liberty or religion, without being kindled by the genius of the place; he cannot mention a name, consecrated by self-devotion and patriotism, without doing it eloquent homage. Seeing clearly, and feeling deeply, he makes us see and feel with him.

11. That scene of the landing of the Pilgrims, in which his imagination conjures up the forms and emotions of our New England ancestry, will ever live in the national memory. We see, with him, the "little bark, with the interesting group on its deck, make its slow progress to the shore." We feel, with him, "the cold which benumbed," and listen, with him, "to the winds which pierced them." Carver, and Bradford, and Standish, and Brewster, and Allerton, look out upon us from the pictured page, in all the dignity with which virtue

and freedom invest their martyrs; and we see, too, "chilled and shivering childhood, houseless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast," till our own blood almost freezes.

12. The readiness with which the orator compels our sympathies to follow his own, is illustrated in the orations at Bunker Hill, and in the discourse in honor of Adams and Jefferson. In reading them, we feel a new pride in our country, and in the great men and great principles it has cherished. The mind feels an unwonted elevation, and the heart is stirred with emotions of more than common depth, by their majesty and power.

13. Some passages are so graphic and true that they seem gifted with a voice, to speak to us from the page they illumine. The intensity of feeling with which they are pervaded, rises, at times, from confident hope to prophecy, and lifts the soul as with wings. In that splendid close to a remarkable passage in the oration on Adams and Jefferson, what American does not feel assured, with the orator, that their fame will be immortal?

14. "Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record to their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored. Marble columns may, indeed, moulder into dust, time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone, but their fame remains: for with AMERICAN LIBERTY it rose, and with AMERICAN LIBERTY ONLY can it perish. It was the last swelling peal of yonder choir, 'THEIR BODIES ARE BURIED IN PEACE, BUT THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE.' I catch the solemn song, I

echo the lofty strain of funeral triumph, 'THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE.'"

15. Throughout the speeches of Mr. Webster we perceive this national spirit. He has meditated so deeply on the history, the formation, and the tendencies of our institutions; he is so well acquainted with the conduct and opinions of every statesman who has affected the policy of the government; and has become so thoroughly imbued with the national character, that his sympathies naturally flow in national channels, and have their end and object in the land of his birth and culture. His motto is, "Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country." It is the alpha and omega of his political alphabet. It is felt in his blood, and "felt along his heart." It is twined with all his early recollections, with the acts of his life, with his hopes, his ambition, and his fame.

E. P. WHIPPLE.

LESSON LXI.

WAITING BY THE GATE.

1. BESIDE a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

2. The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;

I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

3. Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

4. In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power.
I muse while still the wood-thrush sings down the golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

5. Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

6. Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
Oh crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze!
Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness, and flies we know not where!

7. I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me: the evening bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

8. Once more the gates are opened; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched for ever, and stilled the sprightly shout!
Oh frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the greensward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!

9. So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride.
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

10. And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

11. I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within
my heart,
Can neither make the dread nor the longing to
depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and
lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

W. C. Bryant.

LESSON LXII.

THE SKY.

1. It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

2. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

3. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of

any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

4. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for *all;* bright as it is, it is not "too bright, nor good, for human nature's daily food"; it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust.

5. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

6. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession

of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration.

7. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky, as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

8. All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. They are but the blunt and lost faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning.

9. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual,—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood,—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated, which

are to be found always, yet each found but once,—it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

RUSKIN.

LESSON LXIII.

ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

1. THE MOST REVEREND MARTIN JOHN SPALDING, the second Bishop of Louisville, and the seventh Archbishop of Baltimore, was born in Kentucky, on the 23d of May, 1810. His ancestors belonged to the Catholic Colony of Maryland, where they settled in the first half of the seventeenth century.



2. He received his early training at St. Mary's College, in his native State, and, on account of his remarkable talents, was promoted to the rank of a teacher in that institution when not yet fifteen years of age. In 1826, he entered the seminary at Bardstown, where

he had as guides and teachers Bishop Flaget, Bishop David, and Dr. Kenrick, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore.

3. At the end of four years he was sent to Rome to complete his theological studies, in the College of the Propaganda. Here he remained four years, at the close of which he received the doctor's cap after a brilliant public defence of two hundred and fifty-six theses, chosen from theology, Scripture, Church history, and canon law.

4. In August, 1834, he was ordained priest, and at once set out on his journey home. He was appointed pastor of the Cathedral in Bardstown, at that time the most important congregation in the diocese, immediately after his return; and he also accepted the professorship of philosophy in the seminary.

5. For fourteen years he labored in the missions of Kentucky, first at Bardstown, then at Lexington, and later in Louisville. The work of the ministry did not, however, exhaust his energy; his zeal for the salvation of souls impelled him to seek by every lawful means to extend the influence of the Church.

6. The great power of the press did not escape his attention, and, with the view of employing it in the service of the Church, he, in connection with others, established a Catholic newspaper, to which he became a constant contributor. He also wrote for the principal Catholic magazines of the country. Popular lectures on the doctrines and practices of the Church were another means which he made use of in order to enlighten public opinion on Catholic subjects.

7. In 1844, Bishop Flaget, who was then old and infirm, appointed Dr. Spalding his vicar-general; in 1848 he was made his coadjutor, and in 1852, upon the death of the saintly Flaget, he became Bishop of Louisville. At the time of his elevation to the episcopacy, Dr. Spalding was in the full vigor of manhood, being just thirty-eight years old; and he had already won a wide-spread reputation both as a writer and speaker.

8. Into his new work he threw himself heart and soul; he assembled his priests and performed with them the holy exercises of the spiritual retreat, seeking to animate them to still greater efforts for the salvation of souls. Accompanied by two or three clergymen, he visited the various congregations of the diocese and gave missions to the people, at the same time taking steps, where he found it necessary, to have new churches built.

9. He also took the most special interest in Catholic education, and having completed the magnificent cathedral in Louisville, he sailed for Europe, in 1852, to procure the services of a brotherhood to take charge of the parochial schools for boys, the schools for girls being supplied with teachers by the religious communities of Nazareth and Loretto.

10. He held that Catholic schools are scarcely less important to the progress of religion than churches, since, if we permit our children to be educated in the public schools, their faith, if not destroyed, will be undermined; and he strove in every way—in his writings, lectures, and pastoral addresses, in the Plenary and Provincial Councils, —to fully arouse the Catholic mind to what he

considered the greatest danger to the progress of the Church in the United States.

11. In 1864, Bishop Spalding was promoted to the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore, made vacant by the death of Archbishop Kenrick. In this new position his characteristic energy did not desert him: he set to work vigorously and sought to inspire a livelier interest in whatever concerned the welfare of the Church.

12. By untiring efforts he succeeded in establishing the Catholic Protectory of Baltimore, which is destined to save thousands of our boys from ruin in this world and the next; convents of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd and of the Little Sisters of the Poor were founded, and the Fathers of the Society of St. Joseph began their labors for the conversion of the emancipated slaves.

13. One of the most important events which took place during Archbishop Spalding's administration was the holding of the Second Plenary Council in Baltimore, in 1866, over the sessions of which he presided. Just seventy-five years before, Bishop Carroll had convened the first synod ever held in the United States.

14. At that time there met in Baltimore twenty-two priests, who represented about as many thousand Catholics. They were the smallest, the feeblest, and the most despised religious body in the country. After three-quarters of a century precisely, seven archbishops and thirty-eight bishops, who had under their spiritual jurisdiction not less than six millions of people, were gathered in that same city, and with pride and gratitude they were able to reflect that they represented the most nu-

merous, the most united, and the most powerful religious community on the American continent.

15. Archbishop Spalding took an active part also in the Vatican Council, and his name will be remembered as that of one of the foremost champions of the infallibility of the Pope. He returned home broken in health, and after a long and painful illness, which he bore with the most perfect resignation, he died on the 7th of February, 1872.

16. In person Archbishop Spalding was above the average height; his brow was large and open; his eye kindly, his voice pleasant, and his whole countenance expressive of goodness and benignity. His manners were simple and easy, and his character ingenuous and childlike. Nothing delighted him more than the presence of children, whom in turn he had a thousand little ways of charming. In their company he was as light of heart and gay of voice as if he had never known a care; but at home he was an incessant worker.

17. He possessed the rare secret of uniting a life of great activity and of manifold external duties with that of the conscientious student; and he was therefore able, whilst laboring without rest to build up the Church, to make important contributions to American Catholic literature.

18. Of his sincere piety no one could doubt—all his thoughts and aspirations were colored by religion, and tended heavenward. From his earliest youth he gave himself to God, and in the way in which he then set his face he walked steadfastly even to the end. A devout and obedient son of the Church, he was also a sincere lover of his country,

proud of her history, and true to the heart to the great principles of liberty embodied in her organic law.

LESSON LXIV.

THE TROPICAL WORLD.

1. THE tropical regions, more than any other part of the world, are suggestive of magnificence—of luxuriant vegetation, and diversified animal life; yet they embrace but a small portion comparatively of the land of the globe. While the greater part of the north temperate zone is occupied by land, the floods of ocean roll over much the larger portion of the equatorial regions; for both torrid America and Africa appear as mere islands in a vast expanse of sea.

2. This superabundance of water is one of the great provisions which nature has made for mitigating the heat of the vertical sun. To this cause the tropics are indebted for those copious rains and periodic winds and constant ocean currents which endow them with such an amazing variety of climate. The Indian Archipelago, the Peninsula of Malacca, the Antilles, and Central America, are all undoubtedly indebted to the waters which bathe their coasts for a more temperate climate than they would have had if they had been grouped together in one vast continent.

3. Another cause of the variations of tropical climate is to be found in varied elevation of surface. Thus the high situation of many tropical lands moderates the effects of equatorial heat, and en-

dows them with a climate similar to that of the temperate, or even of the cold regions of the globe. The Andes and the Himalaya, the most stupendous mountain chains of the world, raise their snow-clad summits either within the tropics or immediately beyond their verge, and must be considered as ordained by Providence to counteract the effects of the vertical sunbeams over a vast extent of land.

4. In tropical America, in Asia, and in Africa, there are immense countries rising like terraces thousands of feet above the level of the ocean, and reminding the European of his distant northern home by their productions and their cool temperature. Thus, by means of a few simple physical and geological causes acting and reacting upon each other on a magnificent scale, nature has bestowed a wonderful variety of climate upon the tropical regions, producing a no less wonderful diversity of plants and of animals.

5. Embracing the broad base of South America, the tropical regions bring before us the wide-spreading llanos of Venezuela and New Granada; the majestic Andes, rising through every zone of vegetation to an arctic region of perpetual snow; and the high table-lands of Peru and Bolivia, where the lama, the alpaca, and the vicuña have their home.

6. The frosts of winter and an eternal spring are nowhere found in closer proximity than in the Peruvian highlands: for deep valleys cleave the windy puna, as these lofty table-lands are called; and when the traveller, benumbed by the cold blasts of the mountain-plains, descends into the sheltered gorges, he almost suddenly finds himself

transported from a northern climate to a terrestrial paradise.

7. Situated at a height where the enervating power of the tropical sun is not felt, and where at the same time the air is not too rarefied, these pleasant mountain vales, protected by their rocky walls against the gusts of the puna, enjoy all the advantages of a genial sky. Here the astonished European sees himself surrounded by the rich cornfields and the well-known fruit-trees of his distant home; so that he might almost fancy that some friendly enchanter had transported him to his native country, but for the cactuses and the agaves on the mountain slopes by day, and the constellations of another hemisphere in the heavens by night.

8. There are regions in this remarkable country where the traveller may leave the snow-roofed puna hut in the morning, and before sunset pluck pine-apples and bananas on the cultivated margin of the primeval forest; where in the morning the stunted grasses and arid lichens of the naked plain remind him of the arctic regions, and where he may repose at night under the fronds of gigantic palms.

9. Descending to the Pacific sea-board, we come upon the desolate Peruvian sand-coast, where the eye seldom sees anything but fine drift-sand and sterile heaps of stone; and where for miles and miles the traveller meets no traces of vegetation, nor finds one drop of water. But when we pass to the other side of the Andes, how marvellous the contrast! On the one side an arid, waterless, treeless waste; on the other, the luxuriant valley of

the Amazon, the giant of rivers, which has made a broad course for itself through vast silvas and stupendous forests!

10. The Amazon has its cradle high up among the peaks of the Andes, where the condor, the vulture of America, builds its nest. So vast is the basin of that great river, that all Western Europe could be placed in it without touching its boundaries! It is entirely situated in the tropics, on both sides of the equator, and receives over its whole extent the most abundant rains.

11. After the rainy season, in some parts the water rises above forty feet; and travellers have even seen trees whose trunks bore marks of the previous inundation fifty feet above the height of the stream during the dry season. Then for miles and miles the swelling giant inundates his low banks, and, majestic at all times, becomes terrible in his grandeur when rolling his angry torrents through the wilderness.

12. The largest forest-trees tremble under the pressure of the waters. Huge trunks, uprooted and carried away by the stream, bear witness to its power. Fishes and alligators now swim where a short while ago the jaguar lay in wait for its prey; and only a few birds, perching on the highest tree-tops, remain to witness the tumult which disturbs the silence of the woods.

13. When at length the river retires within its usual limits, new islands have been formed in its bed, while others have been swept away; and in many places the banks, undermined by the floods, threaten to crush the passing boat by their fall—a misfortune which often happens, particularly when

along with the loosened banks, high trees fall headlong into the river.

14. The magical beauty of tropical vegetation reveals itself in all its glory to the traveller who steers his boat through the solitary mazes of the Amazon. Here the forest forms a canopy over his head; there it opens, allowing the sunshine to disclose the secrets of the wilderness; while on either side the eye penetrates through beautiful vistas into the depths of the woods. Sometimes, on a higher spot of ground, a clump of trees forms an island worthy of Eden. A chaos of bush-ropes and creepers flings its garlands of gay flowers over the forest, and fills the air with the sweetest odors.

15. Numerous birds, rivalling in beauty of color the flowers of these hanging gardens, animate the banks of the lagoon; gaudy macaws perch on the loftiest trees; humming-birds dart with lightning speed from flower to flower—now hovering for an instant before you, as if to allow you to admire their surpassing beauty—now vanishing again with the rapidity of thought. But, as if to remind one that death is not banished from this scene of paradise, a dark-robed vulture screeches through the woods; or an alligator, like a black log of wood or sombre rock, rests on the dormant waters.

16. In these boundless forests the monkeys form much the greater part of the mammalian inhabitants; for each species, though often confined within narrow limits, generally consists of a large number of individuals. The various arboreous fruits which the savage population of these immeasurable wilds is unable to turn to advantage, fall chiefly to their share; many of them also live upon insects.

They are never seen in the open silvas, as they never touch the ground unless compelled by the greatest necessity. The trees of the forests furnish them with all the food they require; it is only in the woods that they feel "at home," and secure against the attacks of mightier animals.

17. For their perpetual wanderings from branch to branch, nature has bountifully endowed many of them, not only with robust and muscular limbs and large hands, whose moist palms facilitate the seizure of a bough, but in many cases also with a prehensile tail, which may deservedly be called a fifth hand, and is hardly less wonderful in its structure than the proboscis of the elephant.

18. This admirable organ rolls around the boughs as though it were a supple finger, and is at the same time so muscular that the monkey frequently swings by it from a branch, like the pendulum of a clock. Scarce has he grasped a bough with his long arms, when immediately coiling his fifth hand round the branch, he springs on to the next; and secure from a fall, he hurries so rapidly through the tops of the highest trees that the sportsman's bullet has scarce time to reach him in his flight.

19. Of the beasts of prey that frequent these vast woods, the jaguar is the most formidable, resembling the panther by his spotted skin, but almost equalling the Bengal tiger in size and power. He roams about at all times of the day, swims over broad rivers, and even in the water proves a most dangerous foe; for when driven to extremities he frequently turns against the boat which contains his assailants, and forces them to seek their safety by jumping overboard.

20. Many an Indian, while wandering through thinly peopled districts, where swampy thickets alternate with open grass plains, has been torn to pieces by the jaguar; and in many a lonely plantation the inhabitants hardly venture to leave their enclosures after sunset, for fear of his attacks. Far from being afraid of man, this ferocious animal springs upon him when alone; and when pressed by hunger he will even venture during the daytime into the mountain villages to seek his prey.

21. The dreadful storms which burst suddenly over the Amazon recall to memory the tornadoes of the ocean. The howlings of the monkeys, the shrill tones of the mews, and the visible terror of all animals, first announce the approaching conflict of the elements. The crowns of the palms rustle and bend, while as yet no breeze is perceptible on the surface of the stream; but a hollow murmur in the air precedes the black clouds ascending from the horizon, like grim warriors ready for battle.

22. And now the old forest groans under the shock of the hurricane; a night-like darkness veils the face of nature; and, while torrents of rain descend amid uninterrupted sheets of lightning and terrific peals of thunder, the river rises and falls in waves of a dangerous height. Then it requires great skill to preserve the boat from sinking; but the Indian pilots steer with so masterly a hand, and understand so well the first symptoms of the storm, that it seldom takes them by surprise, or renders them victims of its fury.

23. A majestic uniformity is the character of European forests, which often consist of only one

species of tree; but in the tropical forests an immense variety of families strive for existence, and even in a small space one tree scarcely ever resembles its neighbor. Even at a distance this difference becomes apparent in the irregular outlines of the forest, as here a dome-shaped crown, there a pointed pyramid, rises above the broad, flat masses of green, in ever-varying succession. On approaching, differences of color are added to irregularities of form; for while European forests are destitute of the ornament of flowers, many tropical trees have large blossoms, mixing in thick bunches with the leaves, and often entirely overpowering the verdure of the foliage by their gaudy tints.

24. Thus splendid white, yellow, and red-colored crowns are mingled with those of darker or more humble hue. When at length, on entering the forest, the single leaves become distinguishable, even the last traces of harmony disappear. Here they are delicately feathered, there lobed; here narrow, there broad; here pointed, there obtuse; here lustrous and fleshy, as if in the full luxuriance of youth; there dark and arid, as if decayed with age. As the wind plays with the foliage, it appears now silvery, now dark green—now of a lively, now of a sombre hue.

25. Variety of vegetation is characteristic of all tropical countries, but nowhere are the varieties so wonderfully brought together as on the Mexican plateaux. There the vegetation rises in successive zones from the base of the mountains to heights unparalleled in any other part of the world.

LESSON LXV.

HUMILITY AND PRIDE.

1. THE embellishment of the exterior is almost the beginning and the end of philosophical morality. This is why it aims at being modest rather than humble; this is how it can be proud at the very time that it is unassuming. To humility, indeed, it does not even aspire; humility is one of the most difficult of virtues, both to attain and to ascertain. It lies close upon the heart itself, and its tests are exceedingly delicate and subtle. Its counterfeits abound; however, we are little concerned with them here, for, I repeat, it is hardly professed, even by name, in the code of ethics which we are reviewing.

2. As has often been observed, ancient civilization had not the idea, and had no word to express it; or rather, it had the idea, and considered it a defect of the mind, not a virtue, so that the word which denoted it conveyed a reproach. As to the modern world, you may gather its ignorance of it by its perversion of the somewhat parallel term "condescension." Humility, or condescension, viewed as a virtue of conduct, may be said to consist, as in other things, in our placing ourselves in our thoughts on a level with our inferiors.

3. It is not only a voluntary relinquishment of the privileges of our own station, but an actual participation or assumption of the condition of those to whom we stoop. This is true humility, to feel and to behave as if we were low; not to cherish a

notion of our importance while we affect a low position. Such was St. Paul's humility, when he called himself "the least of the saints"; such the humility of those many holy men who have considered themselves the greatest of sinners.

4. It is an abdication, as far as their own thoughts are concerned, of those prerogatives or privileges to which others deem them entitled. Now it is not a little instructive to contrast with this idea—with this theological meaning of the word "condescension"—its proper English sense; put them in juxtaposition, and you will at once see the difference between the world's humility and the humility of the Gospel. As the world uses the word, "condescension" is a stooping, indeed, of the person, but a bending forward unattended with the slightest effort to leave by a single inch the seat in which it is so firmly established.

5. It is the act of a superior, who protests to himself, while he commits it, that he is superior still, and that he is doing nothing else but an act of grace towards those on whose level, in theory, he is placing himself. And this is the nearest idea which the philosopher can form of the virtue of self-abasement; to do more than this is, to his mind, a meanness or an hypocrisy, and at once excites his suspicion and disgust. What the world is, such it has ever been; we know the contempt which the educated pagans had for the martyrs and confessors of the Church, and it is shared by the anti-Catholic bodies of this day.

6. Such are the ethics of philosophy, when faithfully represented; but an age like this, not pagan, but professedly Christian, cannot venture to repro-

bate humility in set terms, or to make a boast of pride. Accordingly, it looks out for some expedient by which it may blind itself to the real state of the case.

7. Humility, with its grave and self-denying attributes, it cannot love; but what is more beautiful, what more winning, than modesty? What virtue, at first sight, simulates humility so well? Though what, in fact, is more radically distinct from it? In truth, great as is its charm, modesty is not the deepest or the most religious of virtues. Rather it is the advanced guard or sentinel of the soul militant, and watches continually over its nascent intercourse with the world about it. It goes the round of the senses; it mounts up into the countenance; it protects the eye and ear; it reigns in the voice and gesture.

8. Its province is the outward deportment, as other virtues have relation to matters theological, others to society, and others to the mind itself. And being more superficial than other virtues, it is more easily disjoined from their company; it admits of being associated with principles or qualities naturally foreign to it, and is often made the cloak of feelings or ends for which it was never given to us. So little is it the necessary index of humility, that it is even compatible with pride. The better for the purpose of philosophy; humble it cannot be, so forthwith modesty becomes its humility.

9. Pride, under such training, instead of running to waste in the education of the mind, is turned to account; it gets a new name; it is called self-respect, and ceases to be the disagreeable, uncom-

panionable quality which it is in itself. Though it be the motive principle of the soul, it seldom comes to view; and when it shows itself, then delicacy and gentleness are its attire, and good sense and sense of honor direct its motions. It is no longer a restless agent without definite aim; it has a large field of exertion assigned to it, and it subserves those social interests which it would naturally trouble.

10. It is directed into the channel of industry, frugality, honesty, and obedience; and it becomes the very staple of the religion and morality held in honor in a day like our own. It becomes the safeguard of chastity, the guarantee of veracity, in high and low; it is the very household god of society, as at present constituted. It diffuses a light over town and country; it covers the soil with handsome edifices and smiling gardens; it tills the field, it stocks and embellishes the shop. It is the stimulating principle of providence on the one hand, and of free expenditure on the other; of an honorable ambition, and of elegant enjoyment. It breathes upon the face of the community, and the hollow sepulchre is forthwith beautiful to look upon.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

LESSON LXVI.

INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION.

1. IT has often been observed that, when the eyes of the infant first open upon the world, the reflected rays of light which strike them from the myriad of surrounding objects present to him no image, but a medley of colors and shadows.

2. They do not form into a whole; they do not rise into foregrounds and melt into distances; they do not divide into groups; they do not coalesce into unities; they do not combine into persons; but each particular hue and tint stands by itself, wedged in amid a thousand others upon the vast and flat mosaic, having no intelligence, and conveying no story, any more than the wrong side of some rich tapestry.

3. The little babe stretches out his arms and fingers, as if to grasp or to fathom the many-colored vision; and thus he gradually learns the connection of part with part, separates what moves from what is stationary, watches the coming and going of figures, masters the idea of shape and of perspective, calls in the information conveyed through the other senses to assist him in his mental process, and thus gradually converts a kaleidoscope into a picture.

4. The first view was the more splendid, the second the more real; the former more poetical, the latter more philosophical. Alas! what are we doing all through life, both as a necessity and as a duty, but

unlearning the world's poetry, and attaining to its prose! This is our education, as boys and as men, in the action of life, and in the closet or library; in our affections, in our aims, in our hopes, and in our memories.

5. And in like manner it is the education of our intellect; I say, that one main portion of intellectual education, of the labors of both school and university, is to remove the original dimness of the mind's eye; to strengthen and perfect its vision; to enable it to look out into the world right forward, steadily and truly; to give the mind clearness, accuracy, precision; to enable it to use words aright, to understand what it says, to conceive justly what it thinks about, to abstract, compare, analyze, divide, define, and reason, correctly.

6. There is a particular science which takes these matters in hand, and it is called logic; but it is not by logic, certainly not by logic alone, that the faculty I speak of is acquired. The infant does not learn to spell and read the hues upon his retina by any scientific rule; nor does the student learn accuracy of thought by any manual or treatise. The instruction given him, of whatever kind, if it be really instruction, is mainly, or at least pre-eminently, this—a discipline in accuracy of mind.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

LESSON LXVII.

THE MEETING OF FITZJAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

1. With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice there
Tempered the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze that swept the wold
Benumbed his drenchèd limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

2. Beside its embers, red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprang, with sword in hand:
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"
"A stranger." "What dost thou require?"
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."

3. "Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No."
"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"
"I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."
"Bold words! But though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend
Ere hound we slip or bow we bend,
Who ever recked where, how, or when
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?

Thus treacherous scouts—yet sure they lie
Who say thou cam'st a secret spy?"

4. "They do, by heaven! Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I'll write the falsehood on their crest."
"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of knight."
"Then by these tokens may'st thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."

5. "Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."
He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid;
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.

6. "It rests with me to wind my horn—
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand.
But nor for clan nor kindred's cause
Will I depart from honor's laws.
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;

Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford:
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."

7. "I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

8. That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.

SCOTT.

LESSON LXVIII.

INFLUENCE OF ROME UPON MODERN NATIONS.

1. EVERY nation owes the position it occupies in the history of the world partly to its innate genius, and partly to the circumstances under the influence of which it has grown and developed its character. In the history of Rome both these things combined to make her the mistress of the world; and it often happened that when circumstances had reduced her to the last extremities, her peculiar genius rose with fresh vigor and energy, and ultimately secured the victory.

2. From the moment of her foundation, Rome had to maintain her existence by force of arms; like a young giantess, she crushed, one after another, every one of her neighbors that came in contact with her, until, towards the end of the fifth century after her birth, she had subdued all the tribes of Italy, and acquired the sovereignty of the whole peninsula.

3. What, in her youth, the giantess had been obliged to do in self-defence, and what had been a struggle for her own existence, became in the end a favorite pursuit; one war ever gave rise to fresh wars; she hastened from victory to victory, and from conquest to conquest, till about the beginning of the Christian era she dictated her laws to nearly the whole of the known world.

4. A most wonderful system of polity, such as in ancient times was devised only by the genius of the Romans, kept together the heterogeneous masses of

nations and countries, that were brought under one rule; one mighty spirit pervaded the whole system of government and administration, and gave to the empire its life and its power.

5. But what had been built up by the virtues of the earlier Romans, was lost or destroyed by the vices of their degenerate descendants, and, after Rome had enjoyed her triumphant existence for nearly a thousand years, the ancient spirit gradually died away; the lifeless mass of the empire sank into decay and dissolution, and the whole became the prey of barbarians, who invaded it on all sides, and raised new kingdoms and states upon its ruins.

6. But the spirit of dominion which had been developed at Rome, though now unable to maintain itself by the power of the sword, was not extinct, but after the fall of the Roman empire showed itself in a different form: Rome assumed the spiritual and ecclesiastical supremacy, and for a period of more than a thousand years ruled over the whole of the Christian world as its spiritual sovereign.

7. The history of Rome forms the transition from ancient to modern times, and it is mainly owing to this intermediate position of Rome between the two, that we are indebted for our knowledge of the ancient world and its history. This is a point which we ought not to forget, when at times we hear of the immense ravages and devastations which marked the conquests of the Romans in various countries.

8. Innumerable treasures of Greek art and literature would have been lost or forgotten, but for the

intervention of Rome, where a certain spark of the spirit of antiquity was glimmering, throughout the middle ages, beneath the overwhelming heaps of its ruins; until, about the middle of the fifteenth century, at the time of the revival of letters, it burst forth into a blazing flame which soon spread light and warmth over the whole of civilized Europe.

9. But more important than all this is the fact, that our modern civilization is only a further development of that of the Romans, and is essentially based upon it; for the history of all the nations of antiquity ends in that of Rome, and that of all modern nations has grown out of that of Rome. The languages of Italy and its surrounding islands, of Spain, Portugal, France, and to some extent of England also, are to this day so many proofs of the powerful influence of the Romans in those countries.

10. Most of the towns in the southern and middle parts of Europe were founded by the Romans, and owe their origin to their wonderful system of colonization. The barbarians, who destroyed the Roman empire towards the end of the fifth century of our era, were themselves subdued by the spirit of Rome, which still continued to live in her institutions and her language; and thus it came to pass that, although Rome's political and military power was broken, yet the spirit of her institutions and language exercised its influence upon the victorious barbarians, and so became the groundwork of a new European civilization.

11. Proofs of this readily present themselves to an attentive observer in all the countries of Europe,

from its southernmost point to the Baltic and the extreme north of Scotland. But it was, above all things, the Roman law, the most genuine and perfect production of the Roman mind, that retained its influence almost unimpaired. No nation of antiquity had shown such wisdom in its legislation, or brought its code of laws to such a state of perfection and internal consistency as the Roman; nay, there is, perhaps, not one among modern nations which can in this respect be compared with it. This legacy of the Roman mind, therefore, retained its ascendency down to the latest times, among the nations which conquered Rome.

12. In like manner it may be asserted that the Latin language, properly speaking, was never reduced to the state of a perfectly dead language. For although, after the fall of the Western Empire, the language of the people, by mixture with the languages of the barbarians, was gradually transformed into the Italian, Spanish, and French, yet the Latin language continued to be written in all parts of Europe down to the middle of the last century; and throughout the middle ages all works of a philosophical or scientific nature were written in Latin.

13. In the church of Rome, Latin is the ordinary language to this day. Until the last century Latin was thus the common language of all scholars, philosophers, and men of science in every part of Europe. The practice of writing in Latin, works belonging to the higher species of literature, has, indeed, ceased in our time; but whether science is really benefited by the innovation or not, is still a doubtful question.

14. A nation which has exercised such an influence upon the fate of its contemporaries, and upon posterity, has a claim to the most careful consideration of every thinking man; and all that can be said of the importance of history in general holds good in a much higher degree of that of Rome. He who wishes to comprehend the present, and divine the future, must take his lessons from the past; for it is there that he finds the roots of the present and the germs of the future.

LESSON LXIX.

QUARREL SCENE BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth, therefore, hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember.
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more; I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

Cas. Oh, ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret till your proud heart breaks;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life, you durst not

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You *have* done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart;
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar: for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
Oh, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered vexeth him!
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. Oh, Brutus!—
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON LXX.

THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.

1. THE aspect of Jerusalem had changed but little from that which it had worn at the time of the Crucifixion, when, thirty-five years later, the Roman eagles gathered round their prey. But during these years the Jews had been plunging deeper and deeper into sin and wretchedness. At last, goaded by outrage and insult, they had risen against their Roman masters; and the great Vespasian had been sent by Nero to tame their stubborn pride.

2. Galilee and Perea were subdued after some trouble and delay; and the conqueror, having drawn a circle of forts round Jerusalem, was at Cæsarea, preparing for the last great blow, when he heard the news of Nero's death. The army in Palestine then proclaimed Vespasian emperor. He hastened to secure Alexandria, the second city in the empire; and having heard while there that the people of Rome were holding feasts in his own honor, he set out for Italy. So the siege of Jerusalem was left to his son Titus.

3. Mustering his forces at Cæsarea, and dividing them into three bands, Titus marched for the doomed city. Arrived there, he fortified three camps—one on the north, one on the west, and one, garrisoned by the Tenth Legion, on the Mount of Olives. Upon this last the Jews made a sally as the soldiers were digging the trenches; but they were soon beaten down the hill.

4. While the trumpets were blowing at Cæsarea,

and the clang of the Roman march was shaking the land, murder, and outrage, and cruel terror filled all Jerusalem. Robbers, calling themselves Zealots, had flocked in from the country. Eleazar, at the head of one set of these, held the inner court of the Temple. John of Gischala, another leader of ruffians, occupying ground somewhat lower, poured constant showers of darts and stones into the holy house, often killing worshippers as they stood at the very altar. In this mad war, houses full of corn were burned, and misery of every kind was inflicted on the wretched people. In despair they called Simon of Gerasa to their aid, and thus there were three hostile factions within the walls.

5. The great feast of the Passover came, and the Temple was thrown open to the thousands who crowded from every corner of the land to offer up their yearly sacrifice. Mingling in disguise with the throng, with weapons under their clothes, John's party gained entrance into the sacred court, and soon drove out their foes. The poor worshippers, all trampled and bleeding, escaped as best they could. John remained master of the Temple; and the three factions were reduced to two.

6. Within the city there were above twenty-three thousand fighting men—a strong body if united. There was, indeed, a temporary union, when they saw the Roman soldiers busily cutting down all the trees in the suburbs, rolling their trunks together, and to the top of the three great banks thus formed dragging the huge siege-engines of the time—rams, catapults, and balistas.

7. The siege opened in three places at once, towards the end of March, 70 A.D. The Roman

missiles poured like hail upon the city; but none were so terrible as the stones, sometimes weighing a talent (125 pounds), which were cast from the east by the Tenth Legion. The Jews replied with some engines planted on the wall by Simon, flung torches at the Roman banks, and made an unavailing sally at the Tower of Hippicus.

8. Three towers of heavy timber, covered with thick iron plates, were then erected by Titus. Rising higher than the walls, and carrying light engines, they were used to drive the Jews from their posts of defence. The falling of one of these at midnight with a loud crash spread alarm through the Roman camp; but it did not last long. At dawn the rams were swinging away, and pounding against the shaking wall, which on the fifteenth day of the siege yielded to Nico (the Conqueror), as the most ponderous of the Roman engines was called by the Jews. The legions, pouring through the breach, gained the first wall: nine days later, the second wall was levelled with the ground.

9. Then followed a pause of five days, after which the attack was renewed at John's Monument and the Tower of Antonia. At the same time, Josephus, a noble Jew, from whose graphic history this sketch is drawn, went to the walls, as he had done before—as he did more than once again—to plead with his countrymen. But all in vain, for the Zealots were bent on holding out, and slew such of the people as they found trying to desert.

10. Famine had long before begun its deadly work. Mothers were already snatching the morsels from their children's lips. The robbers broke open every shut door in search of food, and tortured

most horribly all who were thought to have a hidden store. Gaunt men, who had crept beyond the walls by night to gather a few wild herbs, were often robbed by these wretches of the handful of green leaves for which they had risked their lives. Yet, in spite of this, the starving people went out into the valleys in such numbers that the Romans caught them at the rate of five hundred a day, and crucified them before the walls, until there was no wood left to make another cross.

11. His serious losses made Titus resolve to hem in the city with a wall. It was built in the amazingly short time of three days! The attack was then directed against the Tower of Antonia, which stood at the north-west corner of the Temple, on a slippery rock, fifty cubits high. Four banks were raised. Some Roman soldiers, creeping in with their shields above their heads, loosened four of the foundation stones; and the wall, battered at all day, fell suddenly in the night.

12. But there was another wall inside. One Sabinus, a little dark Syrian soldier, led a forlorn hope of eleven men up to this in broad noon-day, gained the top, and put the Jews to flight; but tripping over a stone he was killed, as were three of his band. A night or two after, sixteen Romans stole up the wall, slew the guards, and blew a startling trumpet blast. The Jews fled. Titus and his men, swarming up the ruined wall, dashed at the entrance of the Temple. After ten hours' fighting, the Jews drove the Romans out of the Temple, but not from the Tower of Antonia.

13. After the Roman wall was built, the famine and the plague grew worse. Young men dropped

dead in the streets. Piles of decaying corpses filled the lanes, and were thrown by thousands over the walls. No herbs were to be got now. Men, in the rage of hunger, gnawed their shoes, the leather of their shields, and even old wisps of hay. Robbers, with wolfish eyes, ransacked every dwelling, and, when one day they came clamoring for food to the house of the daughter of Eleazar, she set before them the roasted flesh of her own infant son! Brutal and rabid though they were, they fled from the house of that wretched mother.

14. At last the daily sacrifice ceased to be offered, and the war closed round the Temple. The cloisters were soon burned. Six days' battering had no effect on the great gates; fire alone could clear a path for the eagles. A day was fixed for the grand assault; but on the evening before, the Romans having penetrated as far as the Holy House, a soldier, climbing on the shoulders of another, put a blazing torch to one of the golden windows of the north side. The building was soon a sheet of leaping flames; and Titus, who had always desired to save the Temple, came running from his tent, but the din of war and the crackling flames prevented his voice from being heard.

15. On over the smoking cloisters trampled the legions, fierce for plunder. The Jews sank in heaps of dead and dying around the altar, which dripped with their blood. More fire was thrown upon the hinges of the gate: and then no human word or hand could save the house, where God himself had loved to dwell. Never did the stars of night look down on a more piteous scene. Sky and hill and town and valley were all reddened with one fearful

hue. The roar of flames, the shouts of Romans, the shrieks of wounded Zealots, rose wild into the scorching air, and echoed among the mountains all around. But sadder far was the wail of broken hearts which burst from the streets below, when marble wall and roof of gold came crashing down, and the Temple was no more. Then, and only then, did the Jews let go the trust which had all along sustained them, that God would deliver his ancient people, smiting the Romans with some sudden blow.

16. The Upper City then became a last refuge for the despairing remnant of the garrison. Simon and John were there; but the arrogant tyrants were broken down to trembling cowards. And when, after eighteen days' work, banks were raised, and the terrible ram began to sound anew on the ramparts, the panic-struck Jews fled like hunted foxes to hide in the caves of the hill. The eagles flew victorious to the summit of the citadel, while Jewish blood ran so deep down Sion that burning houses were quenched in the red stream!

17. It was a gay holiday, when the emperor and his son, crowned with laurel and clad in purple, passed in triumph through the crowded streets of Rome. Of the many rich spoils adorning the pageant none were gazed on with more curious eyes than the golden table, the candlestick with seven branching lamps, and the holy book of the Law, rescued from the flames of the Temple. It was the last page of a tragic story. The Mosaic dispensation had come to a close, and the Jews—homeless ever since, yet always preserving an indestructible nationality—were scattered among the cities of

earth, to be the Shylocks of a day that is gone by, and the Rothschilds of our own happier age.

W. F. COLLIER.

LESSON LXXI.

TITUS BEFORE JERUSALEM.

1. IT must be:
And yet it moves me, Romans! It confounds
The counsel of my firm philosophy,
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill-side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens.

2. There bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
There towers of war that frown in massy strength;
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle, dust and smoke,
Are melted into air, behold the Temple,
In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven!

3. It stands before us
A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshipped there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs;
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

MILMAN.

LESSON LXXII.

THE LAST FIGHT IN THE COLISEUM.

1. THE grandest and most renowned of all the ancient amphitheatres is the Coliseum at Rome. It was built by Vespasian and his son Titus, the conquerors of Jerusalem, in a valley in the midst of the seven hills of Rome. The captive Jews were forced to labor at it; and the materials—granite outside, and a softer stone within—are so solid, and so admirably built, that still, at the end of eighteen centuries, it has scarcely even become a ruin, but remains one of the greatest wonders of Rome.

2. Five acres of ground were enclosed within the oval of its outer wall, which, outside, rises perpendicularly in tiers of arches one above another. Within, the galleries of seats projected forward, each tier coming out far beyond the one above it; so that between the lowest and the outer wall there was room for a great variety of chambers, passages, and vaults around the central space, called the arena.

3. Altogether, when full, this huge building held no fewer than eighty-seven thousand spectators! It had no roof; but when there was rain, or if the sun was too hot, the sailors in the porticos unfurled awnings that ran along upon ropes, and formed a covering of silk and gold tissue over the whole. Purple was the favorite color for this veil; because, when the sun shone through it, it cast such beautiful rosy tints on the snowy arena and the white purple-edged togas of the Roman citizens.

4. When the emperor had seated himself and given the signal, the sports began. Sometimes a lion came forth with a jewelled crown on his head, a diamond necklace round his neck, his mane plaited with gold, and his claws gilded, and played a hundred pretty gentle antics with a little hare that danced fearlessly within his grasp. Sometimes the ground opened, and trees came forth bearing golden fruit. Or the beautiful old tale of Orpheus was acted: these trees would follow the harp and song of the musician; but—to make the whole part complete—it was in no mere play, but in real earnest, that the Orpheus of the piece fell a prey to live bears.

5. For the Coliseum had not been built for harmless spectacles. The fierce Romans wanted to be excited and to feel themselves strongly stirred; and, presently, the doors of the pits and dens around the arena were thrown open, and absolutely savage beasts were let loose upon one another—rhinoceroses and tigers, bulls and lions, leopards and wild boars—while the people watched with ferocious curiosity to see the various kinds of attack and defence, their ears at the same time

being delighted, instead of horror-struck, by the roars and howls of the noble creatures whose courage was thus misused.

6. Wild beasts tearing each other to pieces might, one would think, satisfy any taste for horror; but the spectators needed even nobler game to be set before their favorite monsters; men were brought forward to confront them. Some of these were, at first, in full armor, and fought hard, generally with success. Or hunters came, almost unarmed, and gained the victory by swiftness and dexterity, throwing a piece of cloth over a lion's head, or disconcerting him by putting their fist down his throat.

7. But it was not only skill, but death, that the Romans loved to see; and condemned criminals and deserters were reserved to feast the lions, and to entertain the populace with their various kinds of death. Among those condemned was many a Christian martyr, who witnessed a good confession before the savage-eyed multitude around the arena, and met death with a calm resolution and a hopeful joy that the lookers-on could not understand. To see a Christian die, with upward gaze, and hymns of joy on his tongue, was the most strange and unaccountable sight the Coliseum could offer; and it was therefore the choicest, and reserved for the last of the spectacles in which the brute creation had a part.

8. The carcasses were dragged off with hooks, the blood-stained sand was covered with a fresh clean layer, perfume was wafted in stronger clouds, and a procession came forward—tall, well-made men, in the prime of their strength. Some carried a sword

and a lasso, others a trident and a net; some were in light armor, others in the full, heavy equipment of a soldier; some on horseback, some in chariots, some on foot. They marched in, and made their obeisance to the emperor; and with one voice their greeting sounded through the building: "Hail, Cæsar; those about to die salute thee!" They were the gladiators—the swordsmen trained to fight to the death to amuse the populace.

9. Fights of all sorts took place—the light-armed soldier and the netsman—the lasso and the javelin—the two heavy-armed warriors—all combinations of single combat, and sometimes a general *mêlée*. When a gladiator wounded his adversary, he shouted to the spectators, "He has it!" and looked up to know whether he should kill or spare. When the people held up their thumbs, the conquered was left to recover, if he could; if they turned them down, he was to die; and if he showed any reluctance to present his throat for the death-blow, there was a scornful shout, "Receive the steel!"

10. Christianity, however, worked its way upwards, and at last was professed by the emperor on his throne. Persecution came to an end, and no more martyrs fed the beasts in the Coliseum. The Christian emperors endeavored to prevent any more shows where cruelty and death formed the chief interest, and no truly religious person could endure the spectacle; but custom and love of excitement prevailed even against the emperor. They went on for fully a hundred years after Rome had, in name, become a Christian city, and the same customs

prevailed wherever there was an amphitheatre or pleasure-loving people.

11. Meantime the enemies of Rome were coming nearer and nearer. Alaric, the great chief of the Goths, led his forces into Italy, and threatened the city itself. Honorius, the emperor, was a cowardly, almost idiotic boy; but his brave general, Stilicho, assembled his forces, met the Goths at Pollentia (about twenty-five miles from where Turin now stands), and defeated them, on Easter-day of the year 403. He pursued them to the mountains, and for that time saved Rome.

12. In the joy of victory, the Roman Senate invited the conqueror and his ward Honorius to enter the city in triumph, at the opening of the new year, with the white steeds, purple robes, and vermilion cheeks with which, of old, victorious generals were welcomed at Rome. The churches were visited instead of the Temple of Jupiter, and there was no murder of the captives; but Roman bloodthirstiness was not yet allayed, and, after the procession had been completed, the Coliseum shows commenced, innocently at first, with races on foot, on horseback, and in chariots; then followed a grand hunt of beasts turned loose in the arena; and next a sword-dance. But after the sword-dance came the arraying of swordsmen, with no blunted weapons, but with sharp spears and swords—a gladiator combat in full earnest. The people, enchanted, applauded with shouts of ecstasy this gratification of their savage tastes.

13. Suddenly, however, there was an interruption. A rude, roughly-robed man, bareheaded and barefooted, had sprung into the arena, and, waving

back the gladiators, began to call aloud upon the people to stop the shedding of innocent blood, and not to requite God's mercy in turning away the sword of the enemy, by encouraging murder. Shouts, howls, cries, broke in upon his words; this was no place for preachings—the old customs of Rome should be observed—"Back, old man!" "On, gladiators!"

14. The gladiators thrust aside the meddler, and rushed to the attack. He still stood between them, holding them apart, striving in vain to be heard. "Sedition! sedition!" "Down with him!" was the cry; and the prefect in authority himself added his voice. The gladiators, enraged at interference with their vocation, cut him down. Stones, or whatever came to hand, rained upon him from the furious people, and he perished in the midst of the arena! He lay dead; and then the people began to reflect upon what had been done.

15. His dress showed that he was one of those hermits who had vowed themselves to a life of prayer and self-denial. The few who had previously seen him, told that he had come from the wilds of Asia on a pilgrimage, to visit the shrines and keep his Christmas at Rome. They knew that he was a holy man—no more: it is not even certain what his name was. But his spirit had been stirred by the sight of thousands flocking to see men slaughter one another, and in his simple-hearted zeal he had resolved to stop the cruelty, or die.

16. He had died, but not in vain. His work was done. The shock of such a death before their eyes turned the hearts of the people; they saw the wickedness and cruelty to which they had blindly

surrendered themselves; and since the day when the hermit died in the Coliseum, there has never been another fight of gladiators. Not merely at Rome, but in every province of the empire, the custom was utterly abolished; and one habitual crime at least was wiped from the earth by the self-devotion of one humble, obscure, and nameless man.

LESSON LXXIII.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

1. I SEE before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

2. He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay—
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

LESSON LXXIV.

THE MUSIC OF CHILDHOOD.

1. WHEN I hear the waters fretting,
When I see the chestnut letting
All her lovely blossoms falter down, I think, "Alas the day!"
Once, with magical sweet singing,
Blackbirds set the woodland ringing,
That wakes no more while April hours wear themselves away.

2. In our hearts fair hope lay smiling,
Sweet as air, and all beguiling:
And there hung a mist of blue-bells on the slope and down the dell:
And we talked of joy and splendor
That the years unborn would render,—
And the blackbirds helped us with the story, for they knew it well,

3. Piping, fluting, "Bees are humming,
April's here and summer's coming;
Don't forget us when you walk, a man with men, in pride and joy.
Think on us in alleys shady
When you step a graceful lady;
For no fairer days have we to hope for, little girl and boy.

4. "Laugh and play, oh lisping waters!
Lull our downy sons and daughters;

Come, oh wind! and rock thy leafy cradle in thy wanderings coy;
When they wake, we'll end the measure
With a wild sweet cry of pleasure,
And a 'Hey down derry, let's be merry, little girl and boy.'"

JEAN INGELOW.

LESSON LXXV.

THE CONVERSION OF IRELAND.

1. THE most important event in the history of the Church during the fifth century, was the conversion of Ireland to Christianity. Great progress had already been made in other remote parts of Europe by Catholic missionaries, but they usually met with so many obstacles and suffered so many persecutions that their pious labors were only partially successful. The people, also, whom they converted, too frequently relapsed into barbarism when their teachers were removed from them by necessary absence or death.

2. In the case of Ireland it was fortunately different. St. Patrick's teachings were listened to from the very beginning of his mission. His expositions of the doctrines and discipline of the church were understood and appreciated without effort; no serious opposition was anywhere offered to his teachings; no one suffered for becoming his convert, and the faith which he and his disciples implanted in

the hearts of the people has been retained by their descendants to this day in all its primitive purity.

3. The origin and birth-place of this wonderful man, whom God selected as His instrument to propagate the Gospel in the then obscure island of the west, are still matters of doubt. It is generally agreed, however, among biographers and historians, that he was of a noble family, born near Tours, in Gaul, and at the time of his consecration in Rome, for the Irish mission, he was about sixty years of age. He had been in Ireland previously when a youth, and had worked for several years as a serf on his master's farm, so that he must have known the people and their language. Whether he was accompanied by other ecclesiastics is not clearly ascertained, but the probability is that he had few or none to assist him.

4. At the time of his arrival the country was in a state of comparative tranquillity, and the *Feis*, or General Assembly of the kingdom, was assembled at Tara, the legislative capital and residence of the *Ard-Rig*, or chief king. Thither St. Patrick repaired, and found the monarch seated on an eminence surrounded by his druids or priests, poets, historians, provincial kings, and other noblemen. According to the Celtic custom, the assembly was held in the open air, while great crowds of farmers, artisans, and peasantry formed the audience. Struck by the venerable aspect and strange garb of the visitor, the monarch demanded who he was, and what was the object of his coming. The saint thus interrogated proceeded to expound the doctrines of Christianity, the mysteries of our holy

religion, and the organization and mission of the Church, to the astounded multitude.

5. He was listened to with attention and respect by all, even it is said by the pagan priests present, and though the king did not or would not pretend to be convinced of the truth of what he had heard, most of his courtiers were converted and baptized. From among the poets and other learned men, St. Patrick then selected such as he thought most capable for the ministry, and after subjecting them to a short probationary course of instruction, he ordained and sent them throughout the island to preach to their countrymen what he had taught them. He thus created a native priesthood, and in this lay, humanly speaking, the great secret of his subsequent success.

7. The light of the faith was thus rapidly and generally diffused over the island. It may seem incredible that an entire people, excitable and warlike, contemptuous of foreigners and groping in the darkness of paganism, should not only embrace, without serious opposition, a new faith which taught peace and good-will to all men, but that they were able to furnish from their own ranks, almost instantaneously, men capable of understanding and expounding the tenets of a religion so novel and a theology so profound as that of the Catholic Church.

7. But it must be remembered that Ireland at that time enjoyed a very peculiar, and, in its order, a very high civilization. She had not, it is true, a knowledge of letters, except an occult form of writing, called *ogham*, known only to the Druids, but she had schools and academies nevertheless.

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Her poets and chroniclers were numerous, and their teaching, like that of the ancient Greeks, was oral and by tradition. Poetry and music were sciences, and historians ranked next to princes.

8. St. Patrick spent sixty years of his life in his missionary labors. He was constantly preaching and teaching; travelling from one portion of the country to another; building churches, erecting monasteries, and founding schools. At length, overcome by the weight of years, and having finished his labors, he peacefully yielded up his spirit to its Maker, at Saul, in Down, on the 17th of March, being then about one hundred and twenty years of age.

9. For more than two centuries after St. Patrick's death the good seed he had sown continued to grow up and flourish with rare luxuriance. Seminaries, colleges, and other places of learning almost fabulous in number, dotted the island. The military instinct of the race took a new direction. From being marauders on the coasts of Britain and Gaul, the Irish swarmed over those countries as indefatigable and fearless missionaries. Exchanging the sword for the cross and the helmet for the cowl, they waged unceasing warfare on the spirit of ignorance and idolatry.

10. In this spiritual combat it is not too much to say that they were signally victorious. The successive waves of northern barbarism which swept over Christian Europe during the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries were met and turned back mainly by those followers of St. Patrick. Everywhere, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Hebrides to the Carpathians, were to be found the missionary children of converted Ireland.

LESSON LXXVI.

MY FAMILIAR.

1. AGAIN I hear that creaking step!
He's rapping at the door!
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes—but never goes!

2. He drops into my easy chair,
And asks about the news;
He peeps into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strongest liberties—
But never takes his leave!

3. He reads my daily papers through,
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote)
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees—
Except the entry door!

4. He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;

And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes—
But never goes away!

5. He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote,
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote.
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says "*Adieu!*"

6. Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day;
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I scold and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher—
It does not put him out!

7. I mean to take the knocker off;
Put crape upon the door;
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more;
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes;
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

SAXE.

LESSON LXXVII.

THE BATTLE OF CHALONS.

1. THE pressure of the Huns upon Europe had first been felt in the fourth century of our era. They had long been formidable to the Chinese empire, but the ascendency in arms which another nomadic tribe of Central Asia, the Sienpi, gained over them, drove the Huns from their Chinese conquest, westward; and this movement once being communicated to the whole chain of barbaric nations that dwelt northward of the Black Sea and the Roman empire, tribe after tribe of savage warriors broke in upon the barriers of civilized Europe.

2. The Huns crossed the Tanais into Europe in 375 A.D., and rapidly reduced to subjection the Alans, the Ostrogoths, and other tribes that were then dwelling along the course of the Danube. The armies of the Roman emperor that tried to check their progress were cut to pieces by them, and Pannonia and other provinces south of the Danube were speedily occupied by the victorious cavalry of these new invaders. Not merely the degenerate Romans, but the bold and hardy warriors of Germany and Scandinavia, were appalled at the number, the ferocity, the ghastly appearance, and the lightning-like rapidity of the Huns.

3. City after city fell before them. Then came a pause in their career of conquest in southwestern Europe, caused probably by dissensions among their chiefs, and also by their arms being employed in attacks upon the Scandinavian nations. But when Attila (or Atzel, as he is called in the

Hungarian language) became their ruler, the torrent of their arms was directed with augmented terrors upon the west and the south, and their myriads marched beneath the guidance of one master mind to the overthrow both of the new and the old powers of the earth.

4. Attila was not one of the vulgar herd of barbaric conquerors. Consummate military skill may be traced in his campaigns; and he relied far less on the brute force of armies for the aggrandizement of his empire, than on the unbounded influence over the affections of friends and the fears of foes which his genius enabled him to acquire. Austerely sober in his private life, severely just on the judgment-seat, conspicuous among a nation of warriors for hardihood, strength, and skill in every martial exercise, grave and deliberate in counsel, but rapid and remorseless in execution, he gave safety and security to all who were under his dominion, while he waged a warfare of extermination against all who opposed or sought to escape from it.

5. He watched the national passions, the prejudices, the creeds, and the superstitions of the varied nations over which he ruled, and of those which he sought to reduce beneath his sway; all these feelings he had the skill to turn to his own account. His own warriors believed him to be the inspired favorite of their deities, and followed him with fanatic zeal; his enemies looked on him as the preappointed minister of heaven's wrath against themselves; and though they believed not in his creed, their own made them tremble before him.

6. The immense territory north of the Danube

and the Black Sea, and eastward of Caucasus, over which Attila ruled, first in conjunction with his brother Bleda, and afterwards alone, cannot be very accurately defined, but it must have comprised within it, besides the Huns, many nations of Slavic, Gothic, Teutonic, and Finnish origin. South, also, of the Danube, the country from the River Sau as far as Novi in Thrace, was a Hunnish province. Such was the empire of the Huns in A.D. 445, a memorable year, in which Attila founded Buda on the Danube as his capital city, and ridded himself of his brother.

7. An attempt to assassinate Attila, made, or supposed to have been made, at the instigation of Theodoric the Younger, the Emperor of Constantinople, drew the Hunnish armies, in 445, upon the Eastern Empire, and delayed for a time the destined blow against Rome. Probably a more important cause of delay was the revolt of some of the Hunnish tribes to the north of the Black Sea against Attila, which broke out about this period, and is cursorily mentioned by Byzantine writers. Attila quelled this revolt, and having thus consolidated his power, and having punished the presumption of the Eastern Roman emperor by fearful ravages of his fairest provinces, in 450 he prepared to set his vast forces in motion for the conquest of Western Europe. He sought unsuccessfully by diplomatic intrigues to detach the king of the Visigoths from his alliance with Rome, and he resolved first to crush the power of Theodoric, and then to advance with overwhelming power to trample out the last sparks of the doomed Roman empire.

8. A strange invitation from a Roman princess

gave him a pretext for the war, and threw an air of chivalric enterprise over his invasion. Honoria, sister of Valentinian III., the Emperor of the West, had sent to Attila to offer him her hand and her supposed right to share in the imperial power. This had been discovered by the Romans, and Honoria had been forthwith closely imprisoned.

9. Attila now pretended to take up arms in behalf of his self-promised bride, and proclaimed that he was about to march to Rome to redress Honoria's wrongs. Ambition and spite against her brother must have been the sole motives that led the lady to woo the royal Hun; for Attila's face and person had all the natural ugliness of his race, and the description given of him by a Byzantine ambassador must have been well known in the imperial courts.

10. Two chiefs of the Franks, who were then settled on the Lower Rhine, were at this period engaged in a feud with each other, and while one of them appealed to the Romans for aid, the other invoked the assistance and protection of the Huns. Attila thus obtained an ally whose co-operation secured for him the passage of the Rhine, and it was this circumstance which caused him to take a northward route from Hungary for his attack upon Gaul. The muster of the Hunnish host was swollen by warriors of every tribe that they had subjugated; nor is there any reason to suspect the old chroniclers of wilful exaggeration in estimating Attila's army at seven hundred thousand strong.

11. Having crossed the Rhine, probably a little below Coblentz, he defeated the king of the Burgundians, who endeavored to bar his progress. He

then divided his vast forces into two armies, one of which marched northwest upon Tongres and Arras, and the other cities of that part of France, while the main body, under Attila himself, advanced up the Moselle, and destroyed Besançon, and other towns in the country of the Burgundians. One of the latest and best biographers of Attila well observes that, "having thus conquered the eastern part of France, Attila prepared for an invasion of the West Gothic territories beyond the Loire.

12. "He marched upon Orleans, where he intended to force the passage of that river, and only a little attention is requisite to enable us to perceive that he proceeded on a systematic plan. He had his right wing on the north for the protection of his Frank allies; his left wing on the south, for the purpose of preventing the Burgundians from rallying, and of menacing the passes of the Alps from Italy; and he led his centre toward the chief object of the campaign—the conquest of Orleans, and an easy passage into the West Gothic dominion. The whole plan is very like that of the allied powers in 1814, with this difference, that their left wing entered France through the defiles of the Jura, in the direction of Lyons, and that the military object of the campaign was the capture of Paris."

13. It was not until the year 451 that the Huns commenced the siege of Orleans; and during their campaign in Eastern Gaul, the Roman general Aëtius had strenuously exerted himself in collecting and organizing such an army as might, when united to the soldiery of the Visigoths, be fit to face the Huns in the field. He enlisted every subject of the Roman empire whom patriotism, cour-

age, or compulsion could collect beneath the standards; and round these troops, which assumed the once proud title of the legions of Rome, he arrayed the large forces of barbaric auxiliaries whom pay, persuasion, or the general hate and dread of the Huns brought to the camp of the last of the Roman generals.

14. King Theodoric exerted himself with equal energy. Orleans resisted her besiegers bravely as in after times. The passage of the Loire was skilfully defended against the Huns; and Aëtius and Theodoric, after much manœuvring and difficulty, effected a junction of their armies to the south of that important river.

15. On the advance of the allies upon Orleans, Attila instantly broke up the siege of that city, and retreated toward the Marne. He did not choose to risk a decisive battle with only the central corps of his army against the combined power of his enemies, and he therefore fell back upon his base of operations, calling in his wings from Arras and Besançon, and concentrating the whole of the Hunnish forces on the vast plains of Châlons-sur-Marne. A glance at the map will show how scientifically this place was chosen by the Hunnish general as the point for his scattered forces to converge upon; and the nature of the ground was eminently favorable for the operations of cavalry, the arm in which Attila's strength peculiarly lay.

16. The confederate armies of Romans and Visigoths at last met their great adversary face to face on the ample battle-ground of the Châlons plains. Aëtius commanded on the right of the allies, King

Theodoric on the left, and Sangipan, king of the Alans, whose fidelity was suspected, was placed purposely in the centre, and in the very front of the battle. Attila commanded his centre in person, at the head of his own countrymen, while the Ostrogoths, the Gepidæ, and the other subject allies of the Huns were drawn up on the wings. Some manœuvring appears to have occurred before the engagement, in which Aëtius had the advantage, inasmuch as he succeeded in occupying a sloping hill which commanded the left flank of the Huns.

17. Attilla saw the importance of the position taken by Aëtius on the high ground, and commenced the battle by a furious attack on this part of the Roman line, in which he seems to have detached some of his best troops from his centre to aid his left. The Romans, having the advantage of the ground, repulsed the Huns, and while the allies gained this advantage on their right, their left, under King Theodoric, assailed the Ostrogoths, who formed the right of Attila's army. The gallant king was himself struck down by a javelin as he rode onward at the head of his men; and his own cavalry, charging over him, trampled him to death in the confusion. But the Visigoths, infuriated, not dispirited by their monarch's fall, routed the enemies opposed to them, and then wheeled upon the flank of the Hunnish centre, which had been engaged in a sanguinary and indecisive contest with the Alans.

18. In this peril Attila made his centre fall back upon his camp; and when the shelter of its entrenchments and wagons had once been gained, the Hunnish archers repulsed, without difficulty,

the charges of the vengeful Gothic cavalry. Aëtius had not pressed the advantage which he gained on his side of the field, and when night fell over the wild scene of havoc, Attila's left was still undefeated, but his right had been routed, and his centre forced back upon his camp.

19. Expecting an assault on the morrow, Attila stationed his best archers in front of the cars and wagons, which were drawn up as a fortification along his lines, and made every preparation for a desperate resistance. But the "Scourge of God" resolved that no man should boast of the honor of having either captured or slain him, and he caused to be raised in the centre of his encampment a huge pyramid of the wooden saddles of his cavalry; round it he heaped the spoils and the wealth that he had won; on it he stationed his wives who had accompanied him in the campaign; and on the summit Attila placed himself, ready to perish in the flames, and balk the victorious foe of their choicest booty should they succeed in storming his defences.

20. But when the morning broke and revealed the extent of the carnage with which the plains were heaped for miles, the successful allies saw also and respected the resolute attitude of their antagonist. Neither were any measures taken to blockade him in his camp, and so to extort by famine that submission which it was too plainly perilous to enforce with the sword. Attila was allowed to march back the remnants of his army without molestation, and even with the semblance of success.

21. Attila's attacks on the Western Empire were

soon renewed, but never with such peril to the civilized world as had menaced it before his defeat at Châlons; and on his death, two years after that battle, the vast empire which his genius had founded was soon dissevered by the successful revolts of the subject nations. The name of the Huns ceased for some centuries to inspire terror in Western Europe, and their ascendency passed away with the life of the great king by whom it had been so fearfully augmented.

E. S. CREASY.

LESSON LXXVIII.

THE POWER TO UTTER "NO."

1. WOULD ye learn the bravest thing that man can ever do?
Would ye be an uncrowned king, absolute and true?
Would ye seek to emulate all we learn in story
Of the noble, just, and great; rich in real glory?
Would ye lose much bitter care in your lot below?—
Bravely speak out when and where 'tis right to utter "No."

2. Learn to speak this little word in its proper place—
Let no timid doubt be heard, clothed with sceptic grace;
Let thy lips, without disguise, boldly pour it out;
Though a thousand dulcet lies keep hovering about.
For be sure our lives would lose future years of woe;
If our courage could refuse the present hour with "No."

3. When Temptation's form would lead to some pleasant wrong,
When she tunes her hollow reed to the siren's song,
When she offers bribe and smile, and our conscience feels
There is naught but shining guile in the gift she deals;
Then, oh! then, let courage rise to its strongest flow;
Show that ye are brave as wise, and firmly answer "No."

4. Hearts that are too often given, like street merchandise—
Hearts that like bought slaves are driven in fair freedom's guise;
Ye that poison soul and mind with perjury's foul stains;
Ye who let the cold world bind in joyless marriage chains;
Be ye true unto yourselves; let rank and fortune go;
If love light not the altar spot, let feeling answer "No."

5. Men with goodly spirits blest, willing to do right;
Yet who stand with wavering breast beneath persuasion's might;
When companions seek to taunt judgment into sin;
When the loud laugh fain would daunt your better voice within;
Oh! be sure ye'll never meet more insidious foe;
But strike the coward to your feet, by reason's watchword, "No!"

6 Ah! how many thorns we wreathe to twine our
brows around;
By not knowing when to breathe this important
sound.
Many a breast has rued the day when it reckoned
less
Of fruits upon the moral "Nay" than flowers upon
the "Yes."
Many a sad, repentant thought turns to "long ago,"
When a luckless fate was wrought by want of say-
ing "No."

7. Few have learnt to speak this word when it should
be spoken;
Resolution is deferred, vows to virtue broken.
More of courage is required this one word to say,
Than to stand where shots are fired in the battle
fray.
Use it fitly, and ye'll see many a lot below
May be schooled, and nobly ruled by power to utter
"No."

ELIZA COOK.

LESSON LXXIX.

ST. COLUMBA.

1. ST. COLUMBA, popularly known as St. Columb cille, or "Dove of the Church," was one of the most illustrious and zealous missionaries whom Ireland, in the sixth century, sent forth to preach the Gospel in heathen lands, and to spread broadcast a knowledge of the faith transmitted to them by the great apostle, St. Patrick. The date of his

birth, which took place in Gartain, in the present County of Donegal, is said by the best authorities to have been the 6th of December, A.D. 521.

2. Being of the royal house of Niall, which then held sway over the northern half of the island, and not unfrequently furnished monarchs to the entire country, his education, from the beginning, was an object of special solicitude. He was, therefore, at an early age, sent to the celebrated school of Clonard, and placed under the care of St. Finnian. Here he distinguished himself for his great application to study, intense devotion, and wonderful powers of divination.

3. Having arrived at the proper canonical age, he was ordained priest, and was forthwith sent through the country to teach and preach the truths of Christianity. This he did with such marvellous success that before he had attained the age of twenty-five years he had founded no less than thirty-seven monasteries in various parts of the island, and formed them into a regular order under his personal government.

4. But Columba, notwithstanding his great mental gifts and moral virtues, had in early life many serious defects of character, which led him into acts of violence unbecoming his sacred calling. He was headstrong, and but too apt to take part in the unseemly strife and bloodshed which so frequently disgraced his country at that period. Many instances of these derelictions of duty are mentioned by his biographers, with more or less appearance of truth.

5. Having established communities in various parts of the five kingdoms into which Ireland was

anciently divided, the most extensive of which were situated at Kells, Durrow, and Derry, he took up his permanent residence at the latter place. But the dissensions which were constantly occurring between the members of his sept or clan and the neighboring princes so often involved him in unseemly quarrels, that finally his ecclesiastical superiors were obliged to interfere, and banish him from his home and country.

6. This, at least, is the reason generally assigned for his expatriation, though it is just as probable that, actuated by a spirit of devotion and zeal in the cause of religion, so prevalent among his countrymen in every century, he was not satisfied to remain at home, where there were so many laborers in the field, but desired to explore new lands and win souls to Christ. Besides, very close political and personal relationship existed between his clan and the Scots of the Hebrides, though the latter were heathens, and it is natural to suppose that he longed to bring them into closer alliance by uniting them under the common banner of the Cross.

7. At all events, at the mature age of forty-two, he, with twelve companions, set sail from Derry in a *corraich*, or open boat made of wicker-work covered with leather, and landed at Iona, an island on the west coast of Scotland. This island, which has ever been remarkable for its barrenness and gloomy aspect, was found to be uninhabited, and here he resolved to establish the base of operations for his great mission—the conversion of Scotland.

8. He therefore erected huts of boughs for the shelter of himself and companions, and commenced

that series of acts of devotion, study, and discipline which were to make his name so famous in all succeeding generations, and his community so efficient in imparting to the barbarians of North Britain the beautiful truths of Catholicity. His rule was strict, and his government unrelenting, but he set the example himself by a life of great austerity, mortification, and prayer.

9. Thousands soon flocked to the little island to visit him; some to join his order, and others to expiate their past sins by a life of penitence and self-denial, but the vast majority to learn from his lips the doctrines of Christianity. In a few years a church, constructed of timber, was built, and accommodations not only for the monks, but for their numerous guests, were provided.

10. But this did not satisfy the ardent spirit of St. Columba. As soon as he had established his spiritual colony on Iona, he passed to the other islands of the Hebridean group and to the mainland, everywhere attracting the attention of the natives, everywhere making converts and breaking down the superstitions of the Druidish religion. Wherever he went he gained souls to God, and left behind him pious and trusted men to continue his good work.

11. After eleven years spent in converting the Scots, St. Columba turned his attention to the original inhabitants of Caledonia. In his time, as for centuries previous, the people of Scotland were divided into two classes, or races. The primitive inhabitants occupying the north and east, known as Picts, were a fierce, warlike, and uncouth race, utterly ignorant of the arts of civilization, and

thoroughly pagan. The western portion was occupied by the descendants of Irish immigrants, who, during the third and fourth centuries, had settled there either as conquerors or as peaceful adventurers.

12. To christianize the former now became the aim of St. Columba, and the greater part of the remainder of his life was devoted to that end. Accompanied by some of his monks, in frail skiffs, he was wont to sail along the stormy coasts, or, with staff in hand, penetrate into the interior on foot. Though not acquainted, at first, with the Pictish language, he contrived to make himself understood by the rude mountaineers, and in every instance gained them over to the faith.

13. In this manner our saint victoriously carried out the object of his mission to Caledonia, shedding the blessings of civilization and the light of the Gospel wherever he went. About one hundred churches, with monastic institutions attached, were founded by him, of which the ruins of fifty-three still remain. He visited his native country at least once during this time for the purpose of inspecting his foundations there, and of settling some diplomatic differences between the king of Ireland and Aidan, king of the Scots, whom he had himself consecrated.

14. But he soon returned to Iona and the scenes of his early labors, organizing new institutions, making converts everywhere, and consolidating and perfecting the work he had formerly initiated. While thus occupied, a mortal sickness fell upon him, and foreseeing his approaching end, he called his brethren around him, and, after giving them his

advice and blessing, caused himself to be removed into the church in which he was wont to officiate, and there expired on the 9th of June, 597.

15. In person St. Columba was remarkably tall, and possessed, it is said, of great masculine beauty; in mind he was far-seeing, comprehensive, and highly poetical. But it is in the greatness of his soul, purified and chastened by prayer, discipline, and mortification, that we must look for the secret of his success as a valiant servant of his divine Master, and no unworthy compeer of the saints of the early ages of the Church.

LESSON LXXX.

MAN AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

1. THE industrial arts are necessary arts. The most degraded savage must practice them and the most civilized genius cannot dispense with them. Whatever be our gifts of intellect or fortune, we cannot avoid being hungry and thirsty and cold and weary every day, and we must fight for our lives against the hunger and thirst and cold and weariness which wage an unceasing war against us. But we can live down the longest day without help from music or painting or sculpture, and it is only in certain moods of mind that we demand or can enjoy these noble arts.

2. But though the industrial arts are common, they are not ignoble arts. Half of them are the result of our being born without clothes, the other

half of our being born without tools. I use this language deliberately. The fine arts may be gracefully grouped round the five senses—the eye to the painter, the ear to the musician, the tongue to the poet, the hand to the sculptor; and the whole body, the instrument of touch, among all. The fine arts thus begin each with a special sense and converge toward the body; the industrial arts begin with the body and diverge toward the special senses.



3. I do not propose to offer you a catalogue of the arts which our unclothedness compels us to foster. The shivering savage in the colder countries robs the seal and the bear, the buffalo and the deer, of the one mantle which nature has given them. The wild huntsman, by a swift but simple

transmutation, becomes the clothier, the tailor, the tanner, the currier, the leather-dresser, the glover, the saddler, the shoemaker, the tent-maker. And the tent-maker, the arch-architect of one of the great schools of architecture, becomes quickly a house-builder, building with snow where better material is not to be had, and a ship-builder, constructing out of a few wooden ribs and stretched animal skins canoes which, as sad experience has too recently shown us, may survive where ships of oak have gone to destruction we know not where.

4. Again: the unchilled savage of the warmer regions seeks a covering, not from the cold, but from the sun, which smites him by day, and the moon, which smites him by night. The palm, the banana, the soft-barked trees, the broad-leaved sedges and long-fibred grasses are despoiled by him, as the beasts of the field are by his colder brother. He becomes a sower, a reaper, a spinner, a weaver, a baker, a brewer, a distiller, a dyer, a carpenter; and while he is these, he bends the pliant stems of his tropical forests into roof-trees and rafters, and clothes them with leaves, and makes for himself a tabernacle of boughs, and so is the arch-architect of a second great school of architecture; and by and by his twisted branches and interlaced leaves grow into Grecian columns with Corinthian acanthus capitals, and Gothic pillars with petrified plants and stony flowers gracefully curling round them.

5. It is not, however, his cultivation of the arts which have been named, or of others, that makes man peculiar as an industrial animal; it is the mode in which he practices them. The first step he takes toward remedying his nakedness and help-

lessness is in a direction where no other creature has led the way, and none has followed his example. He lays hold of that most powerful of all weapons of war, *fire*, from which every other animal, unless when fortified by his presence, flees in terror, and with it alone not only clothes himself, but lays the foundation of a hundred arts. Man may be defined as the only animal that can strike a light, the solitary creature that knows how to kindle a fire. This is a very fragmentary definition of the "paragon of animals," but it is enough to make him the conqueror of them all. The most degraded savage has discovered how to rub two sticks together or whirl the point of one in a socket in the other till the wood is kindled. It is a thoroughly technical process not easily learned or practiced. Judgment, dexterity, and patience are needed for its performance, and even the most sagacious of monkeys, though he has a pair of hands more than a man, has never attempted this primitive pyrotechnic art.

6. Once provided with his kindled brand, the savage technologist soon proves what a sceptre of power he holds in his hand. He tills with it, by a single touch burning up the withered grass of a past season and scattering its ashes to fertilize the plains, which will quickly be green again. It serves him as an axe with which to fell the tallest trees, and hollows out for him the canoe in which he ventures upon strange seas. It is an all-sufficient defence against the fiercest wild beasts, and it reduces for him the iron ore of the rocks and forges it into a weapon of war. I might say, indeed, with truth, that his kindled brand makes the ten-fingered

savage, without further help, a farmer, a baker, a cook, a carpenter, a smith, a potter, a brick-maker, a lime-burner and builder, and, besides much else, a soldier and a sailor.



7. Well did the wise ancients declare that men obtained fire from heaven, but not well that they stole it. It was a gift to them in compensation for their having no share in the dowry granted to the lower animals, and it has proved an ample compensation. You may think this sketch of the savage's obligation to fire fanciful and exaggerated, but if you consider how every human industrial art stands directly or indirectly related to fire, whilst no animal art does, you will not regard the statement as extravagant; and civilized man, as much as his savage brother, is a fire-worshipper in

his practical doings. The great conquering peoples of the world have been those who knew best how to deal with fire. The most wealthy of the active nations are those which dwell in countries richly provided with fuel. No inventions have changed the entire world more than steam and gunpowder. We are what we are largely because we are the ministers and masters of fire.

8. Clotheless creatures by birth, we are also toolless ones. Every other animal is by nature fully equipped and caparisoned for its work; its tools are ready for use, and it is ready to use them. We have first to invent our tools, and then to fashion them, and then to learn how to handle them. Man's marvellous hand is, no doubt, in itself an exquisite instrument of art, but, after all, our hands are less adroit than those of the monkey, who has four, each equivalent to a right hand, whilst the handiest of us is only ambidextrous. Our right hands would be nothing to us but for our wise heads, for we have to begin two steps further back in our industrial labors than the meanest of the animals, who practice no such craft as that of tool-making and serve no apprenticeship to any craft.

9. Two-thirds at least of our industrial doings are thus preliminary. Before two rags can be sewed together we require a needle, which embodies the inventiveness of a hundred ingenious brains, and a hand which only a hundred botchings and failures have in the lapse of years taught to use the instrument with skill. It is so with all the crafts, and they are inseparably dependent on each other. The mason waits on the carpenter for his mallet,

and the carpenter on the smith for his saw; the smith on the smelter for his iron, and the smelter on the miner for his ore. Each, moreover, needs the help of all the others; the carpenter the smith as much as the smith the carpenter, and both the mason as much as the mason both.

10. This helplessness of the single craftsman is altogether peculiar to the human artist. The lower animals are all polyartists, among whom there are no degrees of skill; and they have never heard of such a doctrine as that of the division of labor. The nightingale, though he is a poet, builds and furnishes his nest without any help from the raven, and the lark does not excuse herself from her household duties because she is an excellent musician. The industrialness, then, of man is carried out in a way quite peculiar to himself, and singularly illustrative of his combined weakness and greatness.

11. The most helpless, physically, of animals, and yet the one with the greatest number of pressing appetites and desires, he has no working instincts to secure (at least after infancy) the gratification of his most pressing wants, and no tools which such instincts can work by. He is compelled, therefore, to fall back upon the powers of his reason and understanding, and make his intellect serve him instead of a crowd of instinctive impulses, and his intellect-guided hand instead of an apparatus of tools. Before that hand, armed with the tools which it has fashioned, and that intellect which marks man as made in the image of God, the instincts and weapons of the entire animal creation are as nothing. He reigns, by right of conquest as

indisputably as by right of inheritance, the king of this world.

GEORGE WILSON.

LESSON LXXXI.

THE FOUR ERAS OF HUMAN LIFE.

1. THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noon-tide harmony;
Still in the vale the village bells ring round;
Still in Llewellyn hall the jests resound:
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

2. A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his father ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, new brewed, in floods of amber shine;
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his childish days,
The nurse shall cry,—of all her ills beguiled,—
"'Twas on these knees he sat so oft, and smiled.'

3. And now again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,

In every cottage porch, with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and gazing, bless the scene;
While, her dark eyes downcast, by his side,
Moves, in virgin veil, the gentle bride.

4. And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower:
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard where only joy has been;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing, to return no more,
He rests, in holy earth, with them that went before.

ROGERS.

LESSON LXXXII.

ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

1. THE Donatist heresy was still raging in Africa; the Arians were triumphant in Spain and Northern Italy; a miserable schism arising out of the Three Chapters was vexing the Istrian provinces; France was torn by intestine wars, and the imperial power which nominally held rule in Italy was fast crumbling to pieces; the almost civilized dominion of the Ostrogoths had been exchanged for the wild barbarism of the half-pagan, half-Arian Lombards; floods, plague, and famine were rapidly depopulating the southern peninsula, when, in the year 590, St. Gregory the Great was placed in the chair of St. Peter, and received into his hands the destinies of the western world.

2. "There are," says Frederic Schlegel, "grand and pregnant epochs in the history of the world

in which all existing relations assume a new and unexpected form. At such junctures God Himself seems, as it were, to interfere and establish a theocracy." Such was the epoch of which we speak. All the power of human government had come to naught, and while men's hearts were failing them for fear, the reins were falling into the hands of a feeble monk, worn out with sickness and austerity, and so little conscious of possessing in himself the capacity of ruling, that, when the unanimous voice of clergy and people raised him to the pontifical dignity, he fled in terror to the woods, and was brought back weeping and giving vent to his anguish in accents almost of despair.

3. It will suffice very briefly to remind the reader what kind of pontificate it was that was thus begun. During the fourteen years that St. Gregory governed the Church, he achieved greatness enough to furnish fame to a dozen autocrats. He defended Rome from the Lombards, and the Lombards themselves from the treachery of the Eastern emperors; he won them from Arianism, extirpated Donatism from Africa, and put an end to the Istrian schism.

4. Whilst providing for the necessities of the Italian provinces, desolated by the cruel calamities of the times, he firmly resisted the exactions of the Byzantine court, and maintained the independence of the Church against the Cæsars. From the effete civilization of the corrupt East, he turned to the new and semi-barbarous races of the West,—taught the Frankish kings the duties of Christian sovereignty, and urged their bishops to wage war against ecclesiastical abuses. His prodigious cor-

respondence carried his paternal care into the most distant provinces. He condemned slavery, defended the peasants, and protected even the Jews.

5. And in the midst of these multifarious labors he found time to preach and write for future ages. Thirty-five books of "Morals," thirteen volumes of Epistles, forty homilies on the gospels, twenty-two on the prophet Ezechiel, an immortal treatise on the Pastoral care, four books of Dialogues, and the reformation of the sacramentary or ritual of the Church, are the chief works left us by the Fourth Latin Doctor.

6. In addition to a Palatine academy, where "the study of all the liberal arts once more flourished, and he who was conscious to himself that he was wanting either in holiness or learning dared not show his face in presence of the pontiff," if I should not rather say in connection with it, St. Gregory founded a school destined to have a more world-wide influence and more lasting fame.

7. The extraordinary diligence bestowed by the holy pontiff on the reformation of the ecclesiastical chant gave rise in after-times to a graceful legend, which represented him as visited in his sleep by a tenth Muse, who appeared to him with her mantle covered with mystic notes and neumas, and inspired him with that skill in the science of sacred melody which he ever afterwards possessed. The legend, like most legends, only embalms and beautifies a fact.

8. The Church was the real Muse who inspired her pontiff to give to her sacred chant the same perfection he had already bestowed upon her Liturgy. Other popes and prelates had labored

before him at the same work, and, indeed, the very name of *Centon*, which is given to his Antiphonary, shows that it was a compilation of those ancient melodies which passed from the Temple to the Church, and which may be traced through St. Mark at Alexandria, and through St. Ignatius at Antioch, up to St. Peter himself.

10. St. Gregory completed their work, and collected in his Centon, or Antiphonary, all the ancient fragments still existing, corrected and arranged them with his own pen, and added some original compositions, bearing the same character of majestic simplicity with the venerable melodies on which they were formed. And, finally, to secure the permanence of these reforms, and to extend the use of the ecclesiastical chant throughout the Church, he founded a school which, three centuries later, still survived and flourished.

LESSON LXXXIII.

THE COMBAT BETWEEN FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

1. THE chief in silence strode before,
And reached the torrent's sounding shore.
And here his course the chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the lowland warrior said:
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust;
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.

Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.

2. The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delayed
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave chief, I vowed thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, stranger, none!
And hear—to fire thy flagging zeal—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read;
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy;
Then yield to Fate, and not to me."

3. Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption then so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man or fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate.

My clansman's blood demands revenge!—
Not yet prepared? By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light,
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein."

4. Then each, at once, his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.
Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood.

5. Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain,
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,

The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

6. "Now yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield who fears to die."
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung,
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.

7. Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain—down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted in his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight;
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;

For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye;
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

SCOTT.

LESSON LXXXIV.



CHARLES MARTEL AT THE BATTLE OF POITIERS.

1. AFTER the followers of Mahomet had established their government firmly in Spain, the next step in the march of conquest was France, which, not yet formed into a kingdom or a single nation, and rent with the conflicts of its great chieftains, seemed to offer itself an easy prey to those inde-

fatigable warriors of the desert. They crossed the Pyrenees, and swarmed like locusts in the plains below. They were met at Toulouse by Eudo, the brave king of Aquitaine, and beaten back with great slaughter in the May of 721.

2. But Eudo being himself engaged in constant conflict with Charles, duke of the Franks, who claimed supremacy over all France, could not follow up his victory, and the year 732 saw them creeping up in myriads right to the walls of Bordeaux. Here a second time did Eudo give them battle, hazarding all on a single stroke. But on this occasion his defeat was as signal as had been his former victory. His army was destroyed; Bordeaux was taken and sacked; and Eudo fled for refuge to his old enemy, the Duke Charles.

3. The gravity of the occasion for the time united the warring chieftains. Charles, too busy with his immediate neighbors to pay much heed to the storm that was gathering a little beyond his borders, woke up suddenly to the fact that not himself alone, but all Europe, was threatened by the creed and the children of Mahomet. The dying East, galvanized a moment into a fitful life, had launched itself upon the West with all the fury of a new fanaticism to crush and stamp out beneath its horses' hoofs the new and struggling Christendom just merging into light and life from the chaos that had followed the dissolution of the Roman Empire.

4. The leader of the Franks, upon whom in that dark hour everything depended, saw at a glance that the struggle was for life, and made his preparations accordingly. All through the summer

of 732 the call to arms resounded through the lands of the Gallo-Roman, the Frank, and the German, and all alike made answer to the call. In October of the same year, the army of Europe, with Charles at its head, was gathered together near Poitiers, face to face with the army of the East under Abd-er-Rahman.

5. Seven days they stood there facing each other, as fearful to begin a battle on which the fate of a world hung; for the army of Charles destroyed, there was none other left to oppose the advance of the Moslem. The Franks, half-barbarian still, gazed with wonder at the myriads of tawny warriors with their white bernouse and turbans, their round bucklers and light javelins, their clouds of cavalry, mounted on fleet Barbary steeds, flying hither and thither like the wind, and obscuring the heavens with the dust of their horses' hoofs. The Moslem sheiks galloped up and down the lines of the Gallo-Teutons to gain a nearer view of those giants of the North.

6. Early on the morning of the seventh day, a Saturday towards the end of October, the Moors and Arabs came out of their tents to the cry of the muezzins calling the people to prayer. They deployed in order in the plain, and the morning prayer said, Abd-er-Rahman gave the signal for the battle to begin. Without a movement the Christian army received the showers of galling arrows that rained thick and fast on them from the archers of Barbary. Then the mighty masses of the Moslem cavalry hurled themselves against them, shouting their famous battle-cry, *Allah akbar*—God is great!

7. Down they came like an avalanche all along the Christian line. But the Franks withstood the terrific shock. As the writers of the time tell us, "Like a wall of iron, like a rampart of ice, the people of the West stood locked together one against another, as though they were men of marble." Twenty times did the Moslem turn bridle, only to return with the rapidity of lightning. Twenty times did their impetuous charge break itself hopelessly against that invincible barrier. Mounted high on their great Flemish horses, the Frankish giants steadily awaited the successive shocks, receiving the Arabs on the points of their long swords, and striking downwards, smote them through and through with their terrific stroke.

8. Thus did the battle rage all day. Abd-er-Rahman still hoped to weary out the resistance of the Christians, when about four hours after noon there arose in the Moslem rear a terrible tumult. It was the brave Eudo, who, with the remnant of his forces, had reached the Arab rear, massacred the guards, and thrown himself upon the camp of the invaders.

9. Straightway a large portion of the Moslem cavalry abandoned the combat for the defence of the treasures stored up in the tents. Abd-er-Rahman's order of battle was disarranged. In despair he strove to arrest the retrograde movement and reform his broken lines. Then the wall of ice broke at last, and through the breach rode Charles, with his Franks charging in their turn, smiting all before them, and sweeping everything from their path. Abd-er-Rahman, with the flower of his comrades, thrown from their horses, went

down and disappeared, crushed beneath that iron mass. Just when the sun sank behind the horizon the confused crowd of the Moslem forces fled in terror to their tents, pressed all over the battle-field by a moving forest of swords that rose and fell with monotonous fatality, each pass strewing the field of carnage with a fresh pile of corpses.

10. Evening closed the combat, Charles not venturing to penetrate by night the vast city of tents that he saw before him. King Eudo's men had been repulsed by the first squadrons which had rushed to defend the camp. Charles ordered the retreat to be sounded, and his army passed the night on the plain, waiting for the day to give battle again for possession of the Arab camp.

11. At daybreak the Franks saw the white tents of their enemies still gleaming, and in the same order as on the eve; but not a sound was heard, not a movement visible in the Arab quarters. Charles, expecting to see the Moslem sally forth at any moment, prepared for the attack, and sent forward scouts to reconnoitre. They made their way over thousands of dead bodies, and entered the nearest tents. They were empty. There was not left a single living man in all the camp. The remnants of the Moslem army had sped away in silence under cover of the darkness, leaving all behind them save their horses and their arms.

LESSON LXXXV.

THE SLEEP.

1. Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace surpassing this—
"He giveth his beloved sleep"?

2. What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved;
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep;
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse:
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

3. What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved;
A little dust to overweep;
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake:
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

4. "Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

5. O earth! so full of dreary noises;
O men! with wailing in your voices;

O delvèd gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth his beloved sleep."

6. His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

7. For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at show,
That sees through tears the jugglers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who "giveth his beloved sleep."

MRS. BROWNING.

LESSON LXXXVI.

THE WARS OF CHARLEMAGNE.

1. WHEN Pepin, the son of Charles Martel, came to die, he left the vast kingdom won by his own and his father's sword to his two sons, Charles and Carloman, each of whom ruled in independent sovereignty the division allotted to him. Four years later, in 771, Carloman died, leaving behind him two infant children to gŏvern his newly-founded kingdom. The nobles, by universal acclaim, offered the vacant throne to Charles, who had already proved his courage as a warrior, his

success as a general, and his wisdom as a statesman, though he had only just reached his thirtieth year. The authority thus wisely transferred united in one and under one head the great kingdom of the Franks, at that time the bulwark of Christendom.

2. The man on whom this weighty burden fell was eminently fitted both by nature and grace for the position. Born in stormy times, schooled from his youth on the battle-field, yet with heart softened and mind elevated by the knowledge and the true spirit of Christianity, though war necessarily constituted his very life, it never degenerated with him into a passion, loved only for the fighting's sake. He fought for religion, and from first to last his sword was drawn for Christ as much as for country.

3. Two terrible foes threatened Christianity at this period—the Moors in the south, who were still in complete possession of Spain; the Saxons and their kinsmen, with their frightful pagan creed in the north and north-east. In addition there were the Slave peoples and the Huns in the east of Europe, ever ready to make a new inroad on the lands they had so often devastated. Against these foes rose up the new kingdom of the Franks with Charles at its head.

4. Of these foes the Saxons were the most to be dreaded. The Moors had not yet forgotten the terrible lesson taught them by the grandsire of Charles at Poitiers. The Huns kept quietly within their own borders watching over the treasures—useless to them—which they had accumulated, and waiting for a new Attila to lead them forth. To

the Saxons from the first Charles turned his chief attention.

5. They were a fierce, hardy, indomitable race, whom no chastisement could subdue, no oaths or treaty bind. While Pepin was occupied in the subjugation of Aquitaine, they profited by their temporary freedom to advance little by little on the Frankish confines, until they threatened Cologne. Their path was marked as ever by the smoking ruins of churches and monasteries and the blood of slaughtered priests and nuns. The entire Frankish nation cried out for war, and in the spring of 772, Charles, with all his army, crossed the Rhine and buried himself in those ominous German forests that had so often swallowed up the mighty legions of Rome. At Eheresbourg he gained so complete a victory that the Saxons submitted at once. Their promises were received in good faith, themselves treated mercifully, and Charles turned homewards.

6. At this time disputes arose between Desiderius, the king of the Lombards, and Pope Adrian. The Lombards were forever intriguing against the Franks, jealous of their growing empire, and greedy of the possessions which Pepin had bestowed on the Pope. Adrian refused the demand to consecrate as king the son of Carloman, and thus give occasion for civil war in the kingdom of the Franks. The papal territory was invaded. Charles endeavored to arrange matters amicably, but Desiderius, proving irreconcilable, he crossed the Alps with his army, defeated the Lombards on their own soil, gained possession of his brother's wife and her children, and shut up the Lombard

king, with the flower of his nobles, in the city of Pavia.



7. While the siege of that city was in progress, Charles went to spend the feast of Christmas in Rome, and pay homage to the Vicar of Christ. The meeting between the king and the pontiff was worthy of those two great men, and they then and there sealed a friendship that was never broken. Soon after his return Pavia surrendered, the Lombard kingdom was broken up, the Lombard lords acknowledged Charles as their suzerain, and thus to his title of King of the Franks was added that of King of the Lombards.

8. The Saxons had broken out again; and Charles, convinced that there was no treating with these people unless by exterminating them or

making them Christian, began a war that continued with little cessation to the end of his reign. He had scarcely concluded a second successful campaign in the Saxon marshes when he was recalled to Italy by a new and more formidable conspiracy against the Holy See. His speed crushed it; and throughout the north of Italy the false Lombard lords were replaced by Frankish counts. That done, he was compelled to fly back from Italy, the same year, to crush again a revolt of the Saxons.

9. In 778 he opened a campaign against the Moors. He crossed the Pyrenees, and sat down with all his army before the walls of Saragossa. After some unimportant successes the expedition returned, and on the march back through the Pyrenees, lost its rear-guard in the celebrated pass of Roncevaux, where Roland perished with all his men.

10. The harassing Saxon wars were at length brought to a close by the conversion to Christianity of the fierce King Witikind, who, after sustaining incessant defeats, refused to fight longer for gods who gave him no victory, and at length bowed down to the God of the Christians. He was solemnly baptized in the presence of the king and all his court, Charles himself standing as his sponsor.

11. The wars of Charles necessarily widened with the horizon of his victories. The conquest of Saxony, and subsequently of Bavaria, brought the Franks in contact with the Slave peoples, and the Huns. These made inroads on his new possessions, and he was compelled to take the field against them. His campaign was broken in upon by a new

revolt of the Saxons, and an incursion of the Moors into Aquitaine. The Moors retired after a partial victory; the Saxons were crushed. Vast numbers of the chief families were seized and sent to various parts of Gaul as hostages, never to return. The chief families gone, and their places supplied by bishops, and Frank and Roman counts, the old Saxon federation began at last to dissolve. Meanwhile the Huns had quarrelled among themselves, and a large party sent in their submission to Charles with a request for baptism. Their empire was soon afterwards totally destroyed.

12. In the year 800 the empire of Charles was completed. From the Oder to the Ebro, and the isles of the Mediterranean, from the North Sea to the Adriatic, his sway was acknowledged, and no enemy dared lift his head. In this same year he built a fleet and constructed fortresses along the northern coast to repel the impending invasion of the Northmen. In the basilica of St. Peter, on the 25th of the same year, Charles was crowned and consecrated by Pope Leo III. Emperor of the Romans, from which came the title, that so long continued, of the Holy Roman Empire. On the 28th of January, 814, after receiving the Blessed Sacrament, and commending his soul to his Saviour, the great Emperor passed away, in the sixty-second year of his life and the forty-seventh of his reign, lamented by Christendom, loved by his subjects, dreaded yet revered by his foes.

LESSON LXXXVII.

SNOW-BOUND.

1. THE sun, that brief December day,
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

2. Unwarmed by any sunset light,
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came,
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

3. So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun:
In tiny spherule, traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;

And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.

4. Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament;
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes: strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty and corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed;
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat,
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

5. All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling down its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
Beyond the circle of our hearth,
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,

And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

6. As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back:
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout backstick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between, with curious art,
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear;
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom.

7. Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.

8. The house-dog, on his paws outspread,
Laid to the fire his drowsy head;
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;

And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row;
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

9. At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow;
The bull's eye watch, that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed, with mutely-warning sign,
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away,
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brands with ashes over.
And while with care our mother laid
Her work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment, more than wealth.

10. Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light-sifted snow-flakes fall.

But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till, in the summer-land of dreams,
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

WHITTIER.

LESSON LXXXVIII.



THE POLAR WORLD.

1. IF the view adopted by most geographers be correct, there rolls around the North pole a sea about twelve hundred miles in breadth, abounding

in animal life, and kept free from ice during a great part of the year by the influence of equatorial waters, which reach it by way of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. But beyond this unexplored region there are three distinct zones, forming what are called the Arctic Regions—an icy barrier, treeless wastes, and vast forests.

2. The belt of ice which girdles the Polar Sea, if not the pole itself, has been the scene of many a deadly struggle between man and the frost-king, who reigns supreme in these inhospitable regions. To force a passage across or through this barrier has been the life-dream of many a heroic explorer; and hundreds of brave men have perished in making the attempt. The most northerly points yet reached by man are still six hundred miles from the pole. Only on two or three occasions has he penetrated thus far, so great are the dangers to be encountered, so difficult is it to procure food, and so intense is the cold.

3. Within the whole Arctic Circle, and in the interior of Asia and America even beyond it, the average winter temperature ranges from fifty to sixty degrees below the freezing point of water, and during a greater part of the year converts mercury into a solid body. But at the remote points to which man has penetrated in the northern ice-zone, the spirit thermometer has been known to fall as low as one hundred degrees below the point at which water freezes.

4. It may well be asked how man is able to bear these excessively low temperatures, which must seem appalling to an inhabitant of the temperate zone. But thick fur clothing; a hut small and

low, where the warmth of a stove, or simply of an oil-lamp, is husbanded in a narrow space; above all, the wonderful power of the human constitution to adapt itself to every change of climate, go far to counteract the rigor of the cold.

5. The treeless zone, called "the barren-grounds" or simply "the barrens," extends southward from the ice-bound shores of the polar seas, and gradually merges into the forest-region, where it is encircled by a garland of evergreen. The want of trees in this region is caused not so much by its high northern latitude as by the cold sea-winds which sweep unchecked over the islands and the flat coast-lands, and for miles and miles compel even the hardiest plant to crouch before the blast and creep along the ground.

6. Nothing can be more melancholy than the aspect of the boundless morasses or arid wastes of the barrens of Siberia. Dingy mosses and gray lichens form the chief vegetation; and a few scanty grasses and dwarfish flowers that may have found a refuge in some more sheltered spot are not sufficient to relieve the dull monotony of the scene.

7. In winter, when animal life has mostly retreated to the south, or sought a refuge in burrows and in caves, an awful silence, interrupted only by the hooting of a snow-owl or the yelping of a fox, reigns over this vast expanse; but in spring, when the brown earth reappears from under the melted snow, and the swamps begin to thaw, enormous flights of wild birds return to the scene, and enliven it for a few months.

8. An admirable instinct leads those winged legions from distant climes to the arctic wilder-

nesses, where, in the morasses and lakes, on the banks of the rivers, on the flat strands, and along the fish-teeming coasts, they find abundance of food; and where, at the same time, they can with greater security build their nests and rear their young. Some remain on the skirts of the forest-region; others, flying farther northward, lay their eggs upon the naked wastes.

9. While thus the warmth of summer attracts hosts of migratory birds to the arctic wildernesses, shoals of salmon and sturgeon enter the rivers, in obedience to the instinct that forces them to quit the seas and to swim up the streams, for the purpose of depositing their spawn in the tranquil, sweet waters of the river or lake. About this time, also, the reindeer leaves the forests, to feed on the herbs and lichens of the barrens; and to seek along the shores, fanned by the cool sea-breeze, some protection against the attacks of the stinging flies that arise in myriads from the swamps.

10. But as soon as the first frosts of September announce the approach of winter, all animals, with but few exceptions, hasten to leave a region where the sources of life must soon fail. The geese, ducks, and swans return in dense flocks to the south; the strand-birds seek in some lower latitude a softer soil which allows their sharp beaks to seize a burrowing prey; the water-fowl forsake the bays and channels that will soon be blocked up with ice.

11. The reindeer once more returns to the forest; and in a short time nothing is left that can induce man to prolong his stay in the treeless plain. Soon a thick mantle of snow covers the hardened earth, the frozen lake, the ice-bound river, and conceals

them all under its monotonous pall, except where the furious north-east wind sweeps it away and lays them bare.

12. This snow, which, after it has once fallen, persists until the long summer day has effectually thawed it, protects in an admirable manner the vegetation of the higher latitudes against the cold of the long winter season. Thanks to this protection, and to the influence of a sun which for three or four months together circles above the horizon, and in favorable localities calls forth the powers of vegetation in an incredibly short time, even Grinnell Land and Spitzbergen are able to boast of flowers.

13. The arctic forest regions are of still greater extent than the vast treeless plains which they encircle. When we consider that they form an almost continuous belt, stretching across three-fourths of the world in a breadth of from one thousand to fourteen hundred miles, even the woods of the Amazon shrink into comparative insignificance. Unlike the tropical forests, which are characterized by an endless variety of trees, these northern woods are almost entirely composed of cone-bearers, and one single kind of fir or pine often covers an immense extent of ground.

LESSON LXXXIX.

ALEXANDER AND PARMENIO.

(*After the Battle of Arbela.*)

Alexander. Darius is forth fled. I have chased a shadow:
New hosts he'll raise; and I from realm to realm,
From year to year, must hunt him. Lords, three days
Here make we rest perforce. Thus much, Parmenio,
You cost me at Arbela!
Parmenio. Gods of Greece!
Hear ye this man? My hand it was, my hand,
Raised from the dust your late-crowned Macedon:
And lo! this day, the heir of all his greatness
Upbraids me as a boy!
Alexander. I said, and say it:
Arbela all but won, to prop your squadrons
You called me back: Darius made escape:
I saw his chariot sink beneath the hills
Lit by the last gleam of a sun that set;
Let him that dares deny it.
Parmenio. I deny it!
My best and bravest from my squadrons drained,
Me with a trivial force your blindness placed
'Mid countless foes. With skill consummate less
Than mine that hour your whole left wing had perished.
In wrath, not fear, I warned you of your error:
Aghast you saw it, and you made retreat;
Ere you had reached us the Thessalian horse
With fortunate charge piercing the Persian ranks

Had given us air to breathe. You spurned my counsel,
Or earlier than Arbela's fight began
Had come its glorious ending.
Alexander. Aye! your counsel!
You willed me to attack the foe by night:
I answered that I steal not victory:
The craven craft trips in the cloak that hides it
And falls to the earth. With army small, like mine,
Defeat the worst were victory incomplete:
This Persian foe is a mist that melts,
Reforms, and swells against me. Oh, your counsels!
I scorned them from the first, or foot of mine
Had trod not Persian soil.
Parmenio. Shade of dead Philip!
Make answer in my name!
Alexander. You counselled me
Beside Granicus, not to cross the stream:
At Ephesus—by auguries backed, and omens
That deepliest dint the craziest brain—you counselled
To fight by sea, not land, the Persian fleet
My ships exceeding fourfold, and with their
Phœnicia's mated. Issus won, you counselled
Naked to leave the Asian coasts, their prey
Their appanage, who, from ports secure forth sailing,
From north to south had raised revolted Greece,
And barred me from return.
Parmenio. This too I counselled—
Omit not from that inventory of sins
So diligently registered, my greatest—
To dash the red torch from a wanton's hand;

Flameless to leave royal Persepolis,
And shame the drunken revel!

Alexander. Hoary dotard!
Darest thou remind me of that sole offence
Which spots my sun-like fame? All-reverend mocker,
At whose false breath dead bones of seeming truth
In blasphemy are fleshed, of shames thou speakest!
One shame there rests—not merited—not mine—
On me and Greece! I spared to file my tongue
With thy transgression till this hour. Damascus
Maddened, beholding from her centuried throne
The unutterable, obscene, impious act,
When they whom thou hadst bribed to sell their trust,
A long procession, from her gates advanced,
Their treasure in the midst, unarmed, unfearing,
Old nobles, women, gray, defenceless priests,
And thou, the fool-led pupil of that son
Whose boyish babble tunes thy senile drivel,
Perfidiously didst on them launch thy power,
And in their own blood drown.

Parmenio. It is a lie!
The impeachment is a lie; the man a liar!
That deed I wrought not, and I knew not of it:
In the rear I rode. Captains of Macedon,
Your ears have heard. I brand him for a liar!
Your king has lied, and lies!

Alexander. Caitiff and coward!
The gray hair—well thou know'st it—saves that head
Which else this sword had from thy shoulders swept.
I am requited justly who, unjustly
In glorious offices above thy peers
Stayed thee so long, for those high tasks unmeet

Which by Craterus, Ptolemy, Hephestion,
In silence were vicariously discharged.
I strip thee of all functions to the last:—
Take from him chain and sword!

[*After a pause.*

I stand rebuked;
And, gazing on your countenances, lords,
Remember that the ruins of a man
Have in them ruin's claims.
The man who smote his king upon the face,
Who on his forehead nailed the name of lie,
Shall live, but not beside him, and not near;
Honors shall keep, but sway no battle-field.
Back to Ecbatana! Get thee hence, Parmenio!
And guard its citadel with Harpalus,
A pardoned man like thee. My purpose stood
Thou thence shouldst join us with our Thracian aids:
It shall not be; for I distrust thy sword,
Though one time sharp—distrust, detest thy counsel;
Yet trust thy faithfulness to guard my gold
And keep my Median capital in awe.
Depart: work waits. Thy son shall take no hurt
From his sire's fall. On earth we meet no more.

Parmenio. King—for that pride which maddens, and will wreck you,
Demands such lessening titles—I depart.
I too, like you, have mused, and changed my purpose:
That which it was, and is, let no man ask.
This is the ending of a life-long league.
I laid my strong sword by your cradle's side;
I taught you how to walk, and how to run,
To ride, to swim; and when you sought to fly
I bade you to beware.

Could all this thing be painted, patched, adjusted,
Reduced to spleen of fancy, proven a dream,
This day from out the starry count of time
Be blotted, cancelled, buried, and trod out,
I'd not so have it, for my heart is changed.
My head, you say, through age hath lost its cunning;
My heart hath insight still: I see your end:
I'll whisper it to Philip in the shades,
For I shall see him soon.
You shall succeed, and your success be ruin:
A name you shall achieve: in after years
The byword it shall live of madness crowned.
By night the dagger, and the spear by day
From you shall glance: snow-wastes and burning sands
To you obsequious, shall but choke the just:
Yet all your greatness shall be changed to bane.
Your virtues shall not walk in Virtue's ways,
But glorify your vices, and the beam
Of your bright mind blacken that mind to madness.
The empire you shall build in cloudy wreck
Shall melt around your death-bed premature,
Which shall not be a warrior's. That first realm,
Your father's work and mine, to dust shall fall;
The Royal House evanish as a wind,
Your mother, and your sisters, sons, and wife,
Down struck successive by a vassal hand
In bloody, base, and ignominious death.
Lords, give ye way. Some blood-drops in my brain
At times make dim mine eyes; but help I need not.
Who's this? Hephestion? Tell my son, Philotas,
That after-musings on this morn's discourse

Have somewhat changed my sentence. Home, they say,
Is best for age. I seek it. Eighty years
I've made my home on horseback. Sirs, farewell.

[PARMENIO *departs.*

AUBREY DE VERE.

LESSON XC.

THE SIEGE OF RHODES.

1. ON the 23d of May, 1480, there appeared before Rhodes a hostile Turkish fleet of one hundred and sixty vessels, having on board seventy thousand armed men, destined for the conquest of that island and its tributary dependencies. This vast array had been despatched by Mahomet, Sultan of the East, and was commanded by a Greek renegade of superior military skill, named Paleologus. The galleys were equipped after the fashion of the times, and the land force included artillery of a magnitude hitherto unknown.

2. The origin of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John dates back to the middle of the eleventh century, when pilgrims from all countries thronged Jerusalem to worship on the site of the Holy Sepulchre. Soon after the Holy City had been captured by the Crusaders, 1099, they were formed into a regular order, under the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience. Their fame extended to the utmost bounds of Christendom, and justly so; for during more than two centuries of unequal and ever-varying struggle between the Christians and infidels in Syria, their swords were seldom sheathed, while their fidelity to their vows added lustre to

their dauntless valor and unconquerable fortitude. But as the enthusiasm of Europe died away, the pressure upon the Christian establishments in the East became irresistible. Step by step the Hospitallers were driven backward, ever with their face to the foe, and never yielding one inch of ground until it had been watered with the blood of the noblest of their community. Jerusalem, Margat, and Acre were so many steps by which the overwhelming power of the infidel had driven them to retire westward, and now Rhodes was to become the theatre of their last and grandest struggles against Mahometan cruelty and rapacity. Comparatively few in numbers, but invincible in faith and devotion to religion, they were unmatched in personal prowess.

3. The Knights of St. John had lavished all the treasure with which their order had been endowed on the city, partly in the construction of works of defence, as perfect as the engineering science of those days could devise, and partly in the erection of public buildings of rare beauty and magnificence. It was situated on the sea-shore, and embraced within its circuit two harbors, known as the outer and inner ports. The former was formed by a long strip of land jutting into the sea so as to enclose between it and the shore line a commodious and sheltered anchorage. On a rock at the extremity of this neck stood the Tower of St. Nicholas. The inner port was enclosed by two moles, at the extremities of which were the forts of St. Michael and St. John.

4. The Turks, owing to the superiority of their numbers, easily effected a landing on the island,

and while their large fleet effectually blockaded the city, the land forces enclosed the walls in the form of a semicircle, their flanks resting on and being supported by the navy. The enemy lost no time in opening their batteries on the main defences. Their first joint attack was on the Tower of St. Nicholas. Anxiously was the struggle gazed at by both friend and foe. The battlements overlooking the harbor were crowded with citizens, eager to watch the progress of the fray; whilst on the brow of St. Stephen's hill stood Paleologus himself, in all the keen and intense excitement natural to one with whom success would be everything and failure utter ruin.

5. Throughout the eventful day the Grand Master, Peter d'Aubusson, retained his post with the defenders of the castle, utterly regardless of his own life. At length, while the fate of the day seemed still to hang in the balance, the Knights brought some fire-ships, which they had previously prepared, to bear upon the galleys of the enemy. The attempt was successful; several caught fire, and the remainder, eager to escape from so imminent a danger, drew off from the attack. To complete their confusion, the garrison made a vigorous assault, and the flanking batteries poured in a destructive fire on the assailants.

6. The enemy at length gave way, but not before the trenches and breach were choked up with their dead and wounded. Of those who survived some escaped to their camp, but the greater part perished in attempting to reach their ships. The second attack was made from the land side on the Jews' quarter. Besides directing his heaviest guns

against it, Paleologus threw a vast quantity of combustibles into the town, purposing therewith to set it on fire; but against all these dangers D'Aubusson's ready genius was enabled to provide a remedy, by providing places of temporary shelter for the inhabitants under the walls and in the basements of the churches and public buildings.

7. While this was going on a second attempt was made by the Turks against the Tower of St. Nicholas, with a ferocity stimulated by their previous defeat. The enemy massed their forces during the night, having previously prepared a movable bridge or raft, which, being connected by a cable to an anchor stealthily fixed at the foot of the castle, they hoped to move across the channel unobserved by the garrison. In this, however, they were disappointed. Their design was discovered, and the rope detached from the anchor by the vigilance and intrepidity of a Christian sailor. Thus, when the signal of attack was given by the infidel leader, it was discovered that not only could the bridge not be moved by the intended method, but that, when the attacking force reached the walls of the fort with the hope of surprising it, they found its gallant defenders perfectly prepared to receive them. The sea was again covered with drowning men, and the routed relics of the renegade pasha's forces found a watery grave, their only alternative from the avenging sword of the Christians.

8. Paleologus, though disheartened by this last defeat, now prepared for a grand and decisive stroke. All his available artillery was again directed against the Jews' quarter where the fortifi-

cations were weakest. Before his concentrated fire these soon crumbled, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of D'Aubusson, a breach was made through which, on the early morning of the 27th of July, the enemy poured in an irresistible tide. The rampart was already won, the Turks pressed forward through the streets of the town, and a general panic appeared to seize the defenders.

9. Fortunately the Grand Master, ever watchful, was soon on the scene. His presence quickly reanimated his followers and restored order. Fighting hand to hand with the intruders, surrounded and overpowered by hundreds of the infidels, and bleeding from numerous wounds, he still not only held his own, but drove them through the breach, and hurled them off the battlements. When at length, apparently dying, he was borne from the field, he had the satisfaction of knowing that his glorious order was again triumphant. The struggle now degenerated into a massacre. Pursued by their excited and victorious enemy, the Turks were mown down like grass, without the slightest attempt at resistance, and were driven through their own camp, leaving behind them the great banner of the pasha. Rhodes was saved, and the renegade Paleologus hastened to leave the island which had been so fatal to his hopes and so destructive to his ferocious followers.

10. The fame of the invincible Knights of St. John spread with lightning rapidity over Christendom, and the name of Peter d'Aubusson, now recovered from his wounds, was on all lips. Emperors and kings vied with each other in chanting his praise, while the Holy Father conferred on him the

honorable title of "Buckler of Christianity." Undazzled by those high honors, the Grand Master, as soon as his health would permit, set to work to repair the damages of the unparalleled siege. The fortifications were rebuilt, the churches renovated, and a new one, dedicated to St. Mary of Victory, was erected in commemoration of the triumph. The houses of the citizens of Rhodes and the hamlets of the rural population rose up again, while to the former, hitherto regarded as an inferior, and to some extent servile race, were awarded liberal civil and official privileges.

11. In 1485 the sovereign pontiff created D'Aubusson a cardinal, and entrusted him with many important missions affecting the welfare of the Church and the general interests of Christendom. Thus for twenty-three years after the gallant defence of Rhodes the Grand Master passed a life of comparative tranquillity, and expired on the 30th of June, 1503, full of honors and years. By all Europe, and even by the infidel to whom he had proved a terrible but generous foe, his death was deeply regretted, but by none so much as the Order of St. John, of which he was the leader, the glory, and the exemplar of all that was noble and chivalrous in knighthood, and all that is devoted and pure-minded in religion.

LESSON XCI.

THE FALL OF RHODES.

1. FOR nearly half a century after the victorious defence of Rhodes by the Knights of St. John under D'Aubusson, the island remained unmolested, though several times threatened by the Mahometans. At length, however, a storm was to burst upon it which, for the immensity of the force employed and the violence of its fury, has no parallel in the annals of mediæval warfare. On the 26th of June, 1522, the devoted city was once more besieged by a fleet of four hundred vessels, bearing, besides their usual crews, a force of not less than two hundred thousand men. The commander of this formidable army was Mustapha Pasha, who, from his eminent military abilities and inveterate hatred of the Christian name, had been selected by the Sultan Solyman, surnamed the Magnificent, to utterly crush the gallant little band of Christian heroes, who, in defiance of his threats and despite his allurements, persisted in holding the island as the advance post and eastern bulwark of Christendom.

2. To oppose this mighty force the order could only count six hundred Knights, four thousand five hundred men-at-arms, or private soldiers, and those of the towns-people who, from motives of self-interest, patriotism, or love of the faith, had formed themselves into a local militia. But providentially for the glorious order, it had at that time at its head one who was a host in himself, L'Isle Adam, a man of unswaying fidelity, rare military genius,

and elevation of soul which have emblazoned his name on the roll of Christian heroism as second to none recorded in history.



Entrance of L'Isle Adam into the City.

3. Well aware of the designs of Solyman, and

nothing daunted by the fearful odds he was about to encounter, he had taken all precautions possible, and had used every means to strengthen the defences of the city, and make such disposition of his handful of men as circumstances would permit. Like a true soldier of Christ, he commenced his gallant and most desperate defence against the powers of infidelity by invoking the divine blessing and assistance, and, while the Turkish fleet was hovering around the island, a religious procession—it was the octave of St. John—was marching through the streets of the threatened city. The religious ceremony over, each Knight and soldier repaired to the post assigned him, the Grand Master, with his guards and standard-bearers, taking general supervision of the whole.

4. At first the efforts of the besiegers, great as were their numbers, met with so little success that disaffection soon broke out in their ranks, and they even intimated their intention of abandoning the enterprise altogether. Solyman being apprised of this, hastily assembled a body of fifteen thousand men, and repaired to the scene of action, hoping by his presence to quell the incipient revolt. In this he was not disappointed, for from the time of his arrival operations against the city were carried on with renewed vigor. Having artillery of stupendous power for that age, he directed all its fire against the ramparts, ordered cavaliers, or great mounds of stone and earth, to be raised, so that his guns, planted upon them, could command the town, and even resorted to sapping and mining in his approaches to the defences.

5. Finally one of the bastions was undermined and blown up, and a battalion of Turks, who were awaiting the result, dashed forward with a wild shout of triumph, and, mounting the breach, gained the summit before the defenders, aghast at the calamity which had befallen them, could regain sufficient presence of mind to oppose the onslaught. The standard of the Prophet was planted on the conquered rampart, and the victorious foe, flushed with this moment of success, pushed forward with renewed ardor, until the bastion appeared irretrievably lost. They were, however, temporarily checked by a small band of knights who had recovered from their momentary confusion. The Grand Master, who had been engaged in hearing Mass in the chapel of St. Mary of Victory, rushed to the point of danger, and a few moments of desperate strife sufficed to attest the moral and physical superiority of the Knights of St. John. The enemy, despite their numbers, were soon driven back through the breach they had so lately entered in triumph.

6. Mustapha Pasha, now second in command, witnessed the discomfiture of his troops, and resolved to make a desperate attempt to wipe out the disgrace. The breach was once more mounted and the struggle renewed. But it was now crowned by those who were well able to maintain it against all the turbaned hosts whom he could hurl against their serried front; and the baffled and decimated columns of the infidel were forced to relinquish the strife and to retire in despair to the shelter of their trenches.

7. During the month of September constant as-

saults were made on the works in a precisely similar manner, and always with the same results. Though the assaulting columns were numbered by tens of thousands, selected from the choicest flower of Solyman's army, while the defenders consisted of but a few hundred Christians, wearied and exhausted, upon each successive occasion the countless swarms were forced to recoil from the impassable barrier of Christian steel.

8. But while the army of the gallant defenders were thus everywhere victorious, treason and disaffection lurked within the walls of Rhodes. Some were found to murmur at the sufferings and hardships incident to a protracted siege; others, the spies of Solyman, not only gave information of the numerical weakness of the garrison, but actually plotted against the life of the Grand Master. Suspicion was abroad, and many suffered an ignominious death. But worse, than all, the supply of ammunition was nearly exhausted. It was the knowledge of this fact, accidentally acquired, that prevented the Turkish Sultan from raising the siege and giving up the contest. The breaches became wider and the ramparts more untenable; the defenders were fewer and their strength more exhausted; hope had given way to despair, and the prospect of relief from Europe had grown more and more dim; yet the foe was ever driven back, and Solyman was forced to admit that he should be enabled to enter the city only when the last of its illustrious defenders lay stretched upon its ramparts.

9. Under these circumstances the Sultan proposed honorable terms of surrender, which were at

first rejected by L'Isle Adam, whose intention was, in the last extremity, to utterly destroy the city, and with it its entire inhabitants, ere one of them, Knight or citizen, should grace the Moslem's triumph. He was, however, overruled in this, not only by the towns-people, who had suffered terribly during the siege, but by many of his brothers-in-arms. He consequently yielded a reluctant consent to capitulate. Thus, to the eternal disgrace of Europe, were the heroic and self-sacrificing Knights of St. John, the flower of Christian chivalry, after a defence unequalled in all history, compelled to abandon forever the beautiful island they had won to Christendom, and guarded for two hundred years with a fidelity and devotion that had excited the admiration of friend and foe.

LESSON XCII.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S KNIGHT.

A Ballad of the Crusade.

1. BENEATH the stars in Palestine seven knights discoursing stood,—
But not of warlike work to come, nor former fields of blood;
Nor of the joy the pilgrims feel, prostrated far, who see
The hill where Christ's atoning blood poured down the penal tree;
Their theme was old, their theme was new, 'twas sweet and yet 'twas bitter,—
Of noble ladies left behind spoke cavalier and ritter;

And eyes grew bright, and sighs arose from every iron breast,
For a dear wife, or plighted maid, far in the widowed West.

2. Toward the knights came Constantine, thrice noble by his birth,
And ten times nobler than his blood his high outshining worth;
His step was slow, his lips were moved, though not a word he spoke,
Till a gallant lord of Lombardy his spell of silence broke.
"What aileth thee, oh, Constantine! that solitude you seek?
If counsel or if aid you need, we pray thee do but speak;
Or dost thou mourn, like other frères, thy lady-love afar,
Whose image shineth nightly through yon European star?"

3. Then answered courteous Constantine, "Good sir, in simple truth,
I chose a gracious lady in the heyday of my youth;
I wear her image on my heart, and when that heart is cold
The secret may be rifled thence, but never must be told.
For her I love and worship well by light of morn or even,
I ne'er shall see my mistress dear until we meet in heaven;

But this believe, brave cavaliers, there never was but one
Such lady as my holy love, beneath the blessèd sun."

4. He ceased, and passed with solemn step on to an olive grove,
And kneeling there he prayed a prayer to the lady of his love,
And many a cavalier whose lance had still maintained his own
Beloved to reign without a peer, all earth's unequalled one,
Looked tenderly on Constantine in camp and in the fight;
With wonder and with generous pride they marked the lightning light
Of his fearless sword careering through the unbelievers' ranks,
As angry Rhone sweeps off the vines that thicken on his banks.

5. "He fears not death come when it will, he longeth for his love,
And fain would find some sudden path to where she dwells above.
How should he fear for dying when his mistress dear is dead?"
Thus often of Sir Constantine his watchful comrades said;
Until it chanced from Sion wall the fatal arrow flew,
That pierced the outworn armor of his faithful bosom through;

And never was such mourning made for knight in Palestine
As thy loyal comrades made for thee, belovèd Constantine!

6. Beneath the royal tent the bier was guarded night and day,
Where with a halo round his head the Christian champion lay;
That talisman upon his breast—what may that marvel be
Which kept his ardent soul through life from every error free?
Approach! behold! nay, worship there the image of his love,
The heavenly queen who reigneth all the sacred hosts above;
Nor wonder that around his bier there lingers such a light,
For the spotless one that sleepeth was the Blessèd Virgin's Knight!

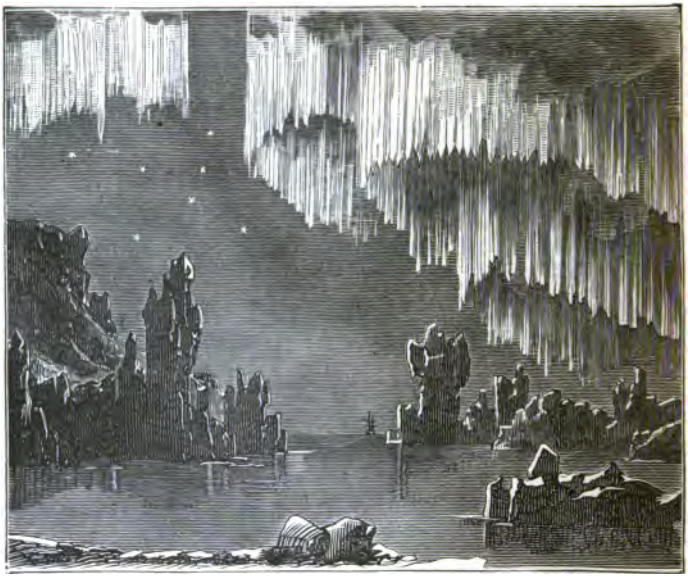
T. D. McGEE.

LESSON XCIII.

THE AURORA.

1. THOUGH nature generally wears a more stern and forbidding aspect on advancing towards the pole, yet the high latitudes have many beauties of their own. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of an arctic sunset, clothing the snow-clad mountains and the skies with all the glories of color; or be

more serenely beautiful than the clear starlit night, illumined by the brilliant moon, which for days continually circles around the horizon, never setting until she has run her long course of brightness. The uniform whiteness of the landscape and the general transparency of the atmosphere add to the lustre of her beams, which serve to guide the natives in their nomadic life, and to lead them to their hunting-grounds.



2. A number of icebergs floating in the sea—a familiar scene in polar regions—is one of the most magnificent spectacles in nature. But the wonderful beauty of these crystal cliffs never appears to greater advantage than when clothed by the midnight sun with all the splendid colors of twilight.

In the distance, they seem like masses of burnished metal or solid flame. Nearer at hand, they are like huge blocks of purest marble inlaid with pearl and opal gems. Thousands of sparkling little cascades leap into the sea from their sides, the water being discharged from lakes of melted snow and ice that repose in the quietude of their valleys.

3. But of all the magnificent spectacles that relieve the monotonous gloom of the arctic winter, there is none to equal the magical beauty of the Aurora. Night covers the snow-clad earth; the stars glimmer feebly through the haze which so frequently dims their brilliancy in the high latitudes, when suddenly a broad and clear bow of light spans the horizon in the direction where it is traversed by the magnetic meridian.

4. This bow sometimes remains for several hours, heaving or waving to and fro, before it sends forth streams of light toward the zenith. Sometimes these flashes proceed from the bow of light alone; at other times they simultaneously shoot forth from many opposite parts of the horizon, and form a vast sea of fire, whose brilliant waves are continually changing their position. Finally they all unite in a magnificent crown or cupola of light, with the appearance of which the phenomenon attains its highest degree of splendor.

5. The brilliancy of the streams, which are commonly red at their base, green in the middle, and light yellow towards the zenith, increases, and at the same time they dart with greater vivacity athwart the skies. The colors are wonderfully transparent; the red approaching to a clear blood-red, the green to a pale emerald tint.

6. On turning from the flaming firmament to the earth, this also is seen to glow with a magical light. The dark sea, black as jet, forms a striking contrast to the white snow plain or the distant ice mountain; all the outlines tremble as if they belonged to the unreal world of dreams. The imposing silence of the night heightens the charms of the magnificent spectacle.

7. But gradually the crown fades; the bow of light dissolves; the streams become shorter, less frequent, and less vivid; and finally the gloom of winter once more descends upon the northern desert.

LESSON XCIV.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

1. THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day!
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

3. Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.



4. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

8. Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10. Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11. Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

12. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

13. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

14. Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15. Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,—
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

16. The applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

17. Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

18. The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20. Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21. Their names, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22. For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24. For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

25. Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,—
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26. There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27. Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

28. One morn, I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

29. The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path, we saw him borne.
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

30. Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

31. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had,—a tear;
He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished,—a friend.

32. No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

LESSON XCV.

THE SIEGE OF MALTA.

PART I.

1. AFTER their expulsion from Rhodes, the Knights of St. John found themselves literally without a home for their order. At length, after much negotiation, the islands of Malta and Gozo, together with the city of Tripoli, in Africa, were conferred on them by Charles V. of Spain. It was a barren grant; for both islands were little other than sheer rocks, far different from their "garden of the Levant" which Europe had allowed to be wrested from them. Tripoli was at once a weakness and a danger. Situated more than two hundred miles away, badly fortified, and surrounded by an ever-watchful piratical foe, it was a constant drain on the diminished forces and exhausted treasury of the order.

2. Barren as Malta was, however, it was a natural fortress, within a few days' sail of three continents, and the Knights set to work at once to strengthen by all the art and means at their disposal what nature had already made so strong. While engaged in erecting forts, ramparts, and bastions, to guard that portion of the island which they had made their home, their galleys scoured the seas and reaped rich harvests of booty from the galleons of the Turk and Algerine. So persistent were their attacks, and so material was the aid they rendered the Spanish emperor in his expeditions into Africa, that Solyman resolved to crush out once for all this hornet's nest that was forever tormenting him.



But knowing from bitter experience the men with whom he had to deal, he set about preparing an armament that should laugh at all resistance they could offer.

3. On the 26th of October, 1530, L'Isle Adam had entered into possession of Malta; and on the 17th of August, 1557, John Parisot de la Valette succeeded Claude de la Sangle as Grand Master. This man, in whom and under whose rule the glories of the Knights of St. John were to culminate, had entered the order at the age of twenty, been present at the siege of Rhodes, and distinguished himself through a long life by an unstained loyalty to his vows, by a bravery that was only equalled by his modesty and devotion, and by a sagacity as leader and commander, whether by sea or land, that, though ever aggressive and bold, had never yet led his followers into a position from which they had not retired with victory and honor.

4. La Valette's spies informed him of the vast preparations that Solyman was making; preparations so vast that all Europe had watched them with anxiety, though he alone divined their true destination. He appealed to Christendom for assistance in this dire emergency, but Christendom, with the exception of the Pope and a small contingent sent by Philip II. of Spain, was again deaf to the appeal of the Knights of St. John. La Valette was not the man to hesitate. He saw that there was nothing left but to depend on themselves for their own defence. His call to his comrades resounded through Europe, and bravely was it answered. From every land the White-Cross Knights flew with chivalrous alacrity to measure swords once again—in a death struggle this time—with the foe they had so often faced. It was to be a battle for existence, and as such was understood from the beginning.

5. The main harbor of Malta is divided into two parts, called the Great Harbor and the Marsa Museeit, by the lofty promontory of Mount Seeherras, at whose extreme point, guarding both harbors, was Fort St Elmo. The Great Harbor is divided into three creeks by two smaller promontories, on which stood Senglea and the Bourg, where the main body of the Knights resided. At the point of Senglea stood Fort St. Michael, while guarding the Bourg, which was nearer the mouth of the harbor, was Fort St. Angelo. Senglea and the Bourg were fortified on all sides. Between them ran the Port of the Galleys, which was crossed by a bridge of boats, and guarded at the entrance by a huge chain extending from Fort St. Angelo to the extremity of Senglea, while within the port were drawn up all the galleys of the order.

6. La Valette's forces amounted to upwards of nine thousand men, of whom four hundred and seventy-four were Knights. St. Elmo was ordinarily garrisoned by sixty soldiers, but as that was likely to be the first point of attack, the garrison was strengthened by two companies of foreign troops and sixty Knights. St. Angelo, which was the citadel of the whole position, was occupied by La Valette himself with fifty Knights and five hundred men. The remainder of his forces were distributed to the best advantage about the ramparts of Senglea, the Bourg, and the island of Gozo.

7. On the morning of the 18th of May, 1565, a signal-gun boomed from St. Angelo, and was answered from St. Elmo and St. Michael. It an-

nounced that the Turks were in sight. On they came, a fleet of one hundred and fifty galleys, fifty vessels of smaller size, and a number of transports laden with the battering train and military stores of an army of thirty thousand men, led by the veteran Mustapha. The fleet was under the command of Piali, whose arms were recently flushed with conquest over the Christians. The flower of this mighty armament was composed of five thousand Janissaries, the perverted children of Christian parents.

8. As had been expected, St. Elmo, covering the entrance to the harbor, was made the first point of attack. The rocky soil of Mount Seeherras afforded little convenience or shelter for the Turkish gunners, but as soon as this difficulty was overcome, and cannon of immense calibre were brought to bear on the fort, it was clear that the defence of the position was a hopeless task. Great breaches began to yawn in the walls, and the fort itself to tumble about the heads of the garrison, who, brave as they were, amounted to a mere handful compared to the myriads without.

9. By slow degrees and by some surprises the Turks crept up to the doomed fort, but could not enter, for the solid walls themselves were less impenetrable than the men of steel who stood inside them. Assault after assault was repelled, and though inch by inch was wrenched from the garrison at a fearful sacrifice, it was only inch by inch, and the little band of Christian warriors held their own, day after day, against an army. The terrific combats that marked each day were witnessed from the ramparts of St. Angelo by their comrades across the

water. During the night the wounded were conveyed to the other side and replaced by fresh troops. At last the enemy came so close that his guns swept the ramparts, and not a man of the garrison dared show himself, while the cannon, booming from all the heights around, were beating the very walls about their ears. The place became absolutely untenable, and the fact was represented to the Grand Master.

10. But it was a time and an occasion when the utmost sacrifice that men can make was demanded of them, and though La Valette's heart might bleed for his devoted comrades, the detention of the Turks before St. Elmo was vital to the safety of the island. Message after message had he sent to Sicily, and the promise of succor was made and repeated, could he only hold out long enough to allow time for adequate preparation. Every hour now gained was worth years. So terrible did the situation become that a large section of the garrison threatened to sally forth and die in open fight unless they were withdrawn from a position they could no longer hold. It was a trying moment, but the great commander was equal to it, and at length they were prevailed upon, nay, even petitioned, to remain at their post.

11. The end was not long in coming. Dragut, the famous corsair, who had arrived during the siege, succeeded in completely investing the fort, so that all communication with their friends on the other side was cut off, and no further relief could reach them. There was nothing left but to die at their posts and within sight of their comrades, who could not move a hand to help them, save by means

of the guns. All the day of the 15th of June an incessant cannonade was kept up by the Turks, preventing the garrison from repairing the breaches made in their walls. The next morning a grand assault was made, led by the Janissaries, and though the guns of St. Angelo played with fatal precision on the serried masses of the Turks, while St. Elmo itself was not silent, nothing could turn aside the fierce attack of the now maddened foe.

12. Up to the very breach the Janissaries rushed, heedless of the havoc that the iron hail made in their ranks, but at the breach they were met by men to whom despair, crowned by the sublime heroism of a great cause, imparted a superhuman strength. All around the Turkish army surged, and all around, after six hours of a combat that never paused, that mighty army was beaten back from the ruined walls of St. Elmo. One great shout rent the air, a shout that was echoed and reëchoed across the waters from the throngs of their comrades who had witnessed every turn of that fearful struggle. Seventeen Knights and three hundred soldiers did that victory cost the Christian heroes, while the loss of their foes is best appreciated by their being ccmpelled to retire.

13. On the 22d, after three days of incessant cannonading, a similar assault was made, and again were the Turks compelled to recoil from this rampart of men of steel. The effort, however, cost the band half their number, and that night the remnant confessed each other, renewed their vows of consecration, and having received Holy Communion, prepared to die like heroes and soldiers of Christ. At the dawn the Turks leapt up at them

For four hours the struggle was maintained, and once again were they driven back, but this time no shout of triumph was heard from the sixty wounded warriors who alone were left to defend the fort to the last against an army.

14. They came on again, and it was all over. Quarter was neither given nor asked. The sixty died fighting, save a few Maltese soldiers, who saved themselves by swimming, and nine others taken by Dragut's corsairs, who wisely judged that their living ransom was worth more than their dead bodies. That evening the crescent waved over St. Elmo, whose capture had cost Mustapha eight thousand of his bravest, while fifteen hundred Christians fell. The fierce Turk could not pardon such foes in death; but striking the heads from their bodies and mutilating the corpses, he sent them floating across the harbor to St. Angelo, gazing at whose lofty ramparts, defended by the brethren of those whose death had cost him so dear, he might well exclaim, "What will not the parent cost us when the child has been gained at so fearful a price?"

LESSON XCVI.

THE SIEGE OF MALTA.

PART II.

1. And now the siege began in earnest. La Valette had made the best use of the month lost to the Moslem before St. Elmo. A reinforcement of seven hundred and thirty-four men which had

slipped in with promise of speedy succor from Sicily, cheered the garrison, while it filled Mustapha with dismay, who believed its numbers to be much greater. He sent an envoy with the most liberal offers to La Valette if he would surrender the island. The answer of the Grand Master was characteristic. Pointing to the deep ditches which surrounded the Castle of St. Angelo, he bade the envoy tell his master that there lay the only ground he was prepared to surrender, deep enough to bury all the Turkish army.

2. Early in July the Bourg and Senglea were completely surrounded by the Turks, whose fleet, to avoid the cannon of St. Angelo, had been transported overland by Mount Seeherras, and floated in the upper portion of the harbor. On the morning of the 15th, a double attack was made on the sea and land side of Senglea, the latter led by Hassan the corsair, son-in-law of Dragut, who had recently arrived with twenty-five hundred desperadoes as fierce and reckless as himself; the former by Hassan's lieutenant, Candelissa. The Turkish flotilla advanced gayly to the inspiriting strains of music, to retire after another fashion. A landing was made, and notwithstanding an obstinate resistance, the Knights, step by step, were forced back.

3. Mustapha despatched ten boats filled with Janissaries to make good Candelissa's success, but a secret battery opened upon them with such fell precision that at the first discharge several of the boats sank, and the remainder, filled with dying and dead, hastened back. This sealed the fate of Candelissa's expedition. A reinforcement, sent

across the bridge from the Bourg by La Valette, fell upon his troops while they were dismayed by the disaster which they had just witnessed, and Candelissa himself was the first to fly. As the Knights smote them down one by one, the only reply to their appeal for mercy was, "Such mercy as you showed at St. Elmo, and none other;" and each blow that struck a life out was called *St. Elmo's pay.*

4. Three thousand of the flower of the Moslem army fell that day, and two hundred and fifty of the garrison. Hassan's attack on the land side was still less successful than Candelissa's, and the corsairs found to their cost that they had for once mistaken their foe. Mustapha seeing that, if he would win at all, it must be speedily, divided his forces, leaving his coadjutor, Piali, to conduct the attack on the Bourg, while he himself led that on Senglea, Candelissa with the fleet watching the mouth of the Great Harbor. The siege was now pressed forward with great vigor, each commander hoping that to him would fall the crowning glory of the expedition. From all sides an incessant rain of fire was poured on rampart and bastion and fort. On the 2d of August, Mustapha led an assault on his side, and after a six hours' struggle, in which the Turks were driven back five times only to be rallied again by their fierce commander, he was compelled to sound the recall.

5. After five days he renewed the attack, seconded this time by Piali on the Bourg side. The latter suffered a terrific rout, while Mustapha gained a footing on the breach, which by dint of the most determined struggles he succeeded in making good.

The garrison were driven back, when just as victory seemed to smile on him, he himself sounded the recall. It was a false alarm created by an assault of a few Knights on his camp, who having succeeded in creating a diversion at so critical a moment, made good their escape.

6. Mustapha resolved now to hammer away until he wore the rapidly-decreasing garrison out by sheer force of numbers. Almost every day the assaults were renewed, while the pitiless hail of shells continued to pour down on the beleaguered walls. Although no impression seemed to be made on the garrison, although every assault was vigorously repelled, yet every man of them struck down began to be felt as a sensible loss, and yet there was no sign of the anxiously awaited succor.

7. Long failure, however, began to tell on their fatalist foes. The flower of the Moslem army had been destroyed in these fierce assaults, yet not an inch had they advanced. They began to think that it was not Allah's will that they should gain possession of the place, their ammunition was running low, a pestilence broke out in the camp, and dissensions arose between the commanders. On the 23d another general assault was made, but it was plain even to Mustapha that his soldiers had lost heart.

8. The effort was the weakest yet made, and the Knights began to hope that alone and unaided they could succeed in driving the foe from the field. On the 25th of August, however, the long-expected succor, a fleet of twenty-five galleys with eight thousand troops, set sail from Syracuse, and appeared off the island, only to be driven back by a violent storm. On the 6th of September, the Vice-

roy of Sicily again set sail, and the next morning landed his army.

9. Mustapha was already in despair at the result of the last assault. His troops were growing mutinous, and just at this moment he heard of the landing of another army, whose numbers, as usual, were greatly exaggerated. He hastened to embark his troops; but no sooner had he completed the embarkation, than, learning the true dimensions of the new army, he hastened to land again, and marched a half-mutinous force of nine thousand men against the new foe. At the first contact his men broke, and fled to their vessels, and thus did the shattered remnant of Solyman's mighty armament retreat from Malta. The fall of Rhodes was avenged. Of La Valette's gallant eight thousand scarcely six hundred were left, and not one of them without a scar from the conflict, whose history stands alone in the annals of war.

LESSON XCVII.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

1. SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,

The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

2. How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:

3. The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove,—
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms,—but all these charms are fled.

4. Sweet smiling village! loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And Desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries:
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

5. Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

6. A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light Labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

7. But times are altered; Trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,

Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

GOLDSMITH.

LESSON XCVIII.

ST. PETER AND MAHOMET.

PART I.

1. IF the Church ever could really fear an enemy, she would have been hopelessly affrighted at Mahometanism. All her other trials were accompanied with some solace for her wounded heart. The persecutions were bitter, but she often had a little time to breathe; she felt that such a violent state of things could not endure long, and she knew that the surest way to enlarge her fold on earth was to send crowds of martyrs to heaven.

2. No man ever sowed tares in her field as Arius did, but in three hundred years the heresy which had stolen the throne, the temples, the palaces, and the cities, had fallen to pieces; it was a lost Babylon—no one could tell where it was. The awful irruptions of the Northern barbarians seemed to have thrown upon the plains of Europe a great mass of soulless human flesh, which would corrupt the air and make the country a wild desert; but the Church took these things to her bosom, and her supernatural warmth made them Christians,

and they became men. It was not so when she fought the new enemy.

3. The powerful genius of Mahomet made him dream that he could do what Cæsar and Alexander did—that he could enslave the world; and he matured his plans with care. The political aspect of the world was very inviting to an ambitious impostor, for the Western Empire had fallen, and the strong arm won the spoils; the Eastern was getting old and crazy, and all Asia was nearly independent of the Greek emperors. Mahomet gave laws which were singularly adapted to please man's corrupt nature, and his laws were piously kept. He won soldiers to his party by promising them rich booty, and by keeping his promises.

4. The captains shouted with Mokanna: "Thrones to the victors, heaven to him who falls." He did not give them thrones—common soldiers would not know what to do with them; but they were always ready to exchange the promised throne for present license to unmitigated avarice and lust, and the soldier was satisfied. It is true that the slain did not ascend to heaven, but they never came back to tell their surviving comrades so.

5. Now Mahomet made war the rule, not the exception, of his public policy, and of course it followed that his people would have little time to cultivate their minds. He knew that the breathing intervals would be given to beastly indulgence, and in order to make their ignorance profound, he gave them the Koran, and told them to read nothing else. The views of Mahomet touching mental improvement were practically illustrated by Omar, when he burned the Alexandrian library. What a monu-

ment he would have, if every curse of the learned were a stone upon his grave!

6. Tell men that they can serve God and Mammon at the same time, charge them to indulge their passions freely, secure to them a heaven whose first law is sensual gratification, make ignorance the first commandment, and erect this scheme of lust and rapine into a religious system, and what is wanting to ensure it long life?

7. So Mahomet unfurled his banner, and in a twinkling it waved over a great host. He went forth to make converts and subjects. The process was quite simple. He held his tablet of laws in one hand and the sword in the other, and in most cases the people chose to live and believe in one God, and in his prophet, Mahomet.

8. The impostor ruled Arabia before he died, and he had the fortune which is commonly denied to political innovators; he left men who were equal to the task of prosecuting the work which he had begun. Under Abu-Bekr, Omar, and Ali, Palestine, Syria, and Egypt were enslaved, and although schism, which must distract and finally ruin every society not upheld by God, was even then dividing the true believers, nevertheless the cause went on and prospered.

9. The great caliphate, so celebrated in Eastern romance, was established in Bagdad; then Persia became Mahometan, and the religion of the prophet was professed along the shores and in the islands of the Indian Sea. The tide rolled westward; desperate attempts were made by the enemy to obtain foothold in Europe, and they were too successful. The African shores of the Mediterranean submitted,

and the piratical nests scattered along the coast from Egypt to the Straits enabled the true believers to begin a series of operations against Sicily and Spain.

10. Mirza governed Africa in the name of Caliph Valid. He had been plotting the conquest of Spain when Count Julian invited him to make a descent upon the coast. The count had a private quarrel with King Roderic. The Moors entered Spain with a great army, and destroying the kingdom of the Goths, which had flourished three hundred years, made Cordova their capital; the Goths elected a new king, and retreated to the Asturias, when Pelagius began the war which raged eight hundred years, until Ferdinand and Isabella drove the Moors back into Africa.

11. The enemy crossed the Pyrenees, ascended the Rhone, and pushed their conquests in France as far as Sens at the eastward, leaving behind them ruined cities, wasted plains, and thousands of martyrs. At the westward they entered Aquitaine, where they were routed by Charles Martel. Two hundred years rolled away before the Church of France recovered from this invasion. In Italy, Radelgise and Siconulph fought for the Duchy of Benevento. The former called in the African Moors, the latter met them with the Saracens of Spain. It was a sore day for Italy. Rome was nearly taken; the Church of St. Peter was sacked, as well as the immense monastery of Monte Casino. The infidels were bribed to go away, and the ornaments of the altar were sacrificed, as they have been often since. A few years after, they were encouraged to return by Athanasius of Na-

ples, and they did not leave Lower Italy until it was so wet with blood that the flames of what were cities could scarcely dry the ground.

12. The Greeks retreated towards Constantinople slowly; so slowly, that more than six hundred years passed on before the Saracens completed their work of destruction in the East. Nothing remained but the city of Constantine; and its hour came too. So the Mahometans came into possession of a city which was more serviceable to them than any other in Europe; and they had scarcely taken possession of it when they turned their arms against the lower Slavonic provinces, and led their forces into Hungary, threatening Vienna with destruction, and Europe with a darker night than that which settled over her when the Northern barbarians poured from their fastnesses, bringing with them certain ruin to every institution that was not upheld by the right hand of Almighty God.

13. And thus, in six hundred years after the death of the Prophet, Mahometanism had nearly fulfilled its purpose; its universal sovereignty seemed to be only a question of time. It had blasted Asia; it had destroyed Africa; it was the terror of the Mediterranean; and it was advancing slowly but surely upon the last abiding-place of Christianity, converting, like a cancer, healthy flesh into a mass of corruption and hopeless deformity. The church of God never saw such an enemy, for Mahometanism was evidently a heresy that would live for very many ages.

LESSON XCIX.

ST. PETER AND MAHOMET.

PART II.

1. Now, Mahometanism is but a step removed from idolatry. A rigid analysis of that pestilent system shows that in substance it is no better than heathenism, notwithstanding the forms with which it is bedizened. Its heaven is grossly sensual, its God is invested with attributes which are wholly repugnant to the infinite nature of the true God. So the Church, in her struggle with Mahometanism, had to meet an enemy which was very like the one that possessed the whole world when she began her career, and which seemed likely to undo the work which she had been steadily doing for so many ages.

2. This was the terrible enemy who had slowly but surely increased in strength as time rolled on, and who had become at last a giant, before whom the armies of the living God wavered and fled. Was there no David? Was there no stone, detached without hands from the mountain, to roll down and break the great image to pieces? Where was the Pope? He was kneeling at the tomb of the apostles, and pouring forth his soul in prayer. We shall see what happened while he prayed.

3. The first serious check to their plans for the subjugation of Europe was given in France. Their army was divided into two bodies. One ascended the Rhone without opposition, when Eblo, Archbishop of Sens, after waiting vainly for some show

of resistance to the enemy, marched forth and drove him from the walls of Sens. Abd-er-Rahman led the strongest division into Aquitaine. Charles Martel met him, and routed his army, leaving the Moor dead upon the field. This was the first of a series of battles which ended in the evacuation of France by the Saracens.

4. The Spaniards never suffered the enemy to rest, and deeds were done that seem like those of which we read in tales of enchantment. Under Alphonsus, Sancho, and Ramiro, Talavera and Madrid were taken from the Moors, and in the latter action eighty thousand of the enemy were slain. Abd-er-Rahman III. in one day lost the fruits of an entire campaign.

5. Still later, St. Gregory VII. interposed an effectual shield between Italy and the Moors. He had long meditated a crusade against them, but his controversy with Henry IV. forced him to defer the enterprise. But he confirmed the title of Robert Guiscard to the territories which this bold adventurer had won in Lower Italy. Robert swore fealty to the Holy See, and from that day the hardy Normans formed a strong bulwark against the Saracens. Victor III., the immediate successor of Gregory VII., carried into effect the plans of his great predecessor for the ruin of the Mahometan Colossus. He gathered together all the fighting men that Italy could furnish, and sent them to Africa, where a brilliant campaign was made. An army of one hundred thousand Saracens was routed, and several cities taken.

6. The war did not lessen the miseries of the East. But it inspired the Christians with courage. The

popes knew that the salvation of Europe could be brought about only by carrying the war into the country of the enemy; the people were delighted to see the enemy of Christ, not only driven from Europe, but bearded in his own den. Pope Urban II. restored the Church in Sicily, and conferred extraordinary favors upon Count Roger, who had driven the Saracens from the island, occupied by them for two hundred years. Then the wars of the Crusades kept the Saracens at bay for two centuries.

7. Some have undertaken to justify the Crusades, by representing the great benefits which accrued to Europe in consequence. But the matter was one of sheer necessity. Europe would have been what Asia is if the Mahometans had not been checked effectually, and the only way of doing it was to empty the West upon the countries of the enemy. As a war of reprisal, it would have been just. As the only way of saving Europe, it needs no apology.

8. It is probable that the peace of Europe would not have been much in danger from the Mahometans after the Crusades, if the enemy had not received a new nation into their ranks. The race of the Prophet had become degenerate; his people had been the terror of Christendom for six hundred years, and that is a long life for a bad nation. But the Turks, originally a horde of robbers, claimed for their sultan the privileges of Omeyyades. Under Othman, this people became terrible to Christianity, and in the middle of the fifteenth century, Mahomet II., as great a captain as the Prophet ever numbered among his true believers, besieged and took the capital of the Eastern Empire, after a



Peter the Hermit Preaching the Crusade.

brave defence, in which the last Emperor, Constantine XII., was slain (1453).

9. The fall of the imperial city filled Europe with terror. Pope Nicholas V. immediately sent

preachers everywhere. Nothing less than a new Crusade was resolved upon. He exhorted the kings to lead their subjects against the common enemy. All the West was aroused; two diets were held in Germany, the Duke of Burgundy and the King of Portugal sent fleets to the Pope, and Nicholas had gathered an army in Italy, when he died, and the enterprise was abandoned.

10. Calixtus III. succeeded to the pontificate. He revived the Crusade. Among his warlike measures he established a small navy, consisting of sixteen galleys, the first that a Pope had ever owned. The Cardinal of Aquileia commanded it, and he harassed the Turkish coast for three years. The Pope sent legates to France and Germany to arouse the sovereigns, but to no purpose. He sent ambassadors even to Persia, Tartary, and Armenia, hoping almost against hope that their sovereigns would do the work of the indolent kings of Europe. Hassan, King of Persia, sent an army against Mahomet, and overcame him in two fearful battles. Hassan then wrote to the Pope, thanking him for having with his prayers made the Omnipotent propitious to the Persian arms.

11. Mahomet led a hundred and fifty thousand men to Belgrade, which was the key of south-eastern Europe. His father, Amurath, had failed to take it, but Mahomet believed in himself. "There is but one God in heaven," he would say, "and the earth shall have no master but Mahomet." If Belgrade fell, the Sultan would find the gates of Servia, Hungary, Germany, and Italy wide open.

12. The Cardinal Carvajal and Capistrano, a

Franciscan monk, raised a mob of forty thousand. Huniades, the general of the Hungarian armies, brought another body of men. But the forces were in such wretched condition in point of discipline that no general could be induced to join the Hungarians; the kings were indifferent. "Perhaps it is as well," said the monk, as he reviewed them before the attack. "It is the cause of God, and he can lead ploughmen to victory, while he lays proud armies low." Prodigies of valor were performed on both sides, but, after twenty days' incessant fighting, the Sultan was wounded, and in a few hours forty thousand Turks fell upon the field. Mahomet tried to poison himself, but failed. This victory was regarded as the salvation of Europe.

13. Shortly after, the Turks attacked the Island of Lesbos. The enemy were scaling the innermost walls, and the Christians began to fly. A young girl, named Lesbia, snatched a sword from a runaway, and rushed upon the Turkish ranks, calling upon the saints, and levelling a Turk at each invocation. The appalled Mahometans gave way, the Christians rallied, and the enemy was driven to his ships with great loss.

14. Pius II. succeeded Calixtus, and he turned his attention to the Crusade at once. Mahomet had taken Athens, Corinth, Lesbos, in a second expedition, Trebizond, the whole of Bosnia, and a number of inferior posts. Scanderbeg defended Albania successfully against the Sultan. The Supreme Pontiff called a congress of the kings at Mantua, and went thither in person. After waiting five months, he found that the kings had sent ambassadors to meet him. They were waging war against

one another, and they could not abandon their quarrels. The Pope soon found that the ambassadors had caught the humor of their masters, He appealed to the people of Europe, and after declaring that he would head the expedition, he named Ancona as the place of meeting. The novelty of this proceeding drew immense crowds from every country of Europe. The Pope saw himself surrounded with the raw material of an imposing army, but while he was engaged in devising means for its support, he sickened and died.

15. Paul II. did not sheathe the sword. His first act was to encourage Scanderbeg to a rupture with Mahomet. The Turk entered Albania with a great force, and Scanderbeg repaired to Rome for aid. The influence of the Pope obtained twenty-five thousand men. The Lion of Albania returned, cut an auxiliary force of twenty thousand horse to pieces, and then fell upon the main body of the Turks with such success that few lived to carry back the tale. Then the old hero died. He had won the day in twenty-two battles against the Turks.

16. Mahomet could not contain himself when he heard the news. "Now," he cried, "I will destroy the Christians. They have lost their sword and their shield." He then swore that he would not rest until every Christian from east to west should grovel beneath his horse's hoofs. In fact he overrun Albania in a few days. He attacked Lemnos, Colchis, and Negropont, by land and sea. The Venetians answered the prayers of the Pope by sending a fleet to the Ægean Sea. Paul succeeded in awaking the Emperor Frederic, and a diet was

convoked at Ratisbon. But the army was scarcely in marching order, when the Pope, who was the soul of the undertaking, died, and the army fell to pieces.

17. Sixtus IV. was the next Pope, and he was scarcely elected, when he despatched cardinal legates to Germany, Spain, and France, hoping that the sovereigns would suspend their private quarrels, and join against the common enemy. But he did not succeed. He despatched his own galleys, twenty-four in number, to Asia Minor. The Venetian and Neapolitan fleets joined in the expedition, and the Cardinal Caraffa set sail for Asia Minor, where he took Smyrna and some other cities. The King of Persia was again in the field; his most important operation was the capture of Trebizond.

18. The Sultan was preparing a great blow, and it came in 1480. He entered Moldavia with one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers, and the Governor Stephen routed him with a handful of rustics, collected hastily from the fields. The Christians were as astonished as Mahomet was. But he seemed to call warriors from the earth at every stamp of his foot, and he overran Moldavia, Wallachia, and the neighboring provinces of Poland. Then he ransacked Albania, and passed the mountains of Friuli. The enemy of the Church then stood on Italian soil.

19. When he retired, he promised that the next visit would be to Rome. He burned for revenge against the Knights of Rhodes, who were the terror of his Asiatic governors. He assailed them as he had Constantinople and Belgrade, but after a siege of ninety days he retired, leaving his artillery and

twenty thousand men on the ground. His last enterprise was the capture of Otranto, a city in Calabria. Nearly the whole population were put to death.

20. The Italians thought not of defending their country; the flying cowards were deserting the cities, when the Pope made his voice heard in the general confusion. He sent twenty-four galleys to the Adriatic Sea. It was time, for the Turks had turned their faces towards Loretto. There was no earthly reason why the Turk should fly before the small force opposed to him, but he did. The Pope availed himself of the momentary quiet. He besought the kings to lay aside their petty quarrels and repair to Rome. The congress was agreed to, but God summoned Mahomet to a higher tribunal, and Europe thanked Heaven that she was not yet enslaved.

LESSON C.

ST PETER AND MAHOMET.

PART III.

1. INNOCENT VIII. prepared vigorously for a new Crusade, which frightened Sultan Bajazet so that he sent a renegade to Rome with a poison, mixed for the Pope's especial use. The villain was arrested, and suffered the penalty of his treason. Innocent strained every nerve to encourage and assist Ferdinand and Isabella, who had hunted the beast to his last den in Spain. He was finally ex-

pelled, after a stay of eight hundred years, almost every one of which saw deeds of arms which seem fabulous to our ears.

2. After a few years of comparative quiet, Soliman II., a fine specimen of an infidel soldier, entered Hungary. His first action there was the capture of Belgrade. In his second visit to Hungary he routed the army of King Louis, and beheaded fifteen hundred captives. He returned to Hungary at the invitation of John of Zapolya. This man disputed the right of the Archduke Ferdinand to the crown of Hungary, and he gathered an army, which was routed after a bloody action. Then John sold himself to the Turk.

3. Solyman was a true believer, so Christian blood was sweet to him at all times. After he had taken twelve strong cities, he marched to Vienna, and besieged it. After twenty days' hard fighting he was compelled to retire; Solyman returned to Hungary, met the army of Ferdinand, cut it to pieces, and mortally wounded the king. Then, as his ally John was dead, he seized his wife and child, and sent them into exile; a just punishment for having called the enemy of the Church to settle a dispute between Christian kings.

4. The Island of Rhodes, one of the strongest outworks of Christendom, had been held by the Knights of St. John for two hundred years; and they gave the Turks no peace in Asia. Solyman besieged the island, and after a brilliant defence of six months, during which a hundred thousand Moslems bit the dust, the island was yielded to the enemies of the cross. An action took place near Gerbi, where the Turks met the Spanish and Nea-

politan fleets. The result was a total rout of the Christians.

5. The Knights of St. John, after their expulsion from Rhodes, encamped in the Island of Malta, and Solyman sent Mustapha and Piali Pasha to dislodge them, and he already looked upon the island as won. The siege lasted four months, the island was defended by a handful, and with a valor almost superhuman.

6. The Grand Master, La Valette, was one of those generals whom God raises at times for the salvation of nations; and Europe, with her deadly enemy in full possession of her noblest city in the East, successfully assailed in the southeast, in imminent danger of losing Italy, and harassed along her southern shore, would have recited her preparation for death if the Island of Malta, her best wall of defence in the south, had fallen into the hands of the infidels.

7. The Cæsar Ferdinand concluded a disgraceful truce with Solyman, paying to the Turk thirty million pieces of gold annually, that Hungary might rest in peace for eight years.

8. Solyman was succeeded by Selim II., and the new Sultan inherited the military genius of his father and his determination to reduce Christendom. His first act was the storming of Cyprus. Nicosia was taken, and twenty thousand prisoners were savagely murdered, fifteen thousand sold. Famagusta capitulated after a brave defence. Mustapha made the Christians march before him, and every man was slain as he passed.

9. After several conquests in the Archipelago, the general sent a large body against the Island

of Curzola. This place was just then unaccountably abandoned by the men; not one was at home when the Turks appeared. But the women forgot for a time their natural timidity; they elected leaders, and made preparations for a vigorous defence. When the Turks came near enough to distinguish objects, they were astonished to see that their opponents had no beards, and presently the word was passed that the place was defended by women, and that some serious trick was meant; so they advanced cautiously.

10. Now, it was said to be an article of the Turkish creed that women have no souls, and that they were consequently incapable of doing anything which requires serious thought and judgment; so they concluded that the men had placed their wives and daughters in the foreground to receive the shock of the battle, while they would annoy the besiegers from some safe hiding-place. Supposing, therefore, that they had only cowards and soulless women to meet, they raised a great shout, and rushed to the walls. But their shouts were in a twinkling changed to shrieks of pain, for the women saluted them with a storm of Greek fire, which killed many and threw the rest into confusion.

11. They advanced again, and the intrepid women poured upon them hot water, Greek fire, heated stones, and a well-directed discharge of all the artillery and fire-arms which could be gathered in the place. The Turks fled in the utmost terror, believing that the island was defended by evil genii just unchained. Their leaders succeeded in rallying them, and it was resolved to

carry the place by storm, for they were sure that the women, if they were women, would run as soon as they could come to a close fight.

12. But they made a fatal mistake; the same boiling and hissing shower of fire and water made them waver; the dead bodies lay in heaps under the walls; but the most intrepid pressed onward; they scaled the walls, and, ashamed of being beaten thus by women, fought desperately, and the Amazons met them like tigresses guarding their whelps. The contest was most bloody, but the women managed their knives as well as they did their kettles of boiling water, and the Turks fled, leaving a fourth of their number dead upon the field.

LESSON CI.

ST. PETER AND MAHOMET.

PART IV.

1. THE hour had come, and the man. Pope Pius V. tried to arouse the sovereigns to a sense of their own danger, but his prayers were unheeded. He seemed to foresee the result of the approaching contest, and perhaps he thought that the Almighty had decreed the destruction of the infidels by a handful of Christians, as he did the downfall of the Midianites by three hundred of the children of Israel. He grew sanguine of success as its probabilities weakened; he had secured the co-operation of Spain, Genoa, and Venice, and with these he

waited for victory. The fate of Christendom was decided by one naval battle.

2. The Christian fleet was commanded by Don John of Austria, who had for lieutenants Antonio Colonna, Barberigo, and Doria, the captains of the Roman, Venetian, and Genoese vessels. They met the enemy in the Gulf of Lepanto, and he did not hesitate to advance, for he expected an easy victory; indeed, he believed that the Christians would not risk an action. When the hostile fleets drew near each other, the standard, solemnly blessed by the Pope, was displayed from the commander's vessel, and the Christians knelt to implore the countenance of the God of battles.

3. "Soldiers," exclaimed the admiral, "behold your banner! It is the cross of Christ. Remember that you are fighting for yourselves, for your homes, for your country; above all, remember that you are the defenders of the Church of God. Onward, soldiers of Christ! follow your banner to victory." The fleets met with a great crash, and the battle began, and raged furiously for five hours. The wind had favored the enemy, but when the engagement commenced it changed to the opposite quarter, and blew the smoke into the faces of the Turks. Then the right wing of the enemy was broken, the Pasha Ali was killed, and his standard was taken.

4. Don John commanded the soldiers to raise the hymn of victory, and the battle became a scene of carnage. Europe was saved. This was the most complete victory ever obtained over the Turks. More than thirty thousand perished, four thousand were taken, and fifteen thousand Christian slaves

were restored to liberty. A hundred and forty vessels were taken, and the rest of the Turkish fleet was sunk or burnt. The Turks had sacked many cities, and nearly all the spoils were in these vessels, and returned to Christian hands.

5. It is impossible to conceive the terror which seized the Turks when the news reached Constantinople. If the Pope had been near Lepanto, that great capital would have been retaken by the Christian army. For the Turks, expecting that the victors would immediately besiege the city, ran to the hitherto persecuted Christian residents, confided to them the greater part of their treasure, and implored them to permit the free exercise of the Mahometan worship in Constantinople on the payment of a yearly tribute. If Don John had appeared, the city would have yielded without a struggle. But he returned to Italy, and Constantinople was lost to Christendom.

6. St. Pius V. seemed to know that the enterprise would succeed, but he knew that only God could give the victory, and the day and night preceding the battle were spent in prayer. While the battle was raging at Lepanto, hundreds of miles distant, the cardinals were assembled at Rome. Suddenly the Pope left his throne, and hastened to a window, where he stood for some time, with his eyes raised to heaven. Then he turned to his cardinals and said, "Let us give thanks to God for the victory which he is giving now to his people." God had shown him the event.

7. The holy Pontiff declared that it was owing to the prayers of the Mother of God, and he added to the Litany the words, "Help of Christians," and,

as a further commemoration of the event, he established a feast in honor of Our Lady of Victory, which is observed throughout the Christian world. And thus the Mahometan power, which had been steadily increasing for a thousand years, received a mortal blow. The Turks have done little since to disturb the peace of Europe; their military genius disappeared by degrees, until it became a mere longing of the Janissary for plunder, of the pirate for a lonely sail, of the assassin for blood.

8. The war lasted five hundred years, counting from the pontificate of Hildebrand, who conceived the plan of saving Christendom by carrying the war into the countries of the enemy, to the Crusade of Pius V. Europe was soon to be shaken by rebellion clothed in religious garments,—by atheism and anarchy, such as had never been seen before. It was necessary that the pressure from outside infidelity should not be overwhelming, for domestic confusion, multiplied by successful invasion, brings chaos, when the enemy is a barbarian, and the merciful God spared Europe such a fate as overtook the Greek Empire.

9. His chief instrument was the Holy See; it has been his instrument in conferring upon Europe all the real good she enjoys. Such is Christianity, and such are its legitimate children, true civilization, civil order, and science. Children forget their parents, scholars forget their masters, whilom slaves forget their liberators; what wonder that Europe, once a scholar, a child, and a slave, should forget its earliest and best friend? No matter. St. Peter did not look imprisonment and death in the face

for the sake of an earthly reward, and his successors inherit his spirit.

DR O. A. BROWNSON.

LESSON CII.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

1. WE talked with open heart and tongue,
Affectionate and true;
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.
We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat,
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

2. "Now, Matthew," said I, "let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song or catch
That suits a summer's noon;
Or of the church clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made."

3. In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old man replied—
The gray-haired man of glee:
"Down to the vale this water steers;
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

4. "And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.
My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

5. "Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.
The blackbird in the summer trees.
The lark upon the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will;

6. "With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.
But we are pressed by heavy laws,
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore.

7. "If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth.
My days, my friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me, but by none
Am I enough beloved."

8. "Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains;
And, Matthew, for thy children dead,
I'll be a son to thee!"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Alas! that cannot be."

WORDSWORTH.

LESSON CIII.

IRELAND UNDER ENGLISH RULE.

PART I.

1. IRELAND is half as large as England, with a still milder climate and a more fertile soil. From the midst of its wild mountain scenery in the west gush numerous rivers, fed by the rains which the sea-breeze makes frequent. These, now forming bogs and morasses, now expanding into beautiful lakes, now rushing with copious volume and swift descent, offer along their courses water-power without limit, and near the sea form deep and safe harbors. The rich limestone plains under the cloudy sky are thickly covered with luxuriant grasses, whose unequalled verdure vie in color with the emerald.

2. Centuries before the Christian era, this beautiful region had been occupied by men of one of the Celtic tribes, who had also colonized the Highlands of Scotland. The Normans who, in the

eighth century, planted commercial towns on its sea-coast, were too few to maintain separate municipalities. The old inhabitants had been converted to Christianity by apostles of the purest fame, and abounded in churches, in a learned, liberal, and numerous clergy. Their civil government was an aristocratic confederacy of septs or families and their respective chiefs; and the remote land seemed set apart by nature as the safe abode of an opulent, united, and happy people.

3. In the reign of Henry the Second of England, and in his name, English barons and adventurers invaded Ireland; and before the end of the thirteenth century its soil was parcelled out among ten English families. As the occupation became confirmed, the English system of laws was confined to the English colonists living within the pale, which comprised the four counties of Dublin, Louth, Meath, and Kildare.

4. In the Irish parliament, framed ostensibly after the model of the English constitution, no Irishman could hold a seat: it represented the intruders only, who had come to possess themselves of the land of the natives, now quarrelling among themselves about the spoils, now rebelling against England, but always united against the Irish. When Magna Charta was granted at Runnymede, it became also the possession and birthright of the Norman inhabitants of Ireland; but to the "mere Irish" its benefits were not extended, except by special charters of enfranchisement or denization, of which the sale furnished a ready means of exaction.

5. The oligarchy of conquerors in the process of

time began to amalgamate with the Irish; they had the same religion; they inclined to adopt their language, dress, and manners, and to speak for the rights of Ireland more warmly than the Irish themselves. To counteract this tendency of the "degenerate English," laws were enacted so that the Anglo-Irish could not intermarry with the Celts, nor permit them to graze their lands, nor present them to benefices, nor receive them into their houses, nor entertain their bards. The mere Irish were considered as out of the king's allegiance; in war they were accounted rebels; in peace, the statute-book called them Irish enemies; and to kill one of them was adjudged no felony.

6. During the long civil wars in England, English power declined in Ireland. To recover its subordination, in the year 1495, the tenth after the union of the Roses, the famous statute of Drogheda, known as Poynings' Law, from the name of the Lord Deputy who obtained its enactment, reserved the initiative in legislation to the crown of England. No parliament could from that time "be holden in Ireland till the king's lieutenant should certify to the king, under the great seal of the land, the causes and considerations, and all such acts as it seems to them ought to be passed thereon, and such be affirmed by the king and his council, and his license to summon a parliament be obtained."

7. The change in the relations of England to the See of Rome, at the time of the Reformation, served to amalgamate the Celtic Irish and the Anglo-Norman Irish; for the Catholic lords within the pale, as well as Catholic Ireland, adhered to their ancient religion. The Irish resisted the act of supremacy;

and the accession of Queen Elizabeth brought the struggle to a crisis. She established the Protestant Episcopal Church by an act of what was called an Irish parliament, in which the Celtic Irish had no part, and English retainers, chosen from select counties and boroughs, and new boroughs made for the occasion, held the ascendant over the Anglo-Norman Irish.

8. The laws of supremacy and uniformity were adopted, in the words of the English statutes; the common prayer was appointed instead of Mass, and was to be read in the English language, or, where that was not known, in the Latin. The Anglican prelates and priests, divided from the Irish by the insuperable barrier of language, were quartered upon the land, shepherds without sheep, pastors without people; strangers to the inhabitants, wanting not them, but theirs. The churches went to ruin; the benefices fell to men who were held as foreigners and heretics, and who had no care for the Irish but to compel them to pay tithes.

9. The inferior Anglican clergy were men of no parts or erudition, and were as immoral as they were illiterate. No pains were taken to make converts except by penal laws; and the Norman-Irish and Celtic-Irish now became nearer to one another, drawn by common sorrows, as well as by a common faith; for "the people of that country's birth, of all degrees, were Catholics, body and soul." The Anglican Church in Ireland represented the English interest. Wild and incoherent attempts at self-defence against relentless oppression were followed by the desolation of large tracts of country, new confiscations of land, and a new colonial garrison in the

train of the English army. Even the use of parliaments was suspended for seven-and-twenty years.

LESSON CIV.

IRELAND UNDER ENGLISH RULE.

PART II.

1. The accession of James the First, with the counsels of Bacon, seemed to promise Ireland some alleviation of its woes; for the pale was broken down; and when the king, after a long interval, convened a parliament, it stood for the whole island. But in the first place, the law tolerated only the Protestant worship; and when colonies were planted on lands of six counties in Ulster escheated to the crown, the planters were chiefly Presbyterians from Scotland, than whom none more deeply hated the Catholic religion. And next, the war of chicane succeeded to the war of arms and hostile statutes.

2. Ecclesiastical courts wronged conscience; soldiers practised extortion; the civil courts took away lands. Instead of adventurers despoiling the old inhabitants by the sword, there came up discoverers, who made a scandalous traffic of pleading the king's title against the possessors of estates to force them to grievous compositions, or to effect the total extinction of the interests of the natives in their own soil.

3. This species of subtle ravage continued with systematic iniquity in the next reign, and, carried to

the last excess of perfidy, oppression, and insolence, inspired a dread of extirpation, and kindled the flames of the rising of 1641. To suppress this rebellion, when it had assumed the form of organized resistance, large forfeitures of land were promised to those who should aid in reducing the island. The Catholics had successively against them the party of the king, the Puritan parliament of England, the Scotch Presbyterians among themselves, the fierce, relentless energy of Cromwell, a unanimity of hatred, quickened by religious bigotry, greediness after confiscated estates, and the pride of power in the Protestant interest. Modern history has no parallel for the suffering of the Irish nation from 1641 to 1660.

4. At the restoration of Charles II. a declaration of settlement confirmed even the escheats of land, decreed by the republican party for the loyalty of their owners to the crown. It is the opinion of an English historian, that "upon the whole result the Irish Catholics, having previously held about two-thirds of the kingdom, lost more than one-half of their possessions by forfeitures on account of their rebellion. . . . They were diminished also by much more than one-third through the calamities of that period."

5. Even the favor of James II. wrought the Catholic Irish nothing but evil, for they shared his defeat; and after their vain attempt to make of Ireland his independent place of refuge, and a gallant resistance, extending through a war of three years, the Irish at Limerick capitulated to the new dynasty, obtaining the royal promise of security of worship to Roman Catholics, and the continued

possession of their estates, free from all outlawries or forfeitures.

6. Of these articles, the first was totally disregarded; the second was evaded. New forfeitures followed to the extent of more than a million of acres; and at the close of the seventeenth century, the native Irish, with the Anglo-Irish Catholics, possessed not more than a seventh of their own island.

7. The inhabitants of Ireland were four parts in five, certainly more than two parts in three, Roman Catholics. Religion established three separate nationalities: the Anglican Churchmen, constituting nearly a tenth of the population; the Presbyterians, chiefly Scotch-Irish; and the Catholic population, which was a mixture of the old Celtic race, the untraceable remains of the few Danish settlers, and the Normans and first colonies of the English.

8. In settling the government, England entrusted it exclusively to those of "the English colony" who were members of its own church; so that the little minority ruled the island. To facilitate this, new boroughs were created; and wretched tenants, who were not disfranchised, were so coerced in their votes at elections, that two-thirds of the Irish House of Commons were the nominees of the large Protestant proprietors of the land.

9. In addition to this, an act of the English parliament rehearsed the dangers to be apprehended from the presence of "popish" recusants in the Irish parliament, and required of every member the new oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and the declaration against Transubstantiation. But not only were Roman Catholics excluded from seats in

both branches of the legislature; a series of enactments, the fruit of relentless perseverance, gradually excluded Catholics from having any votes in the election of members to serve in parliament.

LESSON CV.

IRELAND UNDER ENGLISH RULE.

PART III.

1. THE Catholic Irish being disfranchised, one enactment pursued them after another, till they suffered under a universal, unmitigated, indispensable, exceptionless disqualification. In the courts of law, they could not gain a place on the bench, nor act as a barrister, or attorney, or solicitor, nor be employed even as a hired clerk, nor sit on a grand jury, nor serve as a sheriff or a justice of the peace, nor hold even the lowest civil office of trust and profit, nor have any privilege in a town corporate, nor be a freeman of such corporation, nor vote at a vestry.

2. If Catholics would trade and work, they must do it, even in their native towns, as aliens. They were expressly forbidden to take more than two apprentices in whatever employment, except in the linen manufacture only. A Catholic might not marry a Protestant—the priest who should celebrate such a marriage was to be hanged—nor be a guardian to any child, nor educate his own child, if the mother declared herself a Protestant, or even if his own child, however young, should profess to be a Protestant.

3. None but those who conformed to the established church were admitted to study at the universities, nor could degrees be obtained but by those who had taken all the tests, oaths, and declarations. No Protestant in Ireland might instruct a Catholic. Catholics could not supply their want by academies and schools of their own; for a Catholic to teach, even in a private family or as usher to a Protestant, was a felony, punishable by imprisonment, exile, or death.

4. Thus Catholics were excluded from all opportunity of education at home, except by stealth and in violation of law. It might be thought that schools abroad were open to them; but, by a statute of King William, to be educated in any foreign Catholic school was an "unalterable and perpetual outlawry." The child sent abroad for education, no matter of how tender an age, or himself how innocent, could never after sue in law or equity, or be guardian, executor, or administrator, or receive any legacy or deed of gift; he forfeited all his goods and chattels, and forfeited for his life all his lands.

5. Whoever sent him abroad or maintained him there, or assisted him with money or otherwise, incurred the same liabilities and penalties. The Crown divided the forfeiture with the informer; and when a person was proved to have sent abroad a bill of exchange or money, on him rested the burden of proving that the remittance was innocent, and he must do so before justices without the benefit of a jury.

6. The Irish Catholics were not only deprived of their liberties, but even of the opportunity of wor-

ship, except by connivance. Their clergy, taken from the humbler classes of the people, could not be taught at home, nor be sent for education beyond seas, nor be recruited by learned ecclesiastics from abroad. Such priests as were permitted to reside in Ireland were required to be registered, and were kept like prisoners at large within prescribed limits. All Catholics exercising ecclesiastical jurisdiction, all monks, friars, and regular priests, and all priests not then actually in parishes, and to be registered, were banished from Ireland under pain of transportation, and, on a return, of being hanged, drawn, and quartered.

7. Avarice was stimulated to apprehend them by the promise of a reward; he that should harbor or conceal them was to be stripped of all his property. When the registered priests were dead, the law, which was made perpetual, applied to every Catholic priest. By the laws of William and of Anne, St. Patrick, in Ireland, in the eighteenth century, would have been a felon. Any two justices of the peace might call before them any Catholic, and make inquisition as to when he heard Mass, who were present, and what Catholic schoolmaster or priest he knew of; and the penalty for refusal to answer was a fine or a year's imprisonment.

8. The Catholic priest abjuring his religion received a pension of thirty, and afterwards of forty, pounds. And, in spite of these laws, there were, it is said, four thousand Catholic clergymen in Ireland; and the Catholic worship gained upon the Protestant, so attractive is sincerity when ennobled by persecution, even though "the laws did not

presume a Catholic to exist there, and did not allow them to breathe but by the connivance of the government."

9. The Catholic Irish had been plundered of six-sevenths of the land by iniquitous confiscations; every acre of the remaining seventh was grudged them by the Protestants. No nonconforming Catholic could buy land, or receive it by descent, devise, or settlement; or lend money on it, as the security; or hold an interest in it through a Protestant trustee; or take a lease of ground for more than thirty-one years. If, under such a lease, he brought his farm to produce more than one-third beyond the rent, the first Protestant discoverer might sue for the lease before known Protestants, making the defendant answer all interrogatories on oath; so that the Catholic farmer dared not drain his fields, nor enclose them, nor build solid houses on them. If in any way he improved their productiveness, his lease was forfeited. It was his interest rather to deteriorate the country, lest envy should prompt some one to turn him out of doors. In all these cases the forfeitures were in favor of Protestants.

10. Even if a Catholic owned a horse worth more than five pounds, any Protestant might take it away. Nor was natural affection or parental authority respected. The son of a Catholic landholder, however dissolute or however young, if he would but join the English church, could revolt against his father, and turn his father's estate in fee-simple into a tenancy for life, becoming himself the owner, and annulling every agreement made by the father even before his son's conversion.

11. The dominion of the child over the property of the Catholic parent was universal. The Catholic father could not in any degree disinherit his apostatizing son; but the child, in declaring himself a Protestant, might compel his father to confess upon oath the value of his substance, real and personal, on which the Protestant court might out of it award the son immediate maintenance, and after the father's death, any establishment it pleased. A new bill might at any time be brought by one or all of the children, for a further discovery. If the parent, by his industry, improved his property, the son might compel a new account of the value of the estate, in order to a new disposition. The father had no security against the persecution of his children but by abandoning all acquisition or improvement.

12. Ireland, of which by far the greater part had been confiscated since the reign of Henry VIII., and much of it more than once, passed away from the ancient Irish. The proprietors in fee were probably fewer than in an equal area in any part of Western Europe, Spain only excepted. The consequence was an unexampled complication of titles. The landlord in chief was often known only as having dominion over the estate; leases of large tracts had been granted for very long terms of years; these were again sub-divided to those who sub-divided them once more, and so on indefinitely.

13. Mortgages brought a new and numerous class of claimants. Thus humane connection between the tenant and landlord was not provided for. Leases were in the last resort most frequently given at will; and then what defence had the Irish Catho-

lic against his Protestant superior? Hence the thatched mud cabin, without window or chimney; the cheap fences; the morass undrained; idleness in winter; the tenant's concealment of good returns; for to spend his savings in improving his farm would have been giving them to his immediate landlord.

14. To the native Irish the English oligarchy appeared not in the attitude of kind proprietors, whom residence and a common faith, long possession, and hereditary affection united with the tenantry, but as men of a different race and creed, who had acquired the island by force of arms, rapine, and chicane, and derived revenues from it by the employment of extortionate underlings or overseers.

15. This state of society, as a whole, was what ought not to be endured, and the English were conscious of it. The common law respects the right of self-defence; yet the Irish Catholics were, by one universal prohibition, forbidden using or keeping any kind of weapons whatsoever, under penalties which the Crown could not remit. Any two justices might enter a house and search for arms, or summon any person whomsoever, and tender him an oath, of which the repeated refusal was punishable as treason.

16. Such was the Ireland of the Irish;—a conquered people, whom the victors delighted to trample upon, and did not fear to provoke. Their industry within the kingdom was prohibited or repressed by law, and then they were calumniated as naturally idle. Their savings could not be invested on equal terms in trade, manufactures, or real pro-

perty; and they were called improvident. The gates of learning were shut on them, and they were derided as ignorant. In the midst of privations they were cheerful. Suffering for generations under acts which offered bribes to treachery, their integrity was not debauched; no son rose against his father, no friend betrayed his friend. Fidelity to their religion, to which afflictions made them cling more closely, chastity, and respect for the ties of family, remained characteristics of the down-trodden race.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

LESSON CVI.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

1. THE morning dawned full darkly, the rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt lit up the gloomy town;
The thunder crashed across the heaven, the fatal hour was come,
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat, the 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below and anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor, came forth to see him die.

2. Ah God! that ghastly gibbet! how dismal 'tis to see
The great, tall, spectral skeleton, the ladder, and the tree!

Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms, the bells begin to toll—
He is coming! he is coming! God's mercy on his soul!
One last long peal of thunder—the clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down amidst the dazzling day.

3. He is coming! he is coming! Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead, there was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die;
There was color in his visage, though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass, that great and goodly man.

4. A beam of light fell o'er him, like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder as it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning thunder-roll,
And no man dared to look aloft, for fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound, a hush, and then a groan,
And darkness swept across the sky—the work of death was done.

AYTOUN.

LESSON CVII.

NATURE SUPERIOR TO SCIENCE.

1. The manner in which the mind is led away by the study of physical science from the moral considerations which should always accompany it, is worthy of notice as being common in ordinary books on science, and in popular treatises or manuals. They often speak of man and nature as two antagonists, as if man were always striving to conquer nature.



2. We boast of our triumphs over nature, and we seem to consider her avariciously withholding from us the possession of her secrets, as if she were the jealous guardian of the Hesperides, and we Hercules; she the keeper of the Golden Fleece, and we the Argonauts; as if the man of science were a thief who eludes her watchfulness, or overcomes her power, steals her keys from her, and unlocks, in spite of her, her hidden treasures.

3. Hence every discovery is treated as almost the subject of a boast, and put forward as a victory, as something new extorted from nature. Now, it is exactly the contrary. In all physical science we can only be the servants and disciples of nature. She must be the absolute mistress, and she will not yield one tittle of power to us. We must be the scholars, she must be our teacher; we cannot annul one of her laws, or force her to give up one single point which has, from the beginning, been established.

4. It is not, therefore, by conflicting with her, but by learning from her with docility, and simplicity, and admiration, that we shall fairly overcome her. And this may be done in two different ways. One is, if I may use the expression, by alluring her to our assistance, making her our friend, and for that purpose using her own laws which we have already discovered. For by submission alone to those laws, which she herself has taught us, can we overcome her.

5. Let me now, in order to put this view more strikingly before you, imagine a conversation, such as has often, I dare say, taken place, especially at the commencement of steam locomotion, in almost every part of the world. We will suppose a person, by way of introducing the conversation, saying of the steam-engine: "What a wonderful invention; how marvellous; to what a pitch has science been brought; how completely has she mastered nature and her laws!

6. "We have destroyed space, we have cheated time, we have invented a piece of mechanism which we have endowed with almost vital power, to which we have given all but intelligence; and how

proudly it goes on its way! You hear it snorting and panting in its first efforts to dash forward, until it has gained a course as smooth, as regular, and as certain almost as the very orbits of the planets.

7. "We ride thus secure in the pride of that power—nature resists us in vain. We cut through her mountain ridges, though they be made of the hardest granite; we pass over her yawning valleys by magnificent viaducts. We drain away whole regions of bog or marsh, if they come in our way; or we fill up almost unfathomable chasms. Thus we go on overriding everything, and anticipating no obstacle that will not be mastered by the skill and power of man."

8. "Hold!" says one who has been listening to this boastful speech; "hold! look at yon cloud; it is heavy with thunder. See those flashes, which already break through it—those bright lances, each tipped with fire, destructive beyond all the power of man; see their direction towards us!

9. "Suppose that by a law of nature, which you have not repealed, one of those strike, and it makes a wreck of that proud monster. In an instant his brazen skin would be stripped off, and cast aside; his iron frame and burning viscera would be strewn around with the violence of a volcano, and we should leave it lying upon the road, a ruin, a mutilated carcass from one single touch of the power of nature, defied by man."

10. "Nay," says a third; "I will not consent to a trial like that. I do not think it necessary to involve the power of nature in its most gigantic, and, at the same time, its most instantaneous action, to

prove what it can do. It is not thus, in a vengeful form, that I will put into contrast that great production of man's ingenuity and the power of nature. No; I will take the most harmless, the most gentle, the most tender thing in her, and I will put that against the other.

11. "What is there softer, more beautiful, and more innocent than the dew-drop, which does not even discolor the leaf upon which it lies at morning; what more graceful, when, multiplied, it makes its chalice of the rose, adds sweetness to its fragrance, and jewels to its enamel? Could anything be less likely to hurt than this? You shake with your hand the flower-cup in which it sparkles, and at once it vanishes.

12. "Expose the steam-engine but to the action of this little and insignificant agent; let it fall upon the strong monster for a short time, and continue to cover it. It does not come as an enemy; it comes in a gentle and wooing form. It loves that iron; it is ready to deprive itself of a portion of its own substance, of that which is one of the most brilliant things in nature, the little oxygen which it contains, and to bestow it on the iron.

13. "And the metal, although you made a compact with it that it should be bright and polished, and be your iron slave for ever, cares more for the refreshment from those drops of dew than it does for you, and it absorbs them willingly.

14. "And so by degrees it allows its whole surface to be usurped and occupied by them, and the result of this conspiracy against you soon begins to appear. Every polished rod, so beautiful and fair, is blotched and gangrened, every joint is anchylosed

and solidified, every limb becomes decrepit, and you have soon a worthless piece of mechanism, lumber that must be thrown aside. A few drops from heaven have conquered the proudest work of man's ingenuity and skill."

15. We come to this simple conclusion: that the more we study the laws of nature, the more we see how powerful it is, how superior to man, how it is the exponent and exhibitor of magnificent wisdom, of might with which we cannot cope. We must not pretend to too much; but in spite of boasts that nature has been overcome by man, let us ever keep this in mind, that she will always in the end, if it should come to a conflict, vanquish; and that her laws and powers, illimitable and irresistible, represent to us a higher Power than that of man—the Power that gives us our own moral strength and lays down our moral laws.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

LESSON CVIII.

THE EVACUATION OF MEXICO.

1. UPON the death of Montezuma, Cortes saw no prospect of safety but in retreat. The Spanish commander called a council of officers to deliberate on the time of so doing, and the route. After some discussion they agreed on the causeway of Tlacopan; and it was decided to abandon the city that very night.

2. Cortes next arranged the order of march. The van, composed of two hundred Spanish foot, he

placed under the command of the valiant Gonzalo de Sandoval, supported by Diego de Ordaz, Francisco de Lujo, and about twenty other cavaliers. The rear-guard, constituting the strength of the infantry, was entrusted to Pedro de Alvarado and Velasquez de Leon. The general himself took charge of the "battle," or centre, in which went the baggage, some of the heavy guns (most of which, however, remained in the rear), the treasure, and the prisoners.

3. The Tlascalans were distributed pretty equally among the three divisions, and Cortes had under his immediate command a hundred picked soldiers, his own veterans, most attached to his service, who, with Christoval de Olid, Alonzo de Avila, Francisco de Morla, and two or three other cavaliers, formed a select corps to act wherever occasion might require.

4. The general had already superintended the construction of a portable bridge to be laid over the open canals in the causeway. This was given in charge to an officer named Magarino, with forty soldiers under his orders, all pledged to defend the passage to the last extremity. The bridge was to be taken up when the entire army had crossed one of the breaches, and transported to the next. There were three of these openings in the causeway, and most fortunate would it have been for the expedition if the foresight of the commander had provided the same number of bridges. But the labor would have been great, and time was short.

5. At midnight the troops were under arms, in readiness for the march. Mass was celebrated by Father Olmedo, who invoked the protection of the

Almighty through the awful perils of the night The gates were thrown open, and on the 1st of July, 1520, the Spaniards, for the last time, sallied from the walls of the ancient fortress, the scene of so much suffering and such indomitable courage.

6. The night was cloudy, and a drizzling rain, which fell without intermission, added to the obscurity. The great square before the palace was deserted, as, indeed, it had been since the fall of Montezuma. Steadily, and as noiselessly as possible, the Spaniards held their way along the great street of Tlacopan, which so lately had resounded to the tumult of battle. All was now hushed in silence, and they were only reminded of the past by the occasional presence of some solitary corpse, or a dark heap of the slain, which too plainly told where the strife had been hottest.

7. As they passed along the lanes and alleys which opened into the great street, or looked down the canals, whose polished surface gleamed with a sort of ebon lustre through the obscurity of night, they easily fancied that they discerned the shadowy forms of their foe lurking in ambush, and ready to spring on them. But it was only fancy, and the city slept undisturbed, even by the prolonged echoes of the tramp of the horses and the hoarse rumbling of the artillery and baggage trains.

8. At length a lighter space beyond the dusky line of buildings showed the van of the army that it was emerging upon the open causeway. They might well have congratulated themselves on having thus escaped the dangers of an assault in the city itself, and that a brief time would place them

in comparative safety on the opposite shore. But the Mexicans were not all asleep.

9. As the Spaniards drew near the spot where the street opened on the causeway, and were preparing to lay the portable bridge across the uncovered breach which now met their eyes, several Indian sentinels, who had been stationed at this, as at the other approaches to the city, took the alarm, and fled, rousing their countrymen by their cries. The priests, keeping their night-watch on the summit of the Mexican temples, instantly caught the tidings, and sounded their shells, while the huge drum in the desolate temple of the war-god sent forth those solemn tones which, heard only in seasons of calamity, vibrated through every corner of the capital.

10. The Spaniards saw that no time was to be lost. The bridge was brought forward and fitted with all possible expedition. Sandoval was the first to try its strength, and, riding across, was followed by his little body of cavalry, his infantry, and Tlascalan allies, who formed the first division of the army. Then came Cortes and his squadrons, with the baggage, ammunition-wagons, and a part of the artillery.

11. But, before they had time to defile across the narrow passage, a gathering sound was heard, like that of a mighty forest agitated by the winds. It grew louder and louder, while on the dark waters of the lake was heard a splashing sound, as of many oars. Then came a few stones and arrows striking at random among the hurrying troops. They fell every moment faster and more furious, till they thickened into a terrible tempest, while the

very heavens were rent with the yells and war-cries of myriads of combatants, who seemed all at once to be swarming over land and lake!

12. The Spaniards pushed steadily on through this arrowy sleet, though the barbarians, dashing their canoes against the sides of the causeway, clambered up, and broke in upon their ranks. But the Christians, anxious only to make their escape, declined all combat except for self-preservation. The cavaliers, spurring forward their steeds, shook off their assailants, and rode over their prostrate bodies; while the men on foot, with their good swords or the buts of their pieces, drove them headlong again down the sides of the dike.

13. But the advance of several thousand men, marching probably on a front of not more than fifteen or twenty abreast, necessarily required much time, and the leading files had already reached the second breach in the causeway before those in the rear had entirely traversed the first. Here they halted, as they had no means of effecting a passage, smarting all the while under unintermitting volleys from the enemy, who were clustered thick on the waters around this second opening.

14. Sorely distressed, the vanguard sent repeated messages to the rear to demand the portable bridge. At length the last of the army had crossed, and Magarino and his sturdy followers endeavored to raise the ponderous framework. But it stuck fast in the side of the dike. In vain they strained every nerve. The weight of so many men and horses, and, above all, of the heavy artillery, had wedged the timbers so firmly in the stones and earth, that it was beyond their power to dislodge

them. Still they labored amidst a torrent of missiles, until, many of them slain and all wounded, they were obliged to abandon the attempt.

15. The tidings soon spread from man to man, and no sooner was their dreadful import comprehended, than a cry of despair arose, which for a moment drowned all the noise of conflict. All means of retreat were cut off. Scarcely hope was left. The only hope was in such desperate exertions as each could make for himself. Order and subordination were at an end. Intense danger produced intense selfishness. Each thought only of his own life. Pressing forward, he trampled down the weak and the wounded, heedless whether it were friend or foe.

16. The leading files, urged on by the rear, were crowded on the brink of the gulf. Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other cavaliers dashed into the water. Some succeeded in swimming their horses across, others failed; and some who reached the opposite bank, being overturned in the ascent, rolled headlong with their steeds into the lake. The infantry followed pell-mell, heaped promiscuously on one another, frequently pierced by the shafts, or struck down by the war-clubs of the Aztecs; while many an unfortunate victim was dragged, half-stunned, on board their canoes, to be reserved for a protracted but more dreadful death.

17. The carnage raged fearfully along the length of the causeway. Its shadowy bulk presented a mark of sufficient distinctness for the enemy's missiles, which often prostrated their own countrymen in the blind fury of the tempest. Those nearest the dike, running their canoes alongside

with a force that shattered them to pieces, leaped on the land and grappled with the Christians, until both came rolling down the side of the causeway together. But the Aztec fell among his friends, while the Christian was borne away in triumph to the sacrifice.

18. The opening in the causeway, meanwhile, was filled up with the wreck of matter which had been forced into it—ammunition-wagons, heavy guns, bales of rich stuffs scattered over the waters, chests of solid ingots, and bodies of men and horses—till over this dismal ruin a passage was gradually formed, by which those in the rear were enabled to clamber to the other side.

19. Cortes, it is said, found a place that was fordable, where, halting with the water up to his saddle-girths, he endeavored to check the confusion and lead his followers by a safer path to the opposite bank. But his voice was lost in the wild uproar, and finally, hurrying on with the tide, he pressed forward with a few trusty cavaliers who remained near his person, to the van, but not before he had seen his favorite page, Juan de Salazar, struck down a corpse by his side.

20. Here he found Sandoval and his companions, halting before the third and last breach, endeavoring to cheer on their followers to surmount it. But their resolution faltered. It was wide and deep, though the passage was not so closely beset by the enemy as the preceding ones. The cavaliers again set the example by plunging into the water. Horse and foot followed as they could—some swimming, others with dying grasp clinging to the manes and tails of the struggling animals. Those fared best,

as the general had predicted, who travelled the lightest; and many were the unfortunate wretches who, weighed down by the fatal gold which they loved so well, were buried with it in the salt floods of the lake.

21. Cortes, with his gallant comrades, Olid, Morla, Sandoval, and a few others, still kept in the advance, leading the broken remnant off the fatal causeway. The din of battle lessened in the distance, when the rumor reached them that the rear-guard would be wholly overwhelmed without speedy relief. It seemed almost an act of desperation, but the generous hearts of the Spanish cavaliers did not stop to calculate danger when the cry for succor reached them. Turning their horses' bridles, they galloped back to the theatre of action, worked their way through the press, swam the canal, and placed themselves in the thick of the mêlée on the opposite bank.

22. The first gray of the morning was now coming over the waters. It showed the hideous confusion of the scene which had been shrouded in the obscurity of night. The dark masses of combatants stretching along the dike were seen struggling for mastery, until the very causeway on which they stood appeared to tremble, and reel to and fro, as if shaken by an earthquake; while the bosom of the lake, as far as the eye could reach, was darkened by canoes crowded with warriors, whose spears and bludgeons, armed with blades of "volcanic glass," gleamed in the morning light.

23. The cavaliers found Alvarado unhorsed and defending himself with a poor handful of followers, against an overwhelming tide of the enemy. His

good steed, which had borne him through many a hard fight, had fallen under him. He himself was wounded in several places, and was striving in vain to rally his scattered column, which was driven to the verge of the canal by the fury of the enemy, then in possession of the whole rear of the causeway, where they were reinforced every hour by fresh combatants from the city.

24. The artillery, in the early part of the engagement, had not been idle; and its iron showers, sweeping along the dike, had mown down the assailants by hundreds. But nothing could resist their impetuosity. The front ranks, pushed on by those behind, were at length forced up to the pieces, and, pouring over them like a torrent, overthrew men and guns in one general ruin. The resolute charge of the Spanish cavaliers, who had now arrived, created a temporary check, and gave time for their countrymen to make a feeble rally; but they were speedily borne down by the returning flood.

25. Cortés and his companions were compelled to plunge again into the lake—though all did not escape. Alvarado stood on the brink for a moment, hesitating what to do. Unhorsed as he was, to throw himself into the water, in the face of the hostile canoes that now swarmed around the opening, afforded but a desperate chance of safety. He had but a second for thought. He was a man of a powerful frame, and despair gave him unnatural energy. Setting his long lance firmly on the wreck that strewed the bottom of the lake, he sprang forward with all his might, and cleared the wide gap at a leap! Aztecs and Tlascalans gazed in stupid

amazement, exclaiming, as they beheld the incredible feat, "This is truly the child of the Sun!"

26. Cortes and his companions now rode forward to the front, where the troops, in a loose, disorderly way, were marching off the fatal causeway. A few only of the enemy hung on their rear, or annoyed them by occasional flights of arrows from the lake. The attention of the Aztecs was diverted by the rich spoil that strewed the battle-ground; fortunately for the Spaniards, who, had the enemy pursued with the same ferocity with which he had fought, would, in their crippled condition, have been cut off probably to a man. But little molested, therefore, they were allowed to defile through the adjacent village, or suburbs it might be called, of Popotla.

27. The Spanish commander there dismounted from his jaded steed, and, sitting down on the steps of an Indian temple, gazed mournfully on the broken files as they passed before him. What a spectacle did they present! The cavalry, most of them dismounted, were mingled with the infantry, who dragged their feeble limbs along with difficulty; their shattered mail and tattered garments dripping with the salt ooze, showing through their rents many a bruise and ghastly wound; their bright arms soiled, their proud crests and banners gone, the baggage, artillery—all, in short, that constitutes the panoply of glorious war for ever lost!

28. Cortes, as he looked wistfully on their thinned and disordered ranks, sought in vain for many a familiar face, and missed more than one dear companion who had stood side by side with

him through the perils of the conquest. Though accustomed to control his emotions, or at least to conceal them, the sight was too much for him. He covered his face with his hands, and the tears which trickled down revealed too plainly the anguish of his soul.

29. He found some consolation, however, in the sight of several of the cavaliers on whom he most relied. Alvarado, Sandoval, Olid, Ordaz, Avila, were yet safe. It was with satisfaction, too, that Cortes learned the safety of the ship-builder, Martin Lopez. The general's solicitude for the fate of this man, so indispensable, as he proved, to the success of his subsequent operations, showed that, amidst all his affliction, his indomitable spirit was looking forward to the hour of vengeance.

PRESCOTT.

A SONNET ON THE PRIMROSE.

WELCOME, pale primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
And, where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The school-boy roams enchantingly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight;
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

JOHN CLARE.

LESSON CIX.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

1. IN the vaults of the church of St. Agatha at Rome is inurned a heart which once beat as responsive to the cause of civil and religious liberty as that of any public character of this century. It is the heart of the great Daniel O'Connell. This illustrious champion of the faith, and defender of a persecuted race, was born near the town of Cahirciveen, County of Kerry, Ireland, on the 6th day of August, 1775. His parents, though not wealthy, were of ancient lineage, and much respected in the community for their hospitality, probity, and piety.



2. At the age of thirteen, young O'Connell was sent to a school in a neighboring county, where his conduct seems to have been excellent, and his progress proportionately rapid. "I was the only boy at Harrington's school," he afterwards said, "who

was not beaten; I owed this to my attention. I was in childhood remarkably quick and persevering. My childish propensity to idleness was overcome by the fear of disgrace; I desired to excel, and could not brook the idea of being inferior to others. One day I was idle, and my teacher, finding me imperfect in my lesson, threatened to beat me.

3. "But I shrank from the indignity, exclaiming: 'Don't beat me for one half-hour; if I have not my lesson by that time, beat me then.' The teacher granted me the reprieve, and the lesson, rather a difficult one, was thoroughly mastered." This school at which O'Connell learned his early lessons was the first opened in Ireland by a priest since the enactment of the penal laws. The state of the country at that miserable period, however, not permitting Catholics the advantages of an academic education, the young man was sent, in 1791, to Flanders, and subsequently to France. He studied two years at St. Omer's and Douay, and took his degrees.

4. In 1793 O'Connell returned home, and soon commenced the study of the law. After four years thus closely and diligently spent, he was admitted to practice, and at once entered on a career of professional success, particularly in the trial of criminal causes, which excited universal astonishment. Owing to his great physical endurance, as much as to his extraordinary mental capacity, he was able, with little detriment to his health or fatigue to his mind, to try more cases than any two of his contemporary advocates. For upwards of a quarter of a century he was thus unremitting in the pursuit of

his calling, and there is scarcely an important Irish case on the records during that time in which he did not hold a brief. In the meantime he married, and had children born to him.

5. But all his energies were not concentrated on his personal affairs during those busy years. The sufferings of his persecuted countrymen, particularly the Catholic portion, excited his active sympathy. Scarcely had he arrived in Ireland than his first public act was to deliver a speech in Dublin against the nefarious Union bill, the discussion of which was then greatly agitating the public mind, and had even been introduced into the Irish parliament. A few years later he helped to form an association for promoting the amelioration of the condition of his Catholic countrymen, then most inhumanly oppressed, both by the secret society called Orangemen, and the English authorities.

6. Many of the worst of the old penal laws were still in force. At the beginning of the century Catholics could neither occupy a seat in parliament nor on the bench, nor obtain a commission in the army, navy, or magistracy, besides laboring under other disabilities equally annoying and unjust. To effect the repeal of those laws, and to place his co-religionists on a footing equal to that of the Protestant sects, became the passion, as it were, of O'Connell's life.

7. After many fitful and detached efforts, he at length, in 1823, founded an organization known as the Catholic Association, which in course of time became the most powerful body in the country. So potent indeed that the king and his cabinet, much against their inclination, were forced to yield to its

demands, and on April 13, 1829, the act of Emancipation was passed which conceded to the Catholics of the United Kingdoms almost complete religious freedom. This was O'Connell's first great victory, and the one for which his grateful countrymen styled him the *Emancipator*.

8. The next decade of his life was devoted to the settlement of various agrarian questions, particularly to the abolition or modification of the tithe laws, which weighed heavily on the agricultural classes. Under this most unjust code, every farmer, no matter what his religious belief, was compelled to pay annually one-tenth of the product of his land, or its equivalent in money, to support the ministers of the Irish Established Church. As three-fourths of the occupants of the soil were Catholics, and the Dissenters at least one half of the remainder, it will be seen that seven-eighths of the people were obliged to support the parsons of the other one-eighth, with whom they had no sympathy, and from whose ministry they received no benefit.

9. The Emancipator, while he found it impossible to utterly extirpate this monstrous evil, contrived to modify it to a very great extent, and doubtless his efforts at that time had considerable influence on the causes which led to its recent disappearance. Nor was he content yet. When not busy at home in such duties, he was in his seat in parliament, to which he had been elected after Emancipation, denouncing with his native vehemence, eloquence, wit, and sarcasm the corruptions and deceptions of the enemies of his religion and country.

10. But at length even he grew tired. He de-

spaired, he said, of obtaining justice for Ireland in an English legislature. He therefore returned home, determined to begin an agitation for a repeal of the act of Union. In 1840 he established the Repeal Association, which in three years embraced within its ranks nearly six millions of people, besides innumerable branches in England, Scotland, the British provinces, United States, and many foreign countries. In the following year O'Connell was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin, which greatly added to his prestige and influence. But the immense open-air meetings which assembled in various parts of the island during the years 1842-3, and at which hundreds of thousands of Repealers attended at his request, advanced his popularity to a pitch of enthusiasm seldom evoked by any man in modern times.

11. The English authorities, however, becoming alarmed, arrested O'Connell and his principal associates, and having tried them by their own judges and before a corrupt jury, effected their conviction. On the 30th of May, 1844, they were accordingly imprisoned in a penitentiary in Dublin. Against this act of tyranny O'Connell might have appealed to the people, but he was too good a lawyer not to know that his conviction was illegal. He appealed to the House of Lords, and three months had scarcely elapsed before he and his companions were at liberty.

12. When news of this event spread abroad, the joy of the populace knew no bounds. Their enthusiasm was intense and universal. Their confidence in the ultimate success of their beloved leader was, if possible, increased. They naturally

supposed that the agitation for repeal would be renewed. Alas! the shadow of that dire famine which swept nearly two millions of the Irish people into their graves, and drove almost as many into perpetual exile, was already darkening the fair face of the land. All that one man could do was done by O'Connell to avert it, but in vain.

13. Then, sick at heart and advanced in years, he sought on the Continent health and temporary repose. Early in the spring of 1847 he landed at Boulogne, France, and proceeded by easy stages *via* Paris and Lyons to Marseilles, where he arrived May 3, having been the recipient of every mark of public and private attention along the entire route. From Marseilles he took shipping for Genoa, intending to go to Rome to spend his last moments at the feet of the Holy Father. But this pious intention was never carried out. Death overtook him at Genoa on the 15th of May, 1847, at the ripe age of seventy-two years. In compliance with his last request his body was sent to repose in his native soil, and his heart to the Eternal City.